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A SEA-PORT ON THE PACIFIC.



OLD WHARF, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

PRICKLY PEAR.

THE whitish-gray sandstone cliffs rise above the breakers to the level of the breezy plain above; they are like an old sea-wall which the waves have shattered and crumbled, obliterating all but the massive original plan. I have seen old fortifications and earth-works with this half-premeditated, half-natural look. The sea working its way in, or little streams from the mountains working their way out, have left at intervals along the coast, long, bare headlands with bayous, or "lagunas," as they are here called, between them and the main-land; as they near the mouth of the bay they grow wilder, more

ragged and wave-worn, with a thinner upper-crust of soil, and a harder under-crust of rock; often they are tunneled into natural bridges, through which the breakers plunge with a hollow roar. There will be a little sandy path following along the top, or two paths, one in use, and one that may have been trodden with safety a few years before, now perilously near the edge, or disappearing entirely in places, showing how rapidly the rock wastes away. The yellow-white glare of these cliffs in the sun is strange to one accustomed to the sober gray ramparts and deep-rooted boulders, laced with wild vines,

or figured over with pale lichens, of our eastern coast. The effect is brilliant, but one turns for relief from this immovable, solid brightness, even to the piercingly blue depths of the sky, or to the changing white foam-flashes. A colorist would rejoice in the luminous shadows which fall along these cliffs, bringing out all the purple, and red, and green tints, which the blinding light effaces; and if this shadow inclose a group of figures standing against the rock, how the faces glow, and every bit of white is cut out as clear and solid as on a cameo.

The light-house stands on one of these bleak promontories (I hesitate to say what an ugly little light-house it is;—it is most unaffectedly built, and I believe it answers the purpose for which it was intended; therefore, should it not be beautiful? but distinctly, it is not). From the light-house point, looking back, we see the little white town brightening the low tones of the landscape; all this glare at a distance has a tremendous depth and strength of color, against which the town shows as a flock of sheep shows on a sunny field. Its terraces and slender poplar spires and spots of dark pine shadow, the broad white beach, and the "composed" effect of the bay and mountains give it a foreign look. You feel as if a curtain rose on it; or, as if you had seen it through the frame of a car window, on some journey through southern Europe.

It is January, but the air has an Indian summer mildness, with its underlying chill also. The early rains have brought out a tender faint greenness, like a smile over the patient, brown hills. The path which we follow along the cliffs toward the town is fringed with budding willows, and a pale, downy-leaved lupine with a dark stem. We cross a stile,—an American, not an English stile,—and the path leads on to the high railroad bridge, from which we overlook the beach, the wooden piers wading out through the surf, the bath-houses, and "sea-foam restaurants," the "Plaza" and "Pacific ave." horse-cars, and the unmistakably American crowd which eddies below. As we go down the steps of the bridge, we meet a Chinese washerman shuffling up, with a basket of clean clothes, neatly covered with a sheet, balanced on his shoulder; it is Saturday, and the town is full of them, hurrying in all directions with the weekly wash. We take the red "Plaza" car and rumble off through a deep cut in the cliff, past the Chinese vegetable gardens in the suburbs of the Flat, as the lower part of the town is called, and

so on, to the foot of a flight of steps leading to one of the streets on the "Hill."

Santa Cruz is sometimes called the Newport of California, but it is like calling the Hudson the Rhine of America or Joaquin Miller the Byron of the West. The old padres in choosing this site for their mission had, no doubt, a comfortable belief that the best of everything was none too good for them; or they may have wished to enhance the virtues of abstinence and prayer by surrounding themselves with every temptation to live according to the flesh. The climate is certainly not favorable to asceticism. There is a breadth and intensity of light and color here; the flowers blossom recklessly all the year round; the flame-colored *eschscholtzia* that grows wild on the downs is twice as big as those in our gardens at home; even the white sand of the beach bears a delicate purple flower with a pale-green waxy leaf and a perfume which the sun and the sweet salt wind must have given. The high, windy plain, which sweeps across from the first low range of hills to the ragged brink of the cliffs, has been compared to the English downs. It is a pity that fences and houses should ever interrupt the impressive monotone of these wide plains. In their summer brownness they make one deep, quiet chord of color, with the cliffs and the yellow-white line of beach; the sky and sea are another; figures walking between have an intensity of effect, like that prolonged high note in the "Lohengrin" overture, against the swelling crescendo of the violins. Nature here is rather unmanageable when you try to bring it within the range of human emotions and sympathies; it cannot be made to express subtleties, or half shades of meaning, but there is a massive and savage grandeur, which would fitly accompany a drama like the "Nibelungen," or the unearthly harmonies of the "Lohengrin," where even the tones of passionate love and grief seem as if borne from afar off, like that "tale of little meaning, though the words are strong." The lines of the landscape are broad and simple. The terraces of the town, the first low range of bluffs, the dark, smoky, blue mountains beyond, rise and gradually step back, with stretches of plain between, like the circling seats of a great amphitheater, from the broad bright arena of the bay,—the Bay of Monterey, forty miles wide, into whose barriers the ocean pours its winter tides, lashed by the wild "south-easters." The storms here are warm with all their violence;

the roaring of the surf, the tumult of the wind and rain are more like wild rough play than the wrath of nature, and the tides, which, when they swell, cover the long wooden piers with spray and shake them to their foundations, still, to me, have no association with fear or peril. This may be because during the season of storms the bay is solitary. No net-work of black masts and ropes and yards fringe the wharfs;

doubt, observed these same 'wooded mountains.'"

I quote from the historical sketch of Santa Cruz prepared for the Centennial by the



MOORE'S BEACH.

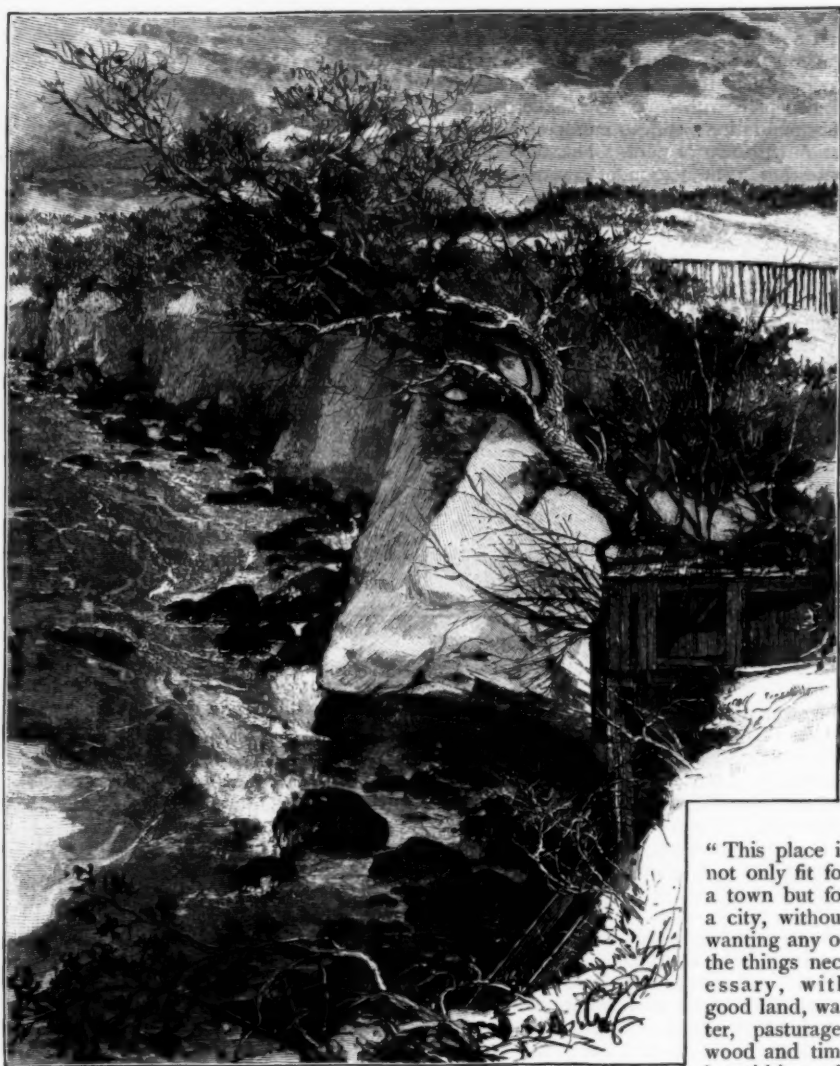
there are no white sails or black smoke pennants traced on the horizon. In all the wide stretch of water, there is nothing human for the elements to harm.

The earliest voyagers along this coast seemed to have noted the mountains, especially from the fact of their being heavily timbered. Cabrillo first speaks of these "wooded mountains," and Viscayno, "exploring the coast more carefully in search of harbors," anchored in this noble bay, and gave it the name of his patron viceroy. I confess the names of Cabrillo and Viscayno are not as familiar to my ears as Hendrick Hudson, or Captain John Smith, or the valiant Miles Standish; but we feel quite at home with Sir Francis Drake,* who, in 1578, "sailed along the same track, and, without

Rev. Mr. Willey. He gives some interesting extracts from the diary of Father Crespi, a Franciscan priest, who accompanied the expedition to rediscover the Bay of Monterey. Viscayno had given a brave account of it,

and "Governor Portala, Captain Rivera, with twenty-seven soldiers in leathern jackets, and Lieutenant P. Fages, with seven volunteers of Catalonia, besides an engineer and fifteen Christian Indians from Lower California," set out from San Diego in search of it. By the time they came to this spot they had almost given up their quest, and, like Cadmus and his brethren, where they

* We never can escape the ubiquitous Sir Francis. A quicksilver mine would seem an unlikely place to encounter him,—he could hardly circumnavigate that,—but we found him at New Almaden. One of the mining captains said he had lived near the old family-seat in Devonshire; there was a room in which hung a suit of Sir Francis's armor; the room was not frequented, because so much of the old gentleman's vigor still remained in his sword and gauntlet that any one opening the door was unceremoniously knocked down by those lively antiquities. Captain Gray was very young when he heard this story.



ITALIAN FISHERMAN'S HUT ON THE ROAD TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE.—ROCKS AT LOW TIDE.

rested, they founded a city on the shores of the bay, the existence of which they had begun to doubt.

Viscayno, in his good report of the country, had spoken of an infinite number of very large pines, "straight, smooth, fit for masts and yards; likewise oaks, thorns, firs, willows and poplars; large, clear lakes, fine pastures and arable lands." And Father Crespi prophesies, with a keen temporal eye:

"This place is not only fit for a town but for a city, without wanting any of the things necessary, with good land, water, pasturage, wood and timber within reach and in abundance, and close to Monterey Bay."

[They had by this time verified the existence of Viscayno's bay.] "The town could be put a quarter of a league from the sea with the said advantages."

So here they founded the mission of Santa Cruz. They built the old church (its ruins are now roofed over, and protected from the weather by a dreary board sepulcher). But it was not only a question of souls,—they



RUINS OF OLD MISSION CHURCH, AS IT WAS. (FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY MRS. MATTHIAS.)

planted trees,—one thousand and twenty-two fruit-trees and eleven hundred and ninety grape-vines. Their flocks and herds increased and multiplied. They taught the Indians how to make adobes, and the use of such rude tools as were then known. The crop of beans was trodden out on a threshing-floor by the feet of oxen yoked by a stick across the horns, and winnowed by tossing it in baskets into the air.

When they ran short of provisions, in the very early days of the settlement, they were supplied by the soldiers with beans and corn to the value of \$42, "which value," the father in charge does not fail to mention, "was faithfully returned to the soldiers." The mission grew rich in temporal treasure as well as in souls. There were vessels of gold and vessels of silver, and priests' vestments,—a gold chalice was valued at \$608, two capes at \$1,200, and a priests' vestment, yet preserved, at \$800. Of the bells belonging to the mission two remain in use, and one large one lies broken and silent in the priests' garden. For twenty-three years the mission prospered undisturbed by outside influences.

The mild * rule of the padres faded away like an old moon at day-break. Their slow foot-prints have been trodden out of sight by

all the busy feet crowding in. All that remains of them and their work scarcely furnishes one distinct outward feature of the place they created, and yet the parent sap still thickens the swifter current of new life springing out of it. The influence of the climate helps to perpetuate it in its soft, persistent protest against individual effort and self-reliance; and with all its softness, the climate here is as strong as fate, or a universal scheme of salvation. There is something almost tragic in the anxiety with which, during the last dry months, the whole country awaits the blessed winter rains. If they are withheld, all is gloom for another year; if they come in joyful abundance, the dread is past, the shops enlarge their "stock," smiling faces show the general relief, and every-

* The "tender mercies" of the mother church sometimes bore a painful resemblance to those of the wicked. One means of conversion employed by the padres was no doubt irresistible: "They sent out horsemen armed with the lasso, and by its skillful use the savages were caught and compelled to come into church." They were also urged to the confessional by men standing in the church aisle armed with whips.



A WINDOW IN THE OLD MISSION WALL.

body spends a little more money than, a month ago, he thought he could afford. It is all a matter of luck, or of Providence, according to one's belief, or lack of it; and in every society, those who recklessly accept their luck outnumber those who have learned to find a meaning, even in waiting. There

is certainly a strong element of fate in the life of a Californian,—even the wide limits of the horizon, and the far-off meeting-line of sea, or plain, and sky, lead one's eyes away toward unknown possibilities, and teach one an impatience of wearisome details.

Several years ago the old mission church was shaken by an earthquake which startled the town. Its interior is a mass of ruins (horses are stabled in one end), and the entrance is entirely gone; only the long side-walls remain in somber massiveness to serve as the tomb-stones of the dead mission. From the street little can be seen except the boards which inclose the gable and roof, but the priests' garden is sheltered under the side-wall, which gives to it, with all its greenness and growth, a character of heavy quietness, as if only the life of the past haunted it. The blossoms of a yellow acacia touch it here and there half shrinkingly; there are pigeon cotes, a whole colony, built against it, where the afternoon sun strikes warm. Two small windows piercing its massive crust show nothing but blackness within,—black holes laced across with thongs of raw hide, after the manner of an iron grating.

There is a still, brown pool of water in the priests' garden; the sunlight only touches it in gleams, for it is roofed by the green canopy of the grape-arbor which covers half

the garden. The huge parent vines, coiled like brown serpents up either post of the piazza entrance, look as if they might be as old as the mission itself. The calla lilies which border the fountain seem all the whiter in this green gloom, and, rising above the water, are reflected in it like pale gibbous moons. A pine-tree throws its mass of shadow across the sunny space between the grape-arbor and the church wall.

Late in November there are days when the air is still and lifeless, and the clouds shut heavily down: it was on such a day that we first went to the priests' gar-



OLD MISSION BELL IN THE PRIESTS' GARDEN.

den. The grape-arbor was bare of leaves, and through the cordage of stems overhead the dull sky looked down. Father Adam (there is a familiar sound about the name) talked with us a little while, and then went away and walked up and down the path beside the church wall reading a little book. The white pigeons were flitting about past the shadow of the pine-tree or perching on the brink of the pool. It all seemed strangely unreal and yet familiar, as if I had read of it long ago or seen it in a picture. It must have been the old gray wall, the smoky green masses of the pine-tree, and Father Adam in his black gown walking and reading to himself. And the pool was fascinating in its still opaqueness: those cold, white lilies,—what fellowship could they have with its secrets!

with her hands full of flowers. Another lady, in a dress of the world, had also a bouquet. I should like to have followed them into the chapel for which their offerings were intended.

Five minutes' walk from the priests' garden will bring you into a little street which contradicts every impression there received. Looking across Mission street, which it joins at right angles, we see the bare, brown hills, against the sky. They are not very big or imposing, but they have a distinctly uncivilized look which keeps them aloof from the white, gaily houses, and gay little gardens at their feet. A line of fence has been thrown across the shoulders of the hills behind the old mission buildings,—a most ridiculously inadequate tether for those brown old savages,—and two or three white-



IN THE PRIESTS' GARDEN.

Another day, when I visited the garden, one of the sisters from the convent was there gathering flowers,—for Our Lady's Chapel, perhaps. She was a Spanish sister and spoke very little English, so we could only smile at each other. Her eyes were as dark as the pool, and her cap as white as the lilies. She had rather a heavy face, but there was a gentle dignity about her that suited her dress, and she looked very happy

painted houses, the outposts of the town, stand on the very top; they have a look of painful temerity. An old Mexican house, low, wide-roofed, with ample piazzas, crouched among corn-fields, on a distant rocky bluff, seems more as if anchored.

It would be impossible to imagine anything more unlike the general impression eastern people have of California than this new street of the little fields,—these low-



SANTA CRUZ AMERICANA.

porched houses and little gardens ranged side by side with paths and grass-plots, and chaste picket-fences. You might fancy yourself in the cold, peaceful atmosphere of a New England village were it not for the gardens which the picket-fences inclose. These gardens always remind me of the people,—such a heterogeneous mass of transplanted life growing and blooming together, more or less prosperously. A botanist separating them according to their nativity would scatter them to every corner of the world. Even to the unlearned they offer a strange mixture of associations. English violets hide in the grass beneath the sculptured stem of a yucca palm, round which clings a passion-vine, its heavy purple blossoms drooping among the saber-like leaves which spring from the plinth of the palm. The shadow of a huge prickly pear falls across the white New England fence; it was planted about twenty-five years ago, and its broad, spiked leaves are printed with the initials of youths and maidens belonging to the new generation,—the young Californians. The Lamarque rose, which covers our porch with its thicket of shining green, has a stem like a

strong man's wrist. It scales the pillars and storms the piazza-roof, tossing its white blossoms about in the wind; we can see them from our upper windows like a surf against the blue sky. There are flowering shrubs from New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands; tall plumes of pampas-grass, yew-trees and fig-trees; old-fashioned pied wall-flowers, Japanese lilies, and pomegranate blossoms. The bright-eyed narcissus will always have a new association, since the Chinese "New-Year's Day," when the washermen carried them about the town presenting them to their customers,—the blossoming bulbs arranged in a dish of water, with pebbles heaped around them filling the dish and supporting the flower-stems.

There is a bed of chrysanthemums round the corner of the house, in the shade. Their bitter-sweet breath is strong with home memories. I wonder how they can gather its pungent fragrance in this mild air, if they miss the still, keen November nights and the cold kisses of the early snows.

It is November here, but not the November of the East. I walk up and down the grape-arbor at the K——'s, and see how the

sky looks in through the widening spaces in the leafy roof. There is a smell of ripening grapes. The dead leaves curl and drop. They have the same rustle as on still fall days at home, but there is something missing. We seem to be always skipping a season here. Now, in late November, the fields are getting softly, tenderly green, as in early Spring. We found wild roses growing along the sandy paths by the shore. It is lovely, surprising; but there seems to be always something we are waiting for—something left out!

You should see the innocent parade of baby-wagons on the street during the sunny

Its long leaves flap instead of flutter, and show a silver lining. I respect the old brook-willows which mark the winding channel of the "San Lorenzo," but the weeping willows have no bones in them. They are all a loose wash of pale green, like a bad water-color drawing.

The poplars stand up firmly, lightly poised against the deep blue of the sky; they are all yellow now on top, as if the sun touched them: the locusts let all their leaves drift down light and slow, and in their bare, rugged outlines keep the sentiment of the fall.

The town made its beginning in a quiet way, down on the "Flat," then climbed the



SANTA CRUZ MEXICANA.

hours! This is a wonderful climate for babies, as well as flowers, and after sunset until dark there is a cheerful fizzling of garden hose in all the neighboring gardens. One fancies that the air suddenly grows cool, moist, and perfumed.

There are many trees in the streets of the town—great-grandchildren, perhaps, of the "oaks, thorns, firs, willows and poplars" Viscayno saw, but he did not see the delicate feathery pepper-tree or the *Eucalyptus* (Australian gum-tree), which shows its pale bluish-green foliage here and there. It is always "out of tone," and looks as if seen through a fog, or with a hoar-frost upon it.

hill to enjoy its leisure with a "view," and a refuge from the business streets. Almost all the streets on the hill end in a flight of wooden steps, leading to the "Flat." This is one of the pretty features of the town,—these unexpected little stair-ways, sometimes long and straight, sometimes short and crooked, almost all with a landing in the middle and a bench to rest on. We cannot help wishing that the hospitality which put these landings and benches here, with their mute invitations to stop and rest, could be perpetuated in something more lasting than boards.

In some old stone mediæval city, what

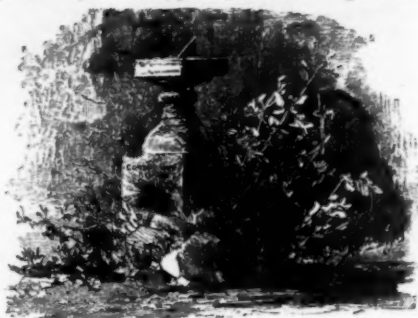
richness and gloom of mellow time-stains, sharp angles of shadow, splashes of color and smoky lights, would gather around these little stair-ways! They would be worn into hollows, and have a look as if the whole human race since the flood had trodden them.

The flight at the end of our street has a bench on top, from which there is a charming view over the house-tops to the Monterey Mountains across the bay, and the gray line of the sea, out beyond the light-house point. The trees blow about the white gables and gray roofs at sunset, the windows all sparkle up brightly, the mountains grow darkly blue, and the sky glows with a golden pinkish color. A level light falls across the nearer hills, and the tall poplars, lifting their yellowed tops, look as if they too shared in this last joy of the hills. For the first two months after we came, the Monterey Mountains were hidden by a haze, and the sky had that luminous indefiniteness which I have seen in some old engravings after Turner. The bench is best on moonlight nights (there is a good deal of quiet competition for it by the young people of the neighborhood, on these occasions), or at twilight, when the whiteness of the houses fades into the gray, and nothing is left of the town but its clustered lights, its spires and softly stirring tree-tops, its wide encircling sweep of mountains and that dim stretch of cloud, or fog, or water which we feel, rather than see, is the ocean. In still, summer weather, the daylight noises of the town almost drown the surf, but when the tide comes in at midnight, and the wind rises, all the living sounds and voices are lulled. Then, if you are wakeful, you can hear its hoarse, loud sigh, dying into murmurs faintly repeated in whispers along the shore.

The convent is only a few streets and corners distant. We can hear the bell ring for early mass. I sometimes meet the sisters, walking, almost always two together, in their heavy dark gowns and stiff white caps. It gives us quite a traveled, Old-Worldly feeling to talk of going round by the convent and the fig-tree. The convent was once an old hotel, and could never have been picturesque in any capacity; and the fig-tree is an aged "buck-eye." The mistake was made by a young lady from the East, whose knowledge of fig-trees was entirely theoretical. We always call it the fig-tree, and have forgiven it long ago for not being one. It couldn't help it, any more than the con-

vent can help its dead white glare and its blank prospective of piazza. A double piazza extending along two sides of a house is so suggestive of life and enjoyment,—it gives me a chill to pass these empty white galleries, where no one ever walks or leans over the railing, or smiles down to a friend below, or looks out at the mountains. The yard runs back on a little street which ends in the usual flight of steps; there is a long whitewashed wall which in some way reminds me of the sisters' caps; the trees show over the top, crowding out into the sunlight. Through a little door in the wall I see, in the afternoons, a troop of children pass out; first in a long string, then scattering apart singly or in little groups, like bright beads rolling away when the string is broken.

The stairs leading from the little convent street are old, crooked, and unfrequented. They overlook some queer back-yards and balconies, with plants in boxes and clothes hung out to dry. There is a Chinese wash-house with its sign, "Jim Wau," illustrated by a picture of a large and not un-Christian-looking flat-iron. It may be that Jim, himself, with his pig-tail neatly wound round his head, sits in the door-way, smoking. The stairs are built against the wall of a high garden; looking up, you see its tangled vines and shrubbery, and one tall superb clump of pampas-grass; its blossoms are like silver flames with a core of gold; they lightly wave to and fro on the long reed stem like torches, paling in the sunlight. On



COMO LA SOMBRA HUYE LA HORA

SUN-DIAL IN MR. K——'S GARDEN, SANTA CRUZ.

a gray, windy day,—one of the first cloudy days which herald the early rains,—we walked

along the top of the cliffs to the light-house point. I had only seen the beach in broad sunlight, and the effect of that darkly curtained sky was unspeakably restful,—no one can know how restful, who has not known seven months of unmitigated sunshine! You could throw your head back and look up,—you could open your eyes wide and gaze long and far! There was a long, pale streak of light, where the dark curtain lifted to show the meeting line of sky and sea; there were gleams on the wet sand, on the seagull's wings, and a broad white gleam where the hissing foam spread fast up the beach, or swam dizzily back with the retreating wave,—you could follow the curves of the beach by its white flashes,—it was like that robe of Samite, "mystic, wonderful," flung up on the shore in fleecy folds, and then withdrawn by unseen hands; or, like the shroud the weird sisters washed in time of trouble.

A wrecked schooner lay on the beach before the light-house, with her keel bedded in sand, her one remaining mast slanted at an angle of distress, and the surf breaking over her decks. "Active," was all of the name we could see. Farther in-shore, below the rocks, lay the mast she lost in the storm, and two little bare-legged boys were balancing up and down its length, treading carefully, one foot before the other, swaying from side to side, with hands upraised and sun-bleached locks blowing in the salt wind. The kelp was strewn in wide swaths upon the beach, and a dead sea-bird lay on one of the dank brown heaps.

From the light-house beach we went on, climbing another stile, and following the narrow sandy path along the cliff to Round-tree beach. Here is one of the natural bridges and some fine masses of rocks carved by the waves. Above, what would have been the key-stone of the bridge, where the shadow of the rude arch is blackest, and the tumult of water rushing out of the echoing defile is churned into whitest foam, we saw a Mexican fisherman perched like an old water-fowl, waiting for his prey. His coat was huddled over his shoulders with the sleeves crossed in front; his head sunk forward, watching with silent intentness the line which quivered down, a slanting thread of light, against the ragged parapet of the bridge. Far down below, the water hissed and roared; sea-gulls flew in and out, and back on the bank above the old fisherman's head, lay a boy as silent as himself, a "muchacho," all in brown,—face, hat and clothes, as if he had grown out of the brown bank

he lay on. They looked as if they had been for hours in the same place, without moving or speaking.

On our way home, we walked on the wet sand below the cliffs; the tide had just gone out, and the rocks for some distance above their base were a mass of life,—such dim subconsciousness as may quiver in a star-fish, or expand the oozy petals of a sea-anemone. The avalone shell is found clinging to these rocks; it has a tremendous power of suction, and is with difficulty detached from its hold. Its meat, when pounded tender and fried in steaks, is not unlike scallops; it makes a delicious soup. A Chinese fisherman at Soquel was caught by one,—a huge fellow whom he was prying off the rock. It held him in its clammy grasp until the tide washed in and drowned him. I wonder if he felt the ghastly ignominy of such a death.

The fishermen here are almost all Chinese or Italian. I saw a picturesque group of the latter dragging their seine-nets in through the surf at low tide. Their boats are rigged with a lateen sail, such as we see in pictures of the Mediterranean. The Chinese fishermen at Soquel live in a delightful huddle of shanties along the base of the cliffs. They build like birds or animals, and their houses, though dirty and squalid, are seldom obtrusive. They often show a curious ingenuity in adapting a commonplace means to an unusual end; a Chinese vegetable-grower on the Flat has defended his field by a *chevaux de frise* of tin cans of the square variety opened and stretched out so the four sides form one long strip of tin, notched at the top, and nailed above an ordinary close boarded fence.

The houses at Santa Cruz distressed me at first by their painful whiteness and uprightness, which give them a Pharisaical air of virtue, quite incompatible with the broad and easy stretches of the landscape. The builders here built not in harmony with their new surroundings, but in memory of the old ones they left behind them. These are the white-gabled, steep-roofed houses that in the East are sheltered by hills and seen in prospective at the end of winding roads with deep tree-shadows across them.

The houses do not bear transplanting so well as the clean, upright, peaceful lives they symbolize. Good men and women harmonize, in the best sense, with any landscape,—they may not always be picturesque,—they are often not very happy, but it is good for the country that they are there.

Almost every settlement in California is more or less like the Basil plant, with old wrongs and tragedies clinging to the soil about its roots. Here the conflict of races, religion and land titles is not so far in the past that its heritage is entirely outworn. It is true that society in the West does not hide its wounds so closely as in the East, but is there not hope in the very fact of this openness? At all events the worst is known. The East constantly hears of the

recklessness, the bad manners, and the immorality of the West, just as England hears of all our disgraces, social, financial and national; but who can tell the tale of those quiet lives which are the life-blood of the country,—its present strength and its hope in the future?

The tourist sees the sensational side of California—its scenery and society; but it is not all included in the Yo Semite guide-books and the literature of Bret Harte.

SHARP EYES.

"The harvest of a quiet eye."

In the spring movements of the fishes up the stream, toward their spawning beds, the females are the pioneers, appearing some days in advance of the males. With the birds the reverse is the case, the males coming a week or ten days before the females. The female fish is usually the larger and stronger, and perhaps better able to take the lead; among most reptiles the same fact holds, and throughout the insect world there is to my knowledge no exception to the rule. But higher in the scale the male comes to the front and leads in size and strength.

The first spring birds, therefore, are cocks; hence the songs and tilts and rivalries. Hence also the fact that they are slightly in excess of the other sex, to make up for this greater exposure; apparently no courting is done in the South, and no matches are pre-arranged. The males leave irregularly without any hint, I suspect, to the females as to when or where they will meet them. In the case of the passenger pigeon, however, the two sexes travel together, as they do among the migrating water-fowls.

With the song-birds, love-making begins as soon as the hens are here. So far as I have observed, the robin and the blue-bird win their mates by gentle and fond approaches; but certain of the sparrows, notably the little social sparrow or "chippie," appear to carry the case by storm. The same proceeding may be observed among the English sparrows, now fairly established on our soil. Two or three males beset a female and a regular scuffle ensues. The poor bird is pulled and jostled and cajoled amid what appears to be the

greatest mirth and hilarity of her audacious suitors. Her plumage is plucked and ruffled, the rivals roll over each other and over her, she extricates herself as best she can, and seems to say or scream "no," "no," to every one of them with great emphasis. What finally determines her choice would be hard to say. Our own sparrows are far less noisy and obstreperous, but the same little comedy in a milder form is often enacted among them. When two males have a tilt they rise several feet in the air beak to beak and seek to deal each other blows as they mount. I have seen two male chewinks facing each other and wrathfully impelled upward in the same manner, while the female that was the boon of contention between them regarded them unconcernedly from the near bushes.

The bobolink is also a precipitate and impetuous wooer. It is a trial of speed, as if the female were to say, "Catch me and I am yours," and she scurries away with all her might and main, often with three or four dusky knights in hot pursuit. When she takes to cover in the grass there is generally a squabble "down among the tickle-tops," or under the buttercups, and "Wintersable" or "Conquedel" is the winner.

In marked contrast to this violent love-making are the social and festive re-unions of the goldfinches about mating time. All the birds of a neighborhood gather in a tree-top, and the trial apparently becomes one of voice and song. The contest is a most friendly and happy one; all is harmony and gayety. The females chirrup and twitter and utter their confiding "*paisley*," "*paisley*," while the more gayly dressed males squeak

and warble in the most delightful strain. The matches are apparently all made and published during these gatherings; everybody is in a happy frame of mind; there is no jealousy, and no rivalry but to see who shall be gayest.

It often happens among the birds that the male has a rival after the nuptials have

graceful sallies, they pursue and circumvent each other. First one hops a few feet, then the other, each one standing erect in true military style while his fellow passes him and describes the segment of an ellipse about him, both uttering the while a fine complacent warble in a high but suppressed key. Are they lovers or enemies? the beholder won-



PASSENGER PIGEONS.

been celebrated and the work of house-keeping fairly begun. Every season a pair of phoebe-birds have built their nest on an elbow in the spouting beneath the eaves of my house. The past spring a belated male made desperate efforts to supplant the lawful mate and gain possession of the unfinished nest. There was a battle fought about the premises every hour in the day for at least a week. The antagonists would frequently grapple and fall to the ground and keep their hold like two dogs. On one such occasion I came near covering them with my hat. I believe the intruder was finally worsted and withdrew from the place. One noticeable feature of the affair was the apparent utter indifference of the female, who went on with her nest-building as if all was peace and harmony. There can be little doubt that she would have applauded and accepted the other bird had he finally been the victor.

One of the most graceful of warriors is the robin. I know few prettier sights than two males challenging and curvetting about each other upon the grass in early spring. Their attentions to each other are so courteous and restrained. In alternate curves and

ders, until they make a spring and are beak to beak in the twinkling of an eye, and perhaps mount a few feet into the air, but rarely actually delivering blows upon each other. Every thrust is parried, every movement met. They follow each other with dignified composure about the fields or lawn, into trees and upon the ground, with plumage slightly spread, breasts glowing, their lisping, shrill war-song just audible. It forms on the whole the most civil and high-bred tilt to be witnessed during the season.

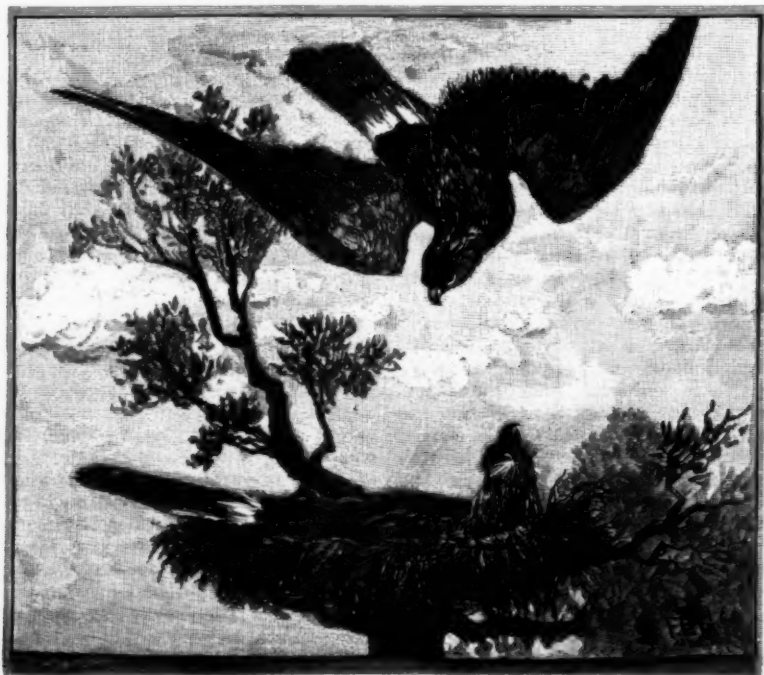
When the cock-robin makes love he is the same considerate, deferential, but insinuating, gallant. The warble he makes use of on that occasion is the same, so far as my ear can tell, as the one he pipes when facing his rival.

A bird I am never tired of recurring to is the bluebird. The past season (1877), the males came about a week in advance of the females. A fine male lingered about my grounds and orchard all that time, apparently waiting the arrival of his mate. He called and warbled every day, as if he felt sure she was within ear-shot, and could be hurried up. Now he warbled half-angrily or upbraidingly, then coaxingly, then cheer-

ily and confidently, the next moment in a plaintive, far-away manner. He would half open his wings, and twinkle them caressingly, as if beckoning his mate to his heart. One morning she had come, but, was shy and reserved. The fond male flew to a knot-hole in an old apple-tree, and coaxed her to his side. I heard a fine confidential warble,—the old, old story. But the female flew to a near tree, and uttered her plaintive, homesick note. The male went and got some dry grass or bark in his beak, and flew again to the hole in the old tree, but the other said "nay," and flew away in the distance. When he saw her going, or rather heard her distant note, he dropped his stuff, and cried out in a tone that said plainly enough, "Wait a minute. One word, please," and flew swiftly in pursuit. He won her before long, however, and early in April the pair were established in one of the four or five boxes I had put up for them, but not until they had changed their minds several times. As soon as the first brood had flown, and while they were yet under their parents' care, they began another nest in one of the other boxes, the

female, as usual, doing all the work, and the male all the complimenting. A source of occasional great distress to the mother-bird was a white cat that sometimes followed me about. She had never been known to catch a bird, but she had a way of watching them that was very embarrassing to the bird. Whenever she appeared, the mother bluebird would set up that pitiful, melodious plaint. One morning the cat was standing by me, when the bird came with her beak loaded with building material, and alighted above me to survey the place, before going into the box. When she saw the cat, she was greatly disturbed, and in her agitation could not keep her hold upon all her material. Straw after straw came eddying down, till not half her original burden remained. After the cat had gone away, the bird's alarm subsided, till, presently seeing the coast clear, she flew quickly to the box and pitched in her remaining straws with the greatest precipitation, and, without going in to arrange them, flew away in evident relief.

In the cavity of an apple-tree but a few yards off, and much nearer the house than



HAWK ON NEST



CROWS IN WINTER.

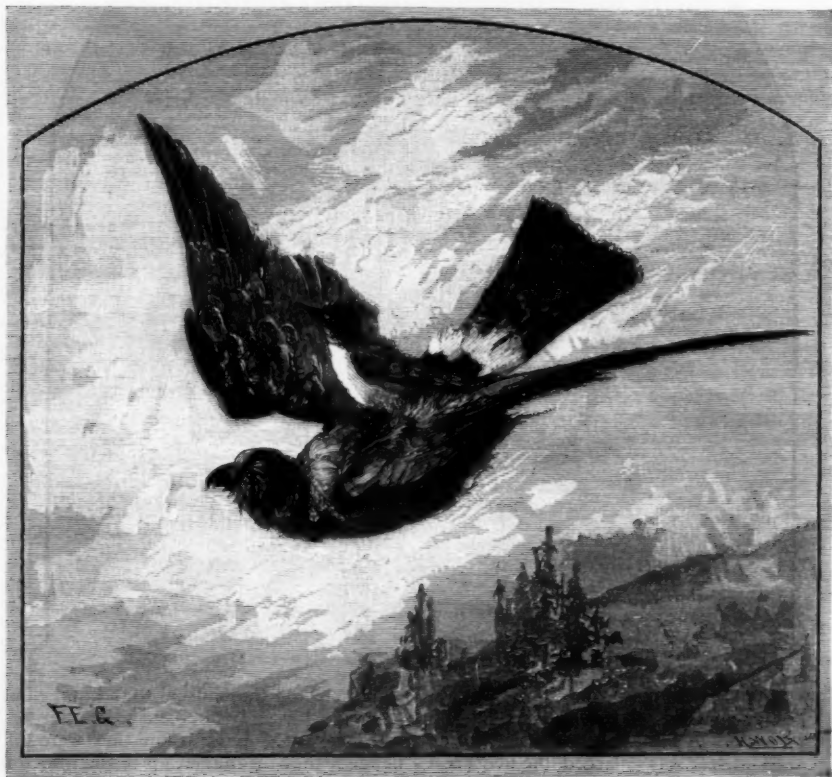
they are wont to build, a pair of high-holes, or golden-shafted woodpeckers, took up their abode. A knot-hole which led to the decayed interior was enlarged, the live wood being cut away as clean as a squirrel would have done it. The inside preparations I could not witness, but day after day, as I passed near, I heard the bird hammering away, evidently beating down obstructions and shaping and enlarging the cavity. The chips were not brought out, but were used rather to floor the interior. The woodpeckers are not nest-builders, but rather nest-carvers.

The time seemed very short before the voices of the young were heard in the heart of the old tree,—at first feebly, but waxing stronger day by day until they could be heard many rods distant. When I put my hand upon the trunk of the tree, they would set up an eager, expectant chattering; but if I climbed up it toward the opening, they

soon detected the unusual sound and would hush quickly, only now and then uttering a warning note. Long before they were fully fledged, they clambered up to the orifice to receive their food. As but one could stand in the opening at a time, there was a good deal of elbowing and struggling for this position. It was a very desirable one aside from the advantages it had when food was served; it looked out upon the great, shining world, into which the young birds seemed never tired of gazing. The fresh air must have been a consideration also, for the interior of a high-hole's dwelling is not sweet. When the parent birds came with food, the young one in the opening did not get it all, but after he had received a portion, either on his own motion or on a hint from the old one, he would give place to the one behind him. Still, one bird evidently outstripped his fellows and in the race of life was two

or three days in advance of them. His voice was loudest and his head oftenest at the window. But I noticed that when he had kept the position too long, the others evidently made it uncomfortable in his rear, and, after "fidgiting" about a while, he

onded, I have no doubt, from the rear,—and launched forth upon his untried wings. They served him well and carried him about fifty yards up-hill the first heat. The second day after, the next in size and spirit left in the same manner; then another, till only one



HAWK AND KING-BIRD.

would be compelled to "back down." But retaliation was then easy, and I fear his mates spent few easy moments at that look-out. They would close their eyes and slide back into the cavity as if the world had suddenly lost all its charms for them.

This bird was, of course, the first to leave the nest. For two days before that event he kept his position in the opening most of the time and sent forth his strong voice incessantly. The old ones abstained from feeding him almost entirely, no doubt to encourage his exit. As I stood looking at him one afternoon and noting his progress, he suddenly reached a resolution,—sec-

remained. The parent birds ceased their visits to him, and for one day he called and called till our ears were tired of the sound. His was the faintest heart of all. Then he had none to encourage him from behind. He left the nest and clung to the outer bowl of the tree, and yelped and piped for an hour longer; then he committed himself to his wings and went his way like the rest.

A young farmer in the western part of the state (E. S. Gilbert, of Canaseraga, N. Y.) who has a sharp, discriminating eye, sends me some interesting notes about a tame high-hole he once had.

"Did you ever notice," says he, "that

the high-hole never eats anything that he cannot pick up with his tongue? At least this was the case with a young one I took from the nest and tamed. He could thrust out his tongue two or three inches, and it was amusing to see his efforts to eat currants from the hand. He would run out his tongue and try to stick it to the currant; failing in that, he would bend his tongue around it like a hook and try to raise it by a sudden jerk. But he never succeeded, the round fruit would roll and slip away every time. He never seemed to think of taking it in his beak. His tongue was in constant use to find out the nature of everything he saw; a nail-hole in a board or any similar hole was carefully explored. If he was held near the face he would soon be attracted by the eye and thrust his tongue into it. In this way he gained the respect of a number of half-grown cats that were around the house. I wished to make them familiar to each other, so there would be less danger of their killing him. So I would take them both on my knee, when the bird would soon notice the kitten's eyes, and leveling his bill as carefully as a marksman levels his rifle, he would remain so a minute when he would dart his tongue into the cat's eye. This was held by the cats to be very mysterious: being struck in the eye by something invisible to them. They soon acquired such a terror of him that they would avoid him and run away whenever they saw his bill turned in their direction. He never would swallow a grasshopper even when it was placed in his throat; he would shake himself until he had thrown it out of his mouth. His 'best hold' was ants. He never was surprised at anything, and never was afraid of anything. He would drive the turkey gobbler and the rooster. He would advance upon them holding one wing up as high as possible, as if to strike with it, and shuffle along the ground toward them, scolding all the while in a harsh voice. I feared at first that they might kill him, but I soon found that he was able to take care of himself. I would turn over stones and dig into ant-hills for him, and he would lick up the ants so fast that a stream of them seemed going into his mouth unceasingly. I kept him till late in the fall, when he disappeared, probably going south, and I never saw him again."

Mr. Gilbert also sends me some interesting observations about the cuckoo. He says a large gooseberry-bush standing in the border of an old hedge-row, in the

midst of open fields, and not far from his house, was occupied by a pair of cuckoos for two seasons in succession, and, after an interval of a year, for two seasons more. This gave him a good chance to observe them. He says the mother-bird lays a single egg, and sits upon it a number of days before laying the second, so that he has seen one young bird nearly grown, a second just hatched, and a whole egg all in the nest at once. "So far as I have seen, this is the settled practice,—the young leaving the nest one at a time to the number of six or eight. The young have quite the look of the young of the dove in many respects. When nearly grown they are covered with long blue pin-feathers as long as darning-needles, without a bit of plumage on them. They part on the back and hang down on each side by their own weight. With its curious feathers and misshapen body the young bird is anything but handsome. They never open their mouths when approached, as many young birds do, but sit perfectly still, hardly moving when touched." He also notes the unnatural indifference of the mother-bird when her nest and young are approached. She makes no sound, but sits quietly on a near branch in apparent perfect unconcern.

These observations, together with the fact that the egg of the cuckoo is occasionally found in the nests of other birds, raise the inquiry whether our bird is slowly relapsing into the habit of the European species, which always foists its egg upon other birds; or whether, on the other hand, it be not mending its manners in this respect. It has but little to unlearn or forget in the one case, but great progress to make in the other. How far is its rudimentary nest—a mere platform of coarse twigs and dry stalks of weeds—from the deep, compact, finely woven and finely modeled nest of the goldfinch or king-bird, and what a gulf between its indifference toward its young and their solicitude! Its irregular manner of laying also seems better suited to a parasite like our cow-bird, or the European cuckoo, than to a regular nest-builder.

My correspondent, like most sharp-eyed persons, sees plenty of interesting things as he goes about his work. He one day saw a white swallow, which is of rare occurrence. He saw a bird, a sparrow he thinks, fly against the side of a horse and fill his beak with hair from the loosened coat of the animal. He saw a shrike pursue a chickadee when the latter escaped by taking

refuge in a small hole in a tree. One day in early spring he saw two hen-hawks that were circling and screaming high in air, approach each other, extend a claw and clasping them together, fall toward the earth flapping and struggling as if they were tied together; on nearing the ground they separated and soared aloft again. He supposed that it was not a passage of war but of love, and that the hawks were toying fondly with each other.

Mr. Gilbert relates a curious circumstance of finding a humming-bird in the upper part of a barn with its bill stuck fast in a crack of one of the large timbers, dead, of course, with wings extended, and as dry as a chip. The bird seems to have died as it had lived, on the wing, and its last act was indeed a ghastly parody of its living career. Fancy this nimble, flashing sprite, whose life was passed probing the honeyed depths of flowers, at last thrusting its bill into a crack in a dry timber in a hay-loft, and, with spread wings, ending its existence.

When the air is damp and heavy, swallows frequently hawk for insects about cattle and moving herds in the field. Mr. Gilbert describes how they attended him one foggy day, as he was mowing in the meadow with a mowing-machine. It had been foggy for two days, and the swallows were very hungry, and the insects stupid and inert. When the sound of his machine was heard, the swallows appeared and attended him like a brood of hungry chickens. He says there was a continual rush of purple wings over the "cut-bar," and just where it was causing the grass to tremble and fall. Without his assistance, the swallows would doubtless have gone hungry yet another day.

Of the hen-hawk, my sharp-eyed farmer has observed that both male and female take part in incubation. "I was rather surprised," he says, "on one occasion, to see how quickly they change places on the nest. The nest was in a tall beech, and the leaves were not yet fully out. I could see the head and neck of the hawk over the edge of the nest, when I saw the other hawk coming down through the air at full speed. I expected he would alight near by, but instead of that he struck directly upon the nest, his mate getting out of the way barely in time to avoid being hit; it seemed almost as if he had knocked her off the nest. I hardly see how they can make such a rush on the nest without danger to the eggs."

The king-bird will worry the hawk as a

whiffet dog will worry a bear. It is by his persistence and audacity, not by any injury he is capable of dealing his great antagonist. The king-bird seldom more than dogs the hawk, keeping above and between his wings, and making a great ado; but my correspondent says he once "saw a king-bird riding on a hawk's back. The hawk flew as fast as possible, and the king-bird sat upon his shoulders in triumph until they had passed out of sight,"—tweaking his feathers, no doubt, and threatening to scalp him the next moment.

Little dramas, or tragedies, or comedies, little characteristic scenes are always being enacted in the lives of the birds, if our eyes are sharp enough to see them. They all have ways and traits of their own. One day in May, walking in the woods, I came upon the nest of a whip-poor-will, or rather its eggs, for it builds no nest,—two elliptical whitish spotted eggs lying upon the dry leaves. My foot was within a yard of the mother-bird before she flew. I wondered what there was curious or characteristic in the ways of the bird, so I came to the place many times and had a look. It was always a task to the eye to separate the bird from her surroundings though I stood within a few feet of her, and knew exactly where to look. One had to bear on with his eye, as it were, and refuse to be baffled. The sticks and leaves, and bits of black or dark-brown bark, were all exactly copied in the bird's plumage. And then she did sit so close, and simulate so well a shapeless decaying piece of wood or bark! Twice I brought a companion, and guiding his eye to the spot, noted how difficult it was for him to make out there, in full view upon the dry leaves, any semblance to a bird. When the bird returned after being disturbed, she would alight within a few inches of her eggs, and then, after a moment's pause, hobble awkwardly upon them.

After the young had appeared all the wit of the bird came into play. I was on hand the next day, I think. The mother-bird sprang up when I was within a pace of her, and in doing so fanned the leaves with her wings till they sprang up too; as the leaves started the young started, and, being of the same color, to tell which was the leaf and which the bird was a trying task to any eye. I came the next day, when the same tactics were repeated. Once a leaf fell upon one of the young birds and nearly hid it. The young are covered with a reddish down, like a young partridge, and soon follow their mother about. When disturbed, they gave

but one leap, then settled down, perfectly motionless and stupid, with eyes closed. The parent bird, on these occasions, made frantic efforts to decoy me away from her young. She would fly a few paces and fall upon her breast, and a spasm, like that of death, would run through her tremulous outstretched wings and prostrate body. She kept a sharp eye out the meanwhile to see if the ruse took, and if it did not, she was quickly cured, and moving about in some other point, tried to draw your attention as before. When followed she always alighted upon the ground, dropping down in a sudden peculiar way. The second or third day both old and young had disappeared.

The whip-poor-will walks as awkwardly as a swallow, which is as awkward as a man in a bag, and yet she manages to lead her young about the woods. The latter, I think, move by leaps and sudden spurts, their protective coloring shielding them most effectively. Wilson once came upon the old and young in the woods, and, though they were at his very feet, was so baffled by the latter that he was about to give up the search, much disappointed, when he perceived something "like a slight moldiness among the withered leaves, and, on stooping down, discovered it to be a young whip-poor-will, seemingly asleep." Wilson's description of the young is very accurate, as its downy covering does look precisely like a "slight moldiness." Returning a few moments afterward to the spot to get a pencil he had forgotten, he could find neither old nor young.

It takes an eye to see a partridge in the woods, motionless upon the leaves; this sense needs to be as sharp as that of smell in hounds and pointers, and yet I know an unkempt youth that seldom fails to see the bird and shoot it before it takes wing. I think he sees it as soon as it sees him, and before it suspects itself seen. What a training to the eye is hunting! to pick out the game from its surroundings, the grouse from the leaves, the gray squirrel from the mossy oak limb it hugs so closely, the red fox from the ruddy or brown or gray field, the rabbit from the stubble, or the white hare from the snow, requires the best powers of this sense. A woodchuck motionless in the fields or upon a rock, looks very much like a large stone or boulder, yet a sharp eye knows the difference at a glance, a quarter of a mile away.

A man has a sharper eye than a dog, or a fox, or than any of the wild creatures, but not so sharp an ear or nose. But in the

birds he finds his match. How quickly the old turkey discovers the hawk, a mere speck against the sky, and how quickly the hawk discovers you if you happen to be secreted in the bushes, or behind the fence near which he alights.

I find I see almost without effort, nearly every bird within sight in the field or wood I pass through (a flit of the wing, a flit of the tail are enough, though the flickering leaves do all conspire to hide them), and that with like ease the birds see me, though, unquestionably, the chances are immensely in their favor. The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, truly. You must have the bird in your heart, before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim. No one ever yet found the walking fern, who did not have the walking fern in his mind.

Nevertheless, the habit of observation is the habit of clear and decisive gazing; not by a first casual glance, but by a steady deliberate aim of the eye are the rare and characteristic things discovered. You must look intently and hold your eye firmly to the spot, to see more than do the rank and file of mankind. The sharp-shooter picks out his man and knows him with fatal certainty from a stump, or a rock, or a cap on a pole. The phrenologists do well to locate not only form, color, weight, etc., in the region of the eye, but a faculty which they call individuality—that which separates, discriminates, and sees in every object its essential character. This is just as necessary to the naturalist as to the artist or the poet. The sharp eye notes specific points and differences,—it seizes upon and preserves the individuality of the thing.

Persons frequently describe to me some bird they have seen or heard and ask me to name it, but in most cases the bird might be any one of a dozen, or else it is totally unlike any bird found in this continent. They have either seen falsely or else vaguely. Not so the farm youth who wrote me one winter day that he had seen a single pair of strange birds, which he describes as follows: "They were about the size of the 'chip-pie,' the tops of their heads were red, and the breast of the male was of the same color, while that of the female was much lighter; their rumps were also faintly tinged with red. If I have described them so that you would know them, please write me their names." There can be little doubt but the young observer had seen a pair of red-polls,—a bird related to the goldfinch, and that occa-

sionally comes down to us in the winter from the far north. Another time, the same youth wrote that he had seen a strange bird, the color of a sparrow, that alighted on fences and buildings as well as upon the ground and that walked. This last fact showed the youth's discriminating eye and settled the case. I knew it to be a species of lark, and from the time, size, color, etc., the tit-lark. But how many persons would have observed that the bird walked instead of hopped?

Some friends of mine who lived in the country tried to describe to me a bird that built a nest in a tree within a few feet of the house. As it was a brown bird, I should have taken it for a wood-thrush, had not the nest been described as so thin and loose that from beneath, the eggs could be distinctly seen. The most pronounced feature in the description was the barred appearance of the under side of the bird's tail. I was quite at sea, until one day, when we were driving out, a cuckoo flew across the road in front of us, when my friends exclaimed, "There is our bird!" I had never known a cuckoo to build near a house, and I had never noted the appearance the tail presents when viewed from beneath; but if the bird had been described in its most obvious features, as slender, with a long tail, cinnamon brown above and white beneath, with a curved bill, any one who knew the bird would have recognized the portrait.

We think we have looked at a thing sharply until we are asked for its specific features. I thought I knew exactly the form of the leaf of the tulip-tree, until one day a lady asked me to draw the outlines of one. A good observer is quick to take a hint and to follow it up. Most of the facts of nature, especially in the life of the birds and animals, are well screened. We do not see the play because we do not look intently enough. The other day I was sitting with a friend upon a high rock in the woods, near a small stream, when we saw a water-snake swimming across a pool toward the opposite bank. Any eye would have noted it, perhaps nothing more. A little closer and sharper gaze revealed the fact that the snake bore something in its mouth, which, as we went down to investigate, proved to be a small cat-fish, three or four inches long. The snake had captured it in the pool, and, like any other fisherman, wanted to get its prey to dry land, although it itself lived mostly in the water. Here,

we said, is being enacted a little tragedy, that would have escaped any but sharp eyes. The snake, which was itself small, had the fish by the throat, the hold of vantage among all creatures, and clung to it with great tenacity. The snake knew that its best tactics was to get upon dry land as soon as possible. It could not swallow its victim alive, and it could not strangle it in the water. For a while it tried to kill its game by holding it up out of the water, but the fish grew heavy, and every few moments its struggles brought down the snake's head. This would not do. Compressing the fish's throat would not shut off its breath under such circumstances, so the wily serpent tried to get ashore with it, and after several attempts succeeded in effecting a landing on a flat rock. But the fish died hard. Cat-fish do not give up the ghost in a hurry. Its throat was becoming congested, but the snake's distended jaws must have ached. It was like a petrified gape. Then the spectators became very curious and close in their scrutiny, and the snake determined to withdraw from the public gaze and finish the business in hand to its own notions. But, when gently but firmly remonstrated with by my friend with his walking-stick, it dropped the fish and retreated in high dudgeon beneath a stone in the bed of the creek. The fish, with a swollen and angry throat, went its way also.

Birds, I say, have wonderfully keen eyes. Throw a fresh bone or a piece of meat upon the snow in winter, and see how soon the crows will discover it and be on hand. If it be near the house or barn, the crow that first discovers it will alight near it, to make sure he is not deceived; then he will go away, and soon return with a companion. The two alight a few yards from the bone, and after some delay, during which the vicinity is sharply scrutinized, one of the crows advances boldly to within a few feet of the coveted prize. Here he pauses, and if no trick is discovered, and the meat be indeed meat, he seizes it and makes off.

One midwinter I cleared away the snow under an apple-tree near the house and scattered some corn there. I had not seen a blue-jay for weeks, yet that very day they found my corn, and after that they came daily and partook of it, holding the kernels under their feet upon the limbs of the trees and pecking them vigorously.

Of course the woodpecker and his kind have sharp eyes, still I was surprised to see how quickly Downy found out some bones

that were placed in a convenient place under the shed to be pounded up for the hens. In going out to the barn I often disturbed him making a meal off the bits of meat that still adhered to them.

"Look intently enough at anything," said a poet to me one day, "and you will see something that would otherwise escape you." I thought of the remark as I sat on a stump in an opening of the woods one spring day. I saw a small hawk approaching; he flew to a tall tulip-tree and alighted on a large limb near the top. He eyed me and I eyed him. Then the bird disclosed a trait that was new to me; he hopped along the limb to a small cavity near the trunk, when he thrust in his head and pulled out some small object and fell to eating it. After he had partaken of it for some minutes he put the remainder back in his larder and flew away. I had seen something like feathers eddying slowly down as the hawk ate, and on approaching the spot found the feathers of a sparrow here and there clinging to the bushes beneath the tree. The hawk then—commonly called the chicken hawk—is as provident as a mouse or squirrel, and lays by a store against a time of need, but I should not have discovered the fact had I not held my eye to him.

An observer of the birds is attracted by any unusual sound or commotion among them. In May or June, when other birds are most vocal, the jay is a silent bird; he goes sneaking about the orchards and the groves as silent as a pickpocket; he is robbing birds'-nests and he is very anxious that nothing should be said about it, but in the fall none so quick and loud to cry "Thief, thief" as he. One December morning a troop of them discovered a little screech-owl secreted in the hollow trunk of an old apple-tree near my house. How they found the owl out is a mystery, since it never ventures forth in the light of day; but they did, and proclaimed the fact with great emphasis. I suspect the bluebirds first told them, for these birds are constantly peeping into holes and cran- nies, both spring and fall. Some unsuspect-

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refuge in a small hole in a tree. One day in early spring he saw two hen-hawks that were circling and screaming high in air, approach each other, extend a claw and clasp them together, fall toward the earth flapping and struggling as if they were tied together; on nearing the ground they separated and soared aloft again. He supposed that it was not a passage of war but of love, and that the hawks were toying fondly with each other.

Mr. Gilbert relates a curious circumstance of finding a humming-bird in the upper part of a barn with its bill stuck fast in a crack of one of the large timbers, dead, of course, with wings extended, and as dry as a chip. The bird seems to have died as it had lived, on the wing, and its last act was indeed a ghastly parody of its living career. Fancy this nimble, flashing sprite, whose life was passed probing the honeyed depths of flowers, at last thrusting its bill into a crack in a dry timber in a hay-loft, and, with spread wings, ending its existence.

When the air is damp and heavy, swallows frequently hawk for insects about cattle and moving herds in the field. Mr. Gilbert describes how they attended him one foggy day, as he was mowing in the meadow with a mowing-machine. It had been foggy for two days, and the swallows were very hungry, and the insects stupid and inert. When the sound of his machine was heard, the swallows appeared and attended him like a brood of hungry chickens. He says there was a continual rush of purple wings over the "cut-bar," and just where it was causing the grass to tremble and fall. Without his assistance, the swallows would doubtless have gone hungry yet another day.

Of the hen-hawk, my sharp-eyed farmer has observed that both male and female take part in incubation. "I was rather surprised," he says, "on one occasion, to see how quickly they change places on the nest. The nest was in a tall beech, and the leaves were not yet fully out. I could see the head and neck of the hawk over the edge of the nest, when I saw the other hawk coming down through the air at full speed. I expected he would alight near by, but instead of that he struck directly upon the nest, his mate getting out of the way barely in time to avoid being hit; it seemed almost as if he had knocked her off the nest. I hardly see how they can make such a rush on the nest without danger to the eggs."

The king-bird will worry the hawk as a

whiffet dog will worry a bear. It is by his persistence and audacity, not by any injury he is capable of dealing his great antagonist. The king-bird seldom more than dogs the hawk, keeping above and between his wings, and making a great ado; but my correspondent says he once "saw a king-bird riding on a hawk's back. The hawk flew as fast as possible, and the king-bird sat upon his shoulders in triumph until they had passed out of sight,"—tweaking his feathers, no doubt, and threatening to scalp him the next moment.

Little dramas, or tragedies, or comedies, little characteristic scenes are always being enacted in the lives of the birds, if our eyes are sharp enough to see them. They all have ways and traits of their own. One day in May, walking in the woods, I came upon the nest of a whip-poor-will, or rather its eggs, for it builds no nest,—two elliptical whitish spotted eggs lying upon the dry leaves. My foot was within a yard of the mother-bird before she flew. I wondered what there was curious or characteristic in the ways of the bird, so I came to the place many times and had a look. It was always a task to the eye to separate the bird from her surroundings though I stood within a few feet of her, and knew exactly where to look. One had to bear on with his eye, as it were, and refuse to be baffled. The sticks and leaves, and bits of black or dark-brown bark, were all exactly copied in the bird's plumage. And then she did sit so close, and simulate so well a shapeless decaying piece of wood or bark! Twice I brought a companion, and guiding his eye to the spot, noted how difficult it was for him to make out there, in full view upon the dry leaves, any semblance to a bird. When the bird returned after being disturbed, she would alight within a few inches of her eggs, and then, after a moment's pause, hobble awkwardly upon them.

After the young had appeared all the wit of the bird came into play. I was on hand the next day, I think. The mother-bird sprang up when I was within a pace of her, and in doing so fanned the leaves with her wings till they sprang up too; as the leaves started the young started, and, being of the same color, to tell which was the leaf and which the bird was a trying task to any eye. I came the next day, when the same tactics were repeated. Once a leaf fell upon one of the young birds and nearly hid it. The young are covered with a reddish down, like a young partridge, and soon follow their mother about. When disturbed, they gave

but one leap, then settled down, perfectly motionless and stupid, with eyes closed. The parent bird, on these occasions, made frantic efforts to decoy me away from her young. She would fly a few paces and fall upon her breast, and a spasm, like that of death, would run through her tremulous outstretched wings and prostrate body. She kept a sharp eye out the meanwhile to see if the ruse took, and if it did not, she was quickly cured, and moving about in some other point, tried to draw your attention as before. When followed she always alighted upon the ground, dropping down in a sudden peculiar way. The second or third day both old and young had disappeared.

The whip-poor-will walks as awkwardly as a swallow, which is as awkward as a man in a bag, and yet she manages to lead her young about the woods. The latter, I think, move by leaps and sudden spurts, their protective coloring shielding them most effectively. Wilson once came upon the old and young in the woods, and, though they were at his very feet, was so baffled by the latter that he was about to give up the search, much disappointed, when he perceived something "like a slight moldiness among the withered leaves, and, on stooping down, discovered it to be a young whip-poor-will, seemingly asleep." Wilson's description of the young is very accurate, as its downy covering does look precisely like a "slight moldiness." Returning a few moments afterward to the spot to get a pencil he had forgotten, he could find neither old nor young.

It takes an eye to see a partridge in the woods, motionless upon the leaves; this sense needs to be as sharp as that of smell in hounds and pointers, and yet I know an unkempt youth that seldom fails to see the bird and shoot it before it takes wing. I think he sees it as soon as it sees him, and before it suspects itself seen. What a training to the eye is hunting! to pick out the game from its surroundings, the grouse from the leaves, the gray squirrel from the mossy oak limb it hugs so closely, the red fox from the ruddy or brown or gray field, the rabbit from the stubble, or the white hare from the snow, requires the best powers of this sense. A woodchuck motionless in the fields or upon a rock, looks very much like a large stone or boulder, yet a sharp eye knows the difference at a glance, a quarter of a mile away.

A man has a sharper eye than a dog, or a fox, or than any of the wild creatures, but not so sharp an ear or nose. But in the

birds he finds his match. How quickly the old turkey discovers the hawk, a mere speck against the sky, and how quickly the hawk discovers you if you happen to be secreted in the bushes, or behind the fence near which he alights.

I find I see almost without effort, nearly every bird within sight in the field or wood I pass through (a flit of the wing, a flirt of the tail are enough, though the flickering leaves do all conspire to hide them), and that with like ease the birds see me, though, unquestionably, the chances are immensely in their favor. The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, truly. You must have the bird in your heart, before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim. No one ever yet found the walking fern, who did not have the walking fern in his mind.

Nevertheless, the habit of observation is the habit of clear and decisive gazing; not by a first casual glance, but by a steady deliberate aim of the eye are the rare and characteristic things discovered. You must look intently and hold your eye firmly to the spot, to see more than do the rank and file of mankind. The sharp-shooter picks out his man and knows him with fatal certainty from a stump, or a rock, or a cap on a pole. The phrenologists do well to locate not only form, color, weight, etc., in the region of the eye, but a faculty which they call individuality—that which separates, discriminates, and sees in every object its essential character. This is just as necessary to the naturalist as to the artist or the poet. The sharp eye notes specific points and differences,—it seizes upon and preserves the individuality of the thing.

Persons frequently describe to me some bird they have seen or heard and ask me to name it, but in most cases the bird might be any one of a dozen, or else it is totally unlike any bird found in this continent. They have either seen falsely or else vaguely. Not so the farm youth who wrote me one winter day that he had seen a single pair of strange birds, which he describes as follows: "They were about the size of the 'chippie,' the tops of their heads were red, and the breast of the male was of the same color, while that of the female was much lighter; their rumps were also faintly tinged with red. If I have described them so that you would know them, please write me their names." There can be little doubt but the young observer had seen a pair of red-polls,—a bird related to the goldfinch, and that occa-

sionally comes down to us in the winter from the far north. Another time, the same youth wrote that he had seen a strange bird, the color of a sparrow, that alighted on fences and buildings as well as upon the ground and that walked. This last fact showed the youth's discriminating eye and settled the case. I knew it to be a species of lark, and from the time, size, color, etc., the tit-lark. But how many persons would have observed that the bird walked instead of hopped?

Some friends of mine who lived in the country tried to describe to me a bird that built a nest in a tree within a few feet of the house. As it was a brown bird, I should have taken it for a wood-thrush, had not the nest been described as so thin and loose that from beneath, the eggs could be distinctly seen. The most pronounced feature in the description was the barred appearance of the under side of the bird's tail. I was quite at sea, until one day, when we were driving out, a cuckoo flew across the road in front of us, when my friends exclaimed, "There is our bird!" I had never known a cuckoo to build near a house, and I had never noted the appearance the tail presents when viewed from beneath; but if the bird had been described in its most obvious features, as slender, with a long tail, cinnamon brown above and white beneath, with a curved bill, any one who knew the bird would have recognized the portrait.

We think we have looked at a thing sharply until we are asked for its specific features. I thought I knew exactly the form of the leaf of the tulip-tree, until one day a lady asked me to draw the outlines of one. A good observer is quick to take a hint and to follow it up. Most of the facts of nature, especially in the life of the birds and animals, are well screened. We do not see the play because we do not look intently enough. The other day I was sitting with a friend upon a high rock in the woods, near a small stream, when we saw a water-snake swimming across a pool toward the opposite bank. Any eye would have noted it, perhaps nothing more. A little closer and sharper gaze revealed the fact that the snake bore something in its mouth, which, as we went down to investigate, proved to be a small cat-fish, three or four inches long. The snake had captured it in the pool, and, like any other fisherman, wanted to get its prey to dry land, although it itself lived mostly in the water. Here,

we said, is being enacted a little tragedy, that would have escaped any but sharp eyes. The snake, which was itself small, had the fish by the throat, the hold of vantage among all creatures, and clung to it with great tenacity. The snake knew that its best tactics was to get upon dry land as soon as possible. It could not swallow its victim alive, and it could not strangle it in the water. For a while it tried to kill its game by holding it up out of the water, but the fish grew heavy, and every few moments its struggles brought down the snake's head. This would not do. Compressing the fish's throat would not shut off its breath under such circumstances, so the wily serpent tried to get ashore with it, and after several attempts succeeded in effecting a landing on a flat rock. But the fish died hard. Cat-fish do not give up the ghost in a hurry. Its throat was becoming congested, but the snake's distended jaws must have ached. It was like a petrified gape. Then the spectators became very curious and close in their scrutiny, and the snake determined to withdraw from the public gaze and finish the business in hand to its own notions. But, when gently but firmly remonstrated with by my friend with his walking-stick, it dropped the fish and retreated in high dudgeon beneath a stone in the bed of the creek. The fish, with a swollen and angry throat, went its way also.

Birds, I say, have wonderfully keen eyes. Throw a fresh bone or a piece of meat upon the snow in winter, and see how soon the crows will discover it and be on hand. If it be near the house or barn, the crow that first discovers it will alight near it, to make sure he is not deceived; then he will go away, and soon return with a companion. The two alight a few yards from the bone, and after some delay, during which the vicinity is sharply scrutinized, one of the crows advances boldly to within a few feet of the coveted prize. Here he pauses, and if no trick is discovered, and the meat be indeed meat, he seizes it and makes off.

One midwinter I cleared away the snow under an apple-tree near the house and scattered some corn there. I had not seen a blue-jay for weeks, yet that very day they found my corn, and after that they came daily and partook of it, holding the kernels under their feet upon the limbs of the trees and pecking them vigorously.

Of course the woodpecker and his kind have sharp eyes, still I was surprised to see how quickly Downy found out some bones

that were placed in a convenient place under the shed to be pounded up for the hens. In going out to the barn I often disturbed him making a meal off the bits of meat that still adhered to them.

"Look intently enough at anything," said a poet to me one day, "and you will see something that would otherwise escape you." I thought of the remark as I sat on a stump in an opening of the woods one spring day. I saw a small hawk approaching; he flew to a tall tulip-tree and alighted on a large limb near the top. He eyed me and I eyed him. Then the bird disclosed a trait that was new to me; he hopped along the limb to a small cavity near the trunk, when he thrust in his head and pulled out some small object and fell to eating it. After he had partaken of it for some minutes he put the remainder back in his larder and flew away. I had seen something like feathers eddying slowly down as the hawk ate, and on approaching the spot found the feathers of a sparrow here and there clinging to the bushes beneath the tree. The hawk then—commonly called the chicken hawk—is as provident as a mouse or squirrel, and lays by a store against a time of need, but I should not have discovered the fact had I not held my eye to him.

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OUR TAVERN.

IT was about noon of a very fair July day, when my wife and myself arrived at the little town where we were to take the stage up into the mountains. We were off for a two weeks' vacation and our destination was a country tavern on the stage-road, not far from the point where the road crosses the ridge of the mountain-range, and about sixteen miles from the town.

We had heard of this tavern from a friend of ours, who had spent a summer there. The surrounding country was lovely, and the house was kept by a farmer, who was a good soul, and tried to make his guests happy. These were generally passing farmers and wagoners, or stage-passengers, stopping for a meal, but occasionally a person from the cities, like our friend, came to spend a few weeks in the mountains.

So hither we came, for an out-of-the-world place like this was just what we wanted. When I took our places at the stage-office, I inquired for David Dutton, the farmer tavern-keeper before mentioned, but the agent did not know of him.

"However," said he, "the driver knows everybody on the road, and he'll set you down at the house."

So, off we started, having paid for our tickets on the basis that we were to ride about sixteen miles. We had seats on top, and the trip, although slow,—for the road wound uphill steadily,—was a delightful one. Our way lay, for the greater part of the time, through the woods, but now and then we came to a farm, and a turn in the road often gave us lovely views of the foothills and the valleys behind us.

But the driver did not know where Dutton's tavern was. This we found out after we had started. It might have been wiser to have settled this matter before starting, but I was not at all sure that it would have been so. We were going to this tavern, and did not wish to go anywhere else. If people did not know where it was, it would be well for us to go and look for it. We knew the road that it was on, and the locality in which it was to be found.

Still, it was somewhat strange that a stage-driver, passing along the road every week-day,—one day one way, and the next the other way,—should not know the whereabouts of a public-house like Dutton's.

"If I remember rightly," I said, "the

stage used to stop there for the passengers to take supper."

"Well, then, it aint on this side o' the ridge," said the driver; "we stop for supper, about a quarter of a mile on the other side, at Pete Lowry's. Perhaps Dutton used to keep that place. Was it called the 'Ridge House'?"

I did not remember the name of the house, but I knew very well that it was not on the other side of the ridge.

"Then," said the driver, "I'm sure I don't know where it is. But I've only been on the road about a year, and your man may 'a' moved away afore I come. But there aint no tavern this side the ridge, arter ye leave Delhi, and, that's nowhere's nigh the ridge."

There were a couple of farmers who were sitting by the driver, and who had listened with considerable interest to this conversation. Presently, one of them turned around to me and said:

"Is it Dave Dutton ye're askin' about?"

"Yes," I replied, "that's his name."

"Well, I think he's dead," said he.

At this, I began to feel uneasy, and I could see that my wife shared my trouble.

Then the other farmer spoke up.

"I don't believe he's dead, Hiram," said he to his companion. "I heered of him this spring. He's got a sheep-farm on the other side o' the mountain, and he's a livin' there. That's what I heered, at any rate. But he don't live on this road any more," he continued, turning to us. "He used to keep tavern on this road, and the stages did used to stop fur supper—or else dinner, I don't jist recollect which. But he don't keep tavern on this road no more."

"Of course not," said his companion, "if he's a livin' over the mountain. But I b'lieve he's dead."

I asked the other farmer if he knew how long it had been since Dutton had left this part of the country.

"I don't know fur certain," he said, "but I know he was keeping tavern here two year' ago, this fall, fur I come along here, myself, and stopped there to git supper—or dinner, I don't jist ree-collect which."

It had been three years since our friend had boarded at Dutton's house. There was no doubt that the man was not living at his old place now. My wife and I now agreed

that it was very foolish in us to come so far without making more particular inquiries. But we had had an idea that a man who had a place like Dutton's tavern would live there always.

"What are ye goin' to do?" asked the driver, very much interested, for it was not every day that he had passengers who had lost their destination. "Ye might go on to Lowry's. He takes boarders sometimes."

But Lowry's did not attract us. An ordinary country-tavern, where stage-passengers took supper, was not what we came so far to find.

"Do you know where this house o' Dutton's is?" said the driver, to the man who had once taken either dinner or supper there.

"Oh yes! I'd know the house well enough, if I saw it. It's the fust house this side o' Lowry's."

"With a big pole in front of it?" asked the driver.

"Yes, there was a sign-pole in front of it."

"An' a long porch?"

"Yes."

"Oh! well!" said the driver, settling himself in his seat. "I know all about that house. That's an empty house. I didn't think you meant that house. There's nobody lives there. An' yit, now I come to remember, I have seen people about, too. I tell ye what ye better do. Since ye're so set on staying on this side the ridge, ye better let me set ye down at Dan Carson's place. That's jist about quarter of a mile from where Dutton used to live. Dan's wife can tell ye all about the Duttons, an' about everybody else, too, in this part o' the country, and if there aint nobody livin' at the old tavern, ye can stay all night at Carson's, and I'll stop an' take you back, to-morrow, when I come along."

We agreed to this plan, for there was nothing better to be done, and, late in the afternoon, we were set down with our small trunk—for we were traveling under light weight—at Dan Carson's door. The stage was rather behind time, and the driver whipped up and left us to settle our own affairs. He called back, however, that he would keep a good lookout for us to-morrow.

Mrs. Carson soon made her appearance, and, very naturally, was somewhat surprised to see visitors with their baggage standing on her little porch. She was a plain, coarsely dressed woman, with an apron full of chips and kindling wood, and a fine mind for detail, as we soon discovered.

"Jist so," said she, putting down the chips, and inviting us to seats on a bench. "Dave Dutton's folks is all moved away. Dave has a good farm on the other side o' the mountain, an' it never did pay him to keep that tavern, 'specially as he didn't sell liquor. When he went away, his son Al come there to live with his wife, an' the old man left a good deal o' furniter and things fur him, but Al's wife aint satisfied here, and, though they've been here, off an' on, the house is shet up most o' the time. It's fur sale an' to rent, both, ef anybody wants it. I'm sorry about you, too, fur it was a nice tavern, when Dave kept it."

We admitted that we were also very sorry, and the kind-hearted woman showed a great deal of sympathy.

"You might stay here, but we haint got no fit room where you two could sleep."

At this, my wife and I looked very blank.

"But you could go up to the house and stay, jist as well as not," Mrs. Carson continued. "There's plenty o' things there, an' I keep the key. For the matter o' that, ye might take the house for as long as ye want to stay; Dave 'd be glad enough to rent it; and, if the lady knows how to keep house, it wouldn't be no trouble at all, jist for you two. We could let ye have all the victuals ye'd want, cheap, and there's plenty o' wood there, cut, and everything handy."

We looked at each other. We agreed. Here was a chance for a rare good time. It might be better, perhaps, than anything we had expected.

The bargain was struck. Mrs. Carson, who seemed vested with all the necessary powers of attorney, appeared to be perfectly satisfied with our trustworthiness, and when I paid on the spot the small sum she thought proper for two weeks' rent, she evidently considered she had done a very good thing for Dave Dutton and herself.

"I'll jist put some bread, an' eggs, an' coffee, an' pork, an' things in a basket, an' I'll have 'em took up fur ye, with yer trunk, an' I'll go with ye an' take some milk. Here, Danny!" she cried, and directly her husband, a long, thin, sun-burnt, sandy-headed man, appeared, and to him she told, in a few words, our story, and ordered him to hitch up the cart and be ready to take our trunk and the basket up to Dutton's old house.

When all was ready, we walked up the hill, followed by Danny and the cart. We found the house a large, low, old-fashioned farm-house, standing near the road with a

long piazza in front, and a magnificent view of mountain-tops in the rear. Within, the lower rooms were large and low, with quite a good deal of furniture in them. There was no earthly reason why we should not be perfectly jolly and comfortable here. The more we saw, the more delighted we were at the odd experience we were about to have. Mrs. Carson busied herself in getting things in order for our supper and general accommodation. She made Danny carry our trunk to a bedroom in the second story, and then set him to work building a fire in a great fire-place, with a crane for the kettle.

When she had done all she could, it was nearly dark, and after lighting a couple of candles, she left us, to go home and get supper for her own family.

As she and Danny were about to depart in the cart, she ran back to ask us if we would like to borrow a dog.

"There aint nuthin to be afeard of," she said; "for nobody hardly ever takes the trouble to lock the doors in these parts, but bein' city folks, I thought ye might feel better ef ye had a dog."

We thanked her, but declined the dog. Indeed, my wife remarked that she would be much more afraid of a strange dog than of robbers.

After supper, which we enjoyed as much as any meal we ever ate in our lives, we each took a candle, and after arranging our bedroom for the night, we explored the old house. There were lots of curious things everywhere,—things that were apparently so "old timey," as my wife remarked, that David Dutton did not care to take them with him to his new farm, and so left them for his son, who probably cared for them even less than his father did. There was a garret extending over the whole house, and filled with old spinning-wheels, and strings of onions, and all sorts of antiquated bric-à-brac, which was so fascinating to me that I could scarcely tear myself away from it; but my wife, who was dreadfully afraid that I would set the whole place on fire, at length prevailed on me to come down.

We slept soundly that night, in what was probably the best bedroom of the house, and awoke with a feeling that we were about to enter on a period of some uncommon kind of jollity, which we found to be true when we went down to get breakfast. I made the fire, my wife made the coffee, and Mrs. Carson came with cream and some fresh eggs. The good woman was in high spirits. She was evidently pleased at the

idea of having neighbors, temporary though they were, and it had probably been a long time since she had had such a chance of selling milk, eggs and sundries. It was almost the same as opening a country store. We bought groceries and everything of her.

We had a glorious time that day. We were just starting out for a mountain stroll when our stage-driver came along on his down trip.

"Hello!" he called out. "Want to go back this morning?"

"Not a bit of it," I cried. "We wont go back for a couple of weeks. We've settled here for the present."

The man smiled. He didn't seem to understand it exactly, but he was evidently glad to see us so well satisfied. If he had had time to stop and have the matter explained to him, he would probably have been better satisfied; but as it was, he waved his whip to us and drove on. He was a good fellow.

We strolled all day, having locked up the house and taken our lunch with us; and when we came back, it seemed really like coming home. Mrs. Carson, with whom we had left the key, had brought the milk and was making the fire. This woman was too kind. We determined to try and repay her in some way. After a splendid supper we went to bed happy.

The next day was a repetition of this one, but the day after it rained. So we determined to enjoy the old tavern, and we rummaged about everywhere. I visited the garret again, and we went to the old barn, with its mows half full of hay, and had rare times climbing about there. We were delighted that it happened to rain. In a woodshed, near the house, I saw a big square board with letters on it. I examined the board and found it was a sign,—a hanging sign,—and on it was painted in letters that were yet quite plain:

"FARMERS'
AND
MECHANICS'
HOTEL."

I called to my wife and told her that I had found the old tavern sign. She came to look at it and I pulled it out.

"Soldiers and sailors!" she exclaimed; "that's funny."

I looked over on her side of the sign, and, sure enough, there was the inscription:

"SOLDIERS'
AND
SAILORS'
HOUSE."

"They must have bought this comprehensive sign in some town," I said. "Such a name would never have been chosen for a country tavern like this. But I wish they hadn't taken it down. The house would look more like what it ought to be with its sign hanging before it."

"Well, then," said my wife, "let's put it up."

I agreed instantly to this proposition, and we went to look for a ladder. We found one in the wagon-house, and carried it out to the sign-post in front of the house. It was raining, gently, during these performances, but we had on our old clothes, and were so much interested in our work that we did not care for a little rain. I carried the sign to the post, and then, at the imminent risk of breaking my neck, I hung it on its appropriate hooks on the transverse beam of the sign-post. Now our tavern was really what it pretended to be. We gazed on the sign with admiration and content.

"Do you think we had better keep it up all the time?" I asked of my wife.

"Certainly," said she. "It's a part of the house. The place isn't complete without it."

"But suppose some one should come along and want to be entertained?"

"But no one will. And if people do come, I'll take care of the soldiers and sailors, if you will attend to the farmers and mechanics."

I consented to this, and we went in-doors to prepare dinner.

The next day was clear again, and we were in the woods all day, and so were late about supper. We were just sitting down to the table when we heard a footstep on the front porch. Instantly the same thought came into each of our minds.

"I do believe," said my wife, "that's somebody who has mistaken this for a tavern. I wonder whether it's a soldier or a farmer or a sailor; but you had better go and see."

I went to see, prompted to move quickly by the new-comer pounding his cane on the bare floor of the hall. I found him standing just inside of the front door. He was a small man, with long hair and beard, and dressed in a suit of clothes of a remarkable color,—something of the hue of faded snuff. He had a big stick, and carried a large flat valise in one hand.

He bowed to me very politely.

"Can I stop here to-night?" he asked, taking off his hat, as my wife put her head out of the kitchen-door.

"Why,—no, sir," I said. "This is not a tavern."

"Not a tavern!" he exclaimed. "I don't understand that. You have a sign out."

"That is true," I said; "but that is only for fun, so to speak. We are here temporarily, and we put up that sign just to please ourselves."

"That is pretty poor fun for me," said the man. "I am tired enough, and more hungry than tired. Couldn't you let me have a little supper at any rate?"

"Are you a soldier, a sailor, a farmer, or a mechanic?" asked my wife, advancing toward us.

"Really, madam," said the man, very politely, but evidently somewhat surprised. "I am not—you have not mentioned my calling."

"Then we are not bound to entertain you, you know," said she. "If you noticed our sign, you saw that this house was only for soldiers, sailors, farmers and mechanics."

"I am sorry," said the man, and he looked sorry.

My wife glanced at me. I nodded.

"You are welcome to some supper," she said, "no matter what particular business you carry on. Come in! We eat in the kitchen because it is more convenient, and because it is so much more cheerful than the dining-room. There is a pump out there, and here is a towel, if you would like to wash your hands."

As the man went out the back door I complimented my wife. She was really an admirable hostess.

The individual in faded snuff-color was certainly hungry, and he seemed to enjoy his supper. During the meal he gave us some account of himself. He was an artist and had traveled, mostly on foot it would appear, over a great part of the country. He had in his valise some very pretty little colored sketches of scenes in Mexico and California, which he showed us after supper. Why he carried these pictures—which were done on stiff paper—about with him I do not know. He said he did not care to sell them, as he might use them for studies for larger pictures some day. His valise, which he opened wide on the table, seemed to be filled with papers, drawings, and matters of that kind. I suppose he preferred to wear his clothes, instead of carrying them about in his valise.

After sitting for about half an hour after supper, he rose, with an uncertain sort of smile, and said he supposed he must be

moving on,—asking, at the same time, how far it was to the tavern over the ridge.

"Just wait one moment, if you please," said my wife. And she beckoned me out of the room.

"Don't you think," said she, "that we could keep him all night. There's no moon, and it would be a fearful dark walk, I know, to the other side of the mountain. There is a room upstairs that I can fix for him in ten minutes, and I know he's honest."

"How do you know it?" I asked.

"Well, first because he didn't lie when I asked him what he was; and, second, because he wears such curious-colored clothes. No criminal would ever wear such clothes. He could never pass unnoticed anywhere; and being probably the only person in the world who looked that way, he could always be detected."

"You are doubtless correct," I replied. "Let us keep him."

When we told the good man that he could stay all night, he was extremely obliged to us, and went to bed quite early. After we had fastened the house and had gone to our room, my wife said to me,

"Where is your pistol?"

I produced it.

"Well," said she, "I think you ought to have it where you can get at it."

"Why so?" I asked. "You generally want me to keep it out of sight and reach."

"Yes; but when there is a strange man in the house we ought to take extra precautions."

"But this man you say is honest," I replied. "If he committed a crime he could not escape,—his appearance is so peculiar."

"But that wouldn't do us any good, if we were both murdered," said my wife, pulling a chair up to my side of the bed, and laying the pistol carefully thereon, with the muzzle toward the bed.

We were not murdered, and we had a very pleasant breakfast with the artist, who told us more anecdotes of his life in Mexico and other places. When, after breakfast, he shut up his valise, preparatory to starting away, we felt really sorry. When he was ready to go, he asked for his bill.

"Oh! There is no bill," I exclaimed. "We have no idea of charging you anything. We don't really keep a hotel, as I told you."

"If I had known that," said he, looking very grave, "I would not have staid. There is no reason why you should give me

food and lodgings, and I would not, and did not, ask it. I am able to pay for such things, and I wish to do so."

We argued with him for some time, speaking of the habits of country people and so on, but he would not be convinced. He had asked for accommodation expecting to pay for it, and would not be content until he had done so.

"Well," said my wife, "we are not keeping this house for profit, and you can't force us to make anything out of you. If you will be satisfied to pay us just what it cost us to entertain you, I suppose we shall have to let you do that. Take a seat for a minute, and I will make out your bill."

So the artist and I sat down and talked of various matters, while my wife got out her traveling stationery-box, and sat down to the dining-table to make out the bill. After a long, long time, as it appeared to me, I said:

"My dear, if the amount of that bill is at all proportioned to the length of time it takes to make it out, I think our friend here will wish he had never said anything about it."

"It's nearly done," said she, without raising her head, and, in about ten or fifteen minutes more, she rose and presented the bill to our guest. As I noticed that he seemed somewhat surprised at it, I asked him to let me look over it with him.

The bill, of which I have a copy, read as follows:

July 12th, 187—

ARTIST,

To the S. and S. Hotel and F. and M. House.

To $\frac{1}{2}$ one supper, July 11th, which

supper consisted of:

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. coffee, at 35cts.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.
" " sugar, " 14 "	1 "
$\frac{1}{2}$ qt. milk, " 6 "	1 "
$\frac{1}{2}$ loaf bread " 6 "	3 "
lb. butter " 25 "	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
" " bacon " 25 "	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
$\frac{1}{2}$ pk. potatoes at 60 cts. per bush.	$\frac{1}{8}$ "
$\frac{1}{2}$ pt. hominy at 6 cts.	3 "

27 $\frac{1}{8}$

$\frac{1}{2}$ of total.09 $\frac{1}{8}$ cts.

To $\frac{1}{2}$ one breakfast, July 12th

(same as above, with exception of eggs instead of bacon, and with hominy omitted),

24 $\frac{1}{8}$

$\frac{1}{2}$ total.08 $\frac{1}{8}$ "

To rent of one room and furniture, for one night, in furnished house of fifteen rooms at \$6.00 per week for whole house.05 $\frac{3}{4}$ "

Amount due. 22 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

The worthy artist burst out laughing when he read this bill, and so did I.

"You needn't laugh," said my wife, reddening a little. "That is exactly what your entertainment cost, and we do not intend to take a cent more. We get things here, in such small quantities that I can tell quite easily what a meal costs us, and I have calculated that bill very carefully."

"So I should think, madam," said the artist, "but it is not quite right. You have charged nothing for your trouble and services."

"No," said my wife, "for I took no additional trouble to get your meals. What I did, I should have done if you had not come. To be sure I did spend a few minutes preparing your room. I will charge you seven twenty-fourths of a cent for that, thus making your bill twenty-three cents—even money."

"I cannot gainsay reasoning like yours, madam," he said, and he took a quarter from a very fat old pocket-book, and handed it to her. She gravely gave him two cents change, and then taking the bill, receipted it, and handed it back to him.

We were sorry to part with our guest, for he was evidently a good fellow. I walked with him a little way up the road, and got him to let me copy his bill in my memorandum book. The original, he said, he would always keep.

A day or two after the artist's departure, we were standing on the front piazza. We had had a late breakfast—consequent upon a long tramp the day before—and had come out to see what sort of a day it was likely to be. We had hardly made up our minds on the subject when the morning stage came up at full speed and stopped at our gate.

"Hello!" cried the driver. He was not our driver. He was a tall man in high boots, and had a great reputation as a manager of horses,—so Danny Carson told me afterward. There were two drivers on the line, and each of them made one trip a day, going up one day in the afternoon, and down the next day in the morning.

I went out to see what this driver wanted.

"Cant you give my passengers breakfast?" he asked.

"Why no!" I exclaimed, looking at the stage loaded inside and out. "This isn't a tavern. We couldn't get breakfast for a stage-load of people."

"What have you got a sign up fur, then?" roared the driver, getting red in the face.

"That's so," cried two or three men from the top of the stage. "If it aint a tavern, what's that sign doin' there?"

I saw I must do something. I stepped up close to the stage and looked in and up.

"Are there any sailors in this stage?" I said. There was no response. "Any soldiers? Any farmers or mechanics?"

Here I trembled, but fortunately no one answered.

"Then," said I, "you have no right to ask to be accommodated; for, as you may see from the sign, our house is only for soldiers, sailors, farmers and mechanics."

"And besides," cried my wife from the piazza, "we haven't anything to give you for breakfast."

The people in and on the stage grumbled a good deal at this, and looked as if they were both disappointed and hungry, while the driver ripped out an oath, which, had he thrown it across a creek would soon have made a good-sized mill-pond.

He gathered up his reins and turned a sinister look on me.

"I'll be even with you, yit," he cried as he dashed off.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Carson came up and told us that the stage had stopped there and that she had managed to give the passengers some coffee, bread and butter and ham and eggs, though they had had to wait their turns for cups and plates. It appeared that the driver had quarreled with the Lowry people that morning because the breakfast was behindhand and he was kept waiting. So he told his passengers that there was another tavern, a few miles down the road, and that he would take them there to breakfast.

"He's an awful ugly man, that he is," said Mrs. Carson, "an' he'd better 'a' stayed at Lowry's, fur he had to wait a good sight longer, after all, as it turned out. But he's dreadful mad at you, an' says he'll bring ye farmers, an' soldiers, an' sailors an' mechanics, if that's what ye want. I 'spect he'll do his best to git a load of them particular people an' drop 'em at yer door. I'd take down that sign, ef I was you. Not that me an' Danny minds, fur we're glad to git a stage to feed, an' ef you've any single man that wants lodgin' we've fixed up a room and kin keep him overnight."

Notwithstanding this warning my wife and I decided not to take in our sign. We were not to be frightened by a stage-driver. The next day our own driver passed us on the road as he was going down.

"So ye're pertickler about the people ye take in, are ye?" said he smiling. "That's all right, but ye made Bill awful mad."

It was quite late on a Monday afternoon that Bill stopped at our house again. He did not call out this time. He simply drew up, and a man with a big black valise clambered down from the top of the stage. Then Bill called out to me as I came down to the gate, looking rather angry, I suppose:

"I was agoin' to git ye a whole stage-load, to stay all night, but that one 'll do ye, I reckon. Ha, ha!" And off he went, probably fearing that I would throw his passenger up on the top of the stage again.

The new-comer entered the gate. He was a dark man, with black hair and black whiskers and mustache, and black eyes. He wore clothes that had been black but which were now toned down by a good deal of dust, and, as I have said, he carried a black valise.

"Why did you stop here?" said I, rather inhospitably. "Don't you know that we do not accommodate——"

"Yes, I know," he said, walking up on the piazza and setting down his valise, "that you only take soldiers, sailors, farmers and mechanics at this house. I have been told all about it, and if I had not thoroughly understood the matter I should not have thought of such a thing as stopping here. If you will sit down for a few moments I will explain." Saying this he took a seat on a bench by the door, but my wife and I continued to stand.

"I am," he continued, "a soldier, a sailor, a farmer and a mechanic. Do not doubt my word; I will prove it to you in two minutes. When but seventeen years of age, circumstances compelled me to take charge of a farm in New Hampshire, and I kept up that farm until I was twenty-five. During this time I built several barns, wagon-houses and edifices of the sort on my place, and becoming expert in this branch of mechanical art, I was much sought after by the neighboring farmers, who employed me to do similar work for them. In time I found this new business so profitable that I gave up farming altogether. But certain unfortunate speculations threw me on my back, and finally, having gone from bad to worse, I found myself in Boston, where, in sheer desperation, I went on board a coasting vessel as landsman. I

remained on this vessel for nearly a year, but it did not suit me. I was often sick and did not like the work. I left the vessel at one of the Southern ports, and it was not long after she sailed that, finding myself utterly without means, I enlisted as a soldier. I remained in the army for some years, and was finally honorably discharged. So you see that what I said was true. I belong to each and all of these businesses and professions. And now that I have satisfied you on this point let me show you a book for which I have the agency in this county." He stooped down, opened his valise and took out a good-sized volume. "This book," said he, "is the 'Flora and Fauna of Carthage County,' it is written by one of the first scientific men of the country, and gives you a description, with an authentic wood-cut, of each of the plants and animals of the county—indigenous or naturalized. Owing to peculiar advantages enjoyed by our firm, we are enabled to put this book at the very low price of three dollars and seventy-five cents. It is sold by subscription only, and should be on the center-table in every parlor in this county. If you will glance over this book, sir, you will find it as interesting as a novel, and as useful as an encyclopedia——"

"I don't want the book," I said, "and I don't care to look at it."

"But if you were to look at it you would want it, I'm sure."

"That's a good reason for not looking at it, then," I answered. "If you came to get us to subscribe for that book we need not take up any more of your time, for we shall not subscribe."

"Oh, I did not come for that alone," he said. "I shall stay here to-night and start out in the morning to work up the neighborhood. If you would like this book—and I'm sure you have only to look at it to do that—you can deduct the amount of my bill from the subscription price, and——"

"What did you say you charged for this book?" asked my wife, stepping forward and picking up the volume.

"Three seventy-five is the subscription price, ma'am, but that book is not for sale. That is merely a sample. If you put your name down on my list you will be served with your book in two weeks. As I told your husband it will come very cheap to you, because you can deduct what you charge me for supper, lodging and breakfast."

"Indeed!" said my wife, and then she

remarked that she must go in the house and get supper.

"When will supper be ready?" the man asked, as she passed him.

At first she did not answer him, but then she called back:

"In about half an hour."

"Good," said the man; "but I wish it was ready now. And now, sir, if you would just glance over this book, while we are waiting for supper——"

I cut him very short and went out into the road. I walked up and down in front of the house, in a bad humor. I could not bear to think of my wife getting supper for this fellow, who was striding about on the piazza, as if he was very hungry and very impatient. Just as I returned to the house, the bell rang from within.

"Joyful sound!" said the man, and in he marched. I followed close behind him. On one end of the table, in the kitchen, supper was set for one person, and, as the man entered, my wife motioned him to the table. The supper looked like a remarkably good one. A cup of coffee smoked by the side of the plate; there was ham and eggs and a small omelette; there were fried potatoes, some fresh radishes, a plate of hot biscuit, and some preserves. The man's eyes sparkled.

"I am sorry," said he, "that I am to eat alone, for I hoped to have your good company; but, if this plan suits you, it suits me," and he drew up a chair.

"Stop!" said my wife, advancing between him and the table. "You are not to eat that. This is a sample supper. If you order a supper like it, one will be served to you in two weeks."

At this, I burst into a roar of laughter; my wife stood pale and determined, and the man drew back, looking first at one of us, and then at the other.

"Am I to understand——?" he said.

"Yes," I interrupted, "you are. There is nothing more to be said on this subject. You may go now. You came here to annoy us, knowing that we did not entertain travelers, and now you see what you have made by it," and I opened the door.

The man evidently thought that a reply was not necessary, and he walked out without a word. Taking up his valise, which he had put in the hall, he asked if there was any public-house near by.

"No," I said; "but there is a farm-house a short distance down the road, where they will be glad to have you." And down the road he went to Mrs. Carson's. I am sorry

to say that he sold her a "Flora and Fauna," before he went to bed that night.

We were much amused at the termination of this affair, and I became, if possible, a still greater admirer of my wife's talents for management. But we both agreed that it would not do to keep up the sign any longer. We could not tell when the irate driver might not pounce down upon us with a customer.

"But I hate to take it down," said my wife; "it looks so much like a surrender."

"Do not trouble yourself," said I. "I have an idea."

The next morning, I went down to Danny Carson's little shop,—he was a wheelwright as well as a farmer,—and I got from him two pots of paint—one black and one white—and some brushes. I took down our sign, and painted out the old lettering, and, instead of it, I painted, in bold and somewhat regular characters, new names for our tavern. On one side of the sign I painted:

"SOAP-MAKER'S
AND
BOOK-BINDER'S
HOTEL."

And on the other side:

"UPHOLSTERERS'
AND
DENTISTS'
HOUSE."

"Now then," I said, "I don't believe any of those people will be traveling along the road while we are here, or, at any rate, they won't want to stop."

We admired this sign very much, and sat on the piazza, that afternoon, to see how it would strike Bill, as he passed by. It seemed to strike him pretty hard, for he gazed with all his eyes at one side of it, as he approached, and then, as he passed it, he actually pulled up to read the other side.

"All right!" he called out, as he drove off. "All right! All right!"

My wife didn't like the way he said "all right." It seemed to her, she said, as if he intended to do something which would be all right for him, but not at all so for us. I saw she was nervous about it, for that evening she began to ask me questions about the traveling propensities of soap-makers, upholsterers, and dentists.

"Do not think anything more about that, my dear," I said. "I will take the sign down in the morning. We are here to enjoy ourselves, and not to be worried."

"And yet," said she, "it would worry me to think that that driver frightened us into

taking down the sign. I tell you what I wish you would do. Paint out those names and let me make a sign. Then I promise you I will not be worried."

The next day, therefore, I took down the sign and painted out my inscriptions. It was a good deal of trouble, for my letters were fresh, but it was a rainy day, and I had plenty of time and succeeded tolerably well. Then I gave my wife the black-paint pot and the freedom of the sign.

I went down to the creek to try a little fishing in wet weather, and when I returned the new sign was done. On one side it read:

FLIES'
AND
WASPS'
HOTEL.

On the other:

HUNDRED-LEGGERS'
AND
RED-ANTS'
HOUSE.

"You see," said my wife, "if any individuals mentioned thereon apply for accommodation, we can say we are full."

This sign hung triumphantly for several days, when one morning, just as we had finished breakfast, we were surprised to hear the stage stop at the door, and before we could go out to see who had arrived, into the room came our own stage-driver, as we used to call him. He had actually left his team to come and see us.

"I just thought I'd stop an' tell ye," said he, "that ef ye don't look out, Bill'll get ye inter trouble. He's bound to git the best o' ye, an' I heared this mornin',

at Lowry's, that he's agoin' to bring the county clerk up here to-morrow, to see about yer license fur keepin' a hotel. He says ye keep changin' yer signs, but that don't differ to him, for he kin prove ye've kept travelers overnight, an' ef ye haven't got no license he'll make the county clerk come down on ye heavy, I'm sure o' that, fur I know Bill. An' so, I thought I'd stop an' tell ye."

I thanked him, and admitted that this was a rather serious view of the case. My wife pondered a moment. Then said she:

"I don't see why we should stay here any longer. It's going to rain again, and our vacation is up to-morrow, any way. Could you wait a little while, while we packed up?" she said to the driver.

"Oh yes!" he replied. "I kin wait, as well as not. I've only got one passenger, an' he's on top, a-holdin' the horses. He aint in any hurry, I know, an' I'm ahead o' time."

In less than twenty minutes we had packed our trunk, locked up the house, and were in the stage, and as we drove away, we cast a last admiring look at my wife's sign, slowly swinging in the wind. I would much like to know if it is swinging there yet. I feel certain there has been no lack of custom.

We stopped at Mrs. Carson's, paid her what we owed her, and engaged her to go up to the tavern and put things in order. She was very sorry we were going, but hoped we would come back again some other summer. We said that it was quite possible that we might do so; but that, next time, we did not think we would try to have a tavern of our own.

BEREFT.

Love, I call you; can you hear?
Call you, want you, need you, dear;
Is this high-heaped mound my kiss,
And my answer only this?

Is the silence as intense
To your freed and perfect sense
As to mine—and is the tide
Just as dark, and wild, and wide?

Can there never come a sign
From your rescued soul to mine?
So importunate my need,
Must I idly, vainly plead?

Is there no unguarded place
You might seek and let your face,
Warned by Heaven's resplendent light,
Flash an instant on my sight?

Nay! forbear; I veil my eyes;
That transcendent, first surprise
Is Death's guerdon. I must wait
Though the hour be far and late.

Could your soul, transfigured, bide
For an instant at my side?
Could my sinfulness endure
You beside me white and pure?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE scenery of Cummington, Mass., is more impressive from its breadth and elevation than from any feature of singular sublimity. The earth here is heaved up in broad-shouldered hills, separated by narrow glens and leafy ravines. On the slopes of these great swells, almost mountain-like in height,—for some are two thousand feet above the sea,—are thrifty farms, with occasional breadths of barren soil, spongy mead, wild copse, and piles of out-cropping rock. Frequent springs of pure water issue from the hills and the borders of venerable groves. On the highest lands the forests have still their primitive wildness. The streams are swift and shallow over their rocky channels, with here and there deep pools under the dark shadows, where the trout hides when the heats of summer shrivel the veins that feed the sylvan springs of the hills above.

From the porch of the Cummington mansion, where the poet Bryant was born, one looks over a wide landscape some eight miles across, which embraces all the features that are peculiar to that section of Massachusetts, except the thickly wooded highlands to the north-west. The center of the view is hollowed to a deep and narrow valley, where flows a branch of the Westfield River, and on the eastern rim are the pleasant slopes of Plainfield. Spring lags on these high grounds, and autumn here puts on imperial splendors; for the trees, among which the sugar-maple predominates, are of a kind to glow royally under the effects of frost. In summer, the landscape is sumptuous with verdure, but in winter its aspect is usually severe and dreary, though sometimes it has a magnificent desolation.

In the neighborhood of the house are objects which have lent their influence to the poet's song, and which will always be associated with his name. Just beyond a meadow to the south is the grove which inspired his noble lines, "Inscription for an Entrance to a Wood,"

"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature."

Under the tall maples here grows the "Yellow Violet," whose early advent he

welcomed in verses of classic simplicity. Further down the hill-side, where the soil is damp with hidden springs, flourishes in season the "Fringed Gentian," whose sweet lesson he interpreted in his maturer years. In the rear of the homestead, only a few rods remote, is "The Rivulet," the scene of his childish delight and his boyish dreams.

"This little rill that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new."

Taking the road northward one comes, after a pleasant walk of fifteen minutes, to the bleak hill where beneath brambles and weeds are hidden "The Two Graves" of the old couple described with such touching fidelity in his poem. Truly,

"'Tis a neighborhood that knows no strife."

Going a little further on that romantic path, one gets amid cooler and wilder solitudes of forest and rock and impetuous stream, where "Thanatopsis" might have been meditated, and where more than once has sparkled the royal jewelry portrayed in "A Winter Piece." Here among the Highlands is Deer Hill, and in the distance northward rises the Williamstown range where, highest of all,

"Stands Greylock silent in the summer sky."

Retracing our steps to the house and going southward, we pass the neat school-house lately built for the children in the neighborhood; and then further on the old burial-place where sleep the parents of the poet. Turning to the left, we go down into the valley of East Cummington village, on whose outskirts, where the Agawam, a branch of the Westfield River, makes a curve in a lovely nook, is the fire-proof library which Mr. Bryant presented to his native town. (Taking the nearest road up the hill on our return we soon come to the site of the old church, of which not a vestige remains, where the family attended in the poet's youth, and to fields familiar to his boyish sports and toils. There is hardly a spot here but is suggestive of something significant in the lives and characters of the generation that has passed away. Human nature was as full of foibles

and self-assertion a century ago as now, and the "cloth" was not always held in reverence. (The first Congregational minister settled in Cummington was the Rev. James Briggs. He was in time the happy owner of a few sheep, which he highly valued, and in whose welfare he was supposed to have quite as much solicitude as was consistent with a man whose treasures did not belong to this fleeting world. Now a neighbor of the parson, for some reason, had a hard grudge against him, and was impatient to gratify it. The opportunity finally came. One evening he appeared at the parsonage and in a manner betraying the liveliest concern, informed Mr. Briggs that one of his most valuable sheep was very sick down in a field near the highway. The anxious clergyman sped to the place described with breathless haste, and lo! there in the corner of a fence, dead drunk, was a favorite parishioner,—a sick sheep indeed. The neighbor doubtless had his revenge.)

The homestead property at Cummington, with additions making an estate of more than four hundred acres, came into the possession of Mr. Bryant some years ago. The work of renovating and enlarging the old house was finished in 1864, and here, ever since, Mr. Bryant and family have spent the months of August and September. Orchards, and groves of larch and birch have been planted on the farm, roads built, and a system of improvements inaugurated that has vastly enhanced the value of the property.

William Cullen was born Nov. 3, 1794. With his earliest years was shown a passionate love of nature, which has marked his whole life, and which is such a conspicuous feature of his poetry. He tells us how his infant feet were drawn to the little rivulet, near his father's door, and as they grew stronger he began to ramble over the hills and amid the wild woods about his home. It is likely that the boy made verses before he was suspected of such a thing, for it was as natural for him to put his heart into numbers as for the birds to sing. The first account, however, that we have of his poetic gift is of a paraphrase of the first chapter of the Book of Job, in his tenth year. This work his grandfather hired him to do, and paid him ninepence when it was finished. Not long after this he wrote a poem on an eclipse of the sun, and another on the death of a cousin. About this time his verses began to find their way into the "Hampshire Gazette," and so were well circulated in the neighborhood. His father, Dr. Peter

Bryant, a gentleman of very fine mind and culture, was quick to detect and encourage his son's gift, and began early to cherish high hope of his future career. Dr. Bryant himself was a good writer of Hudibrastic verse, and the poetic tendency in the family can be traced back for several generations. It is plain that his influence over his son was every way wholesome, and that his training was given with the most judicious discrimination. Fortunate was the son in the genial influences of home at the very budding of his genius, and happy the noble parent in having so apt and rare a pupil!

Before he was fourteen years old the young poet produced the "Embargo," a satirical political poem, which was published in 1810. A second edition was called for, which contained several additional poems, among them "The Spanish Revolution." As the "Monthly Anthology," a critical journal of Boston, had expressed disbelief in the alleged youth of the writer, a certificate to the fact was appended in consequence to this edition.)

At the age of fourteen young Bryant began the study of Latin with the Rev. Dr. Thomas Snell, of Brookfield, and the next year took up Greek with such ardor under the direction of the Rev. Moses Hallock, of Plainfield, that in two months he had read the entire New Testament in the original. At sixteen he entered Williams College as a sophomore, but left at the close of his second term with an honorable dismissal, intending to enter the junior class at Yale at the beginning of the next collegiate year, and to finish his course at that institution. He was fully prepared for the junior class when the time arrived for application at Yale, but the straitened circumstances of his father compelled him to forego his warmly cherished intention. He continued, however, to pursue his studies with the same conscientious devotion as if he were under the eye of a professor, with all the stimulus of the recitation room.

The impression of his boyhood left on his brothers, Arthur and John H. Bryant, who are still living, is yet pleasantly vivid. His return home during his vacations was always hailed with joy by the family. He was loved and admired by all, and his society gave new animation to the household. He delighted his younger brothers by his lively and playful spirit, frolicking with them and tossing them in his arms, as if gifted with unusual strength, and he astonished them by his fervid declamation



THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD AT CUMMINGTON, MASS.

of his "Indian War Song," translations of "Œdipus Tyrannus," and other vigorous poems. They were proud of their brother, who seemed to them so learned and strong, and whose conduct they tried to imitate. This was at a time when his intellectual powers were fast ripening, and when his consciousness of life, as the poet sees and experiences it, was becoming more and more quickening and profound. This period in his career has a peculiar interest, and this young man, with his fresh spirit and hopes, so cordial and sprightly in the household, so docile to parental guidance, so studious and mastering his books with such ease, so deep in communion with nature,

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already moved with the solemn impulses that were soon to find a voice in his "Thanatopsis," and withal so pure and simple, and apparently so unconscious of the scope and rare quality of his powers, presents a picture which we love to contemplate as the frontispiece of a life which has gone on with such stately beauty to its place among men.

Mr. Bryant pursued his legal studies for two years with Judge Samuel Howe of Worthington, and finished them with the Hon. William Baylies of Bridgewater. He was admitted to the bar at Plymouth, Mass., in 1815, and was then twenty-one years old. For a year he practiced his profession at

Plainfield, near his birthplace, where he wrote "Lines to a Water-fowl." The lesson of trust in the divine goodness has no such perfect expression in literature as in this

Barrington, Mass., where he remained nine years. Berkshire County is famous for its picturesque beauty, and the scenery around Barrington embraces some of its chief attractions. In many a curve, and here and there under the shade of overhanging trees, the Housatonic flows through the fair meadows of a wide valley, bordered by abrupt ridges, densely wooded, and full of pleasant farms. Monument Mountain and Green River, celebrated in our poet's song, are in the neighborhood. To the south-west are the noble heights of the Taconic range, the most elevated



poem. In both form and substance it is faultless. Like the other productions of its author, its conception was natural. One evening he saw a wild-duck flying across a sky of marvelous beauty, and a picture of the divine providence was revealed to him. Southey's poem "Ebb-tide" suggested the form of the stanza, and his genius wrought the elevated and tranquilizing verses, which were published in the "North American Review," soon after the appearance of his "Thanatopsis" in the same periodical, though the latter production was not printed till perhaps five years after it was composed. That such a majestic strain—a chant of such grand sweep and power—could be the work of a stripling, has always been a marvel in our literature. His withholding it so long from the press accords with the strong character of the singer.

In 1817, Mr. Bryant removed to Great



THE RIVULET, CUMMINGTON.

summits of the state, among whose glens are the famous Bash-bish Falls. A pleasant drive south through Sheffield takes one to the lovely lakes of Salisbury, Conn. All around the village are charming nooks of grove, and glen, and stream. With all these places, in the course of time, the poet became familiar.

There are a few elderly people yet living who remember Mr. Bryant, during his residence in Barrington, as a reserved, studious

man of the strictest honor, who shunned society and worked hard at his profession, and whose recreation consisted in long walks in the woods and fields, from which he often brought armfuls of flowers to analyze, for he was an excellent botanist. He continued here his literary labors, but did not allow them to hinder his professional career, which was successful, and which promised to become very eminent. Several of the poems which he wrote in Barrington appeared in the "United States Gazette," published in Boston, and he also contributed "Green River," "A Walk at Sunset," "To the West Wind," to R. H. Dana's "Idle Man." It was here that he composed "The Ages,"—one of his longest and most notable poems, which was delivered in 1821 before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, on Commencement week. This was the eventful year of his history, as it saw his marriage with Miss Fanny Fairchild—a union that, beginning under happy auspices, realized the beauty of its promise.

Yielding to encouraging representations, and particularly to the wishes of his friend, Henry D. Sedgwick, Esq., in 1825 Mr. Bryant removed to New York. His intention of pursuing a literary career was carried into

effect by accepting the associate editorship of the "New York Review," a periodical of high rank, which, in the course of a year, however, was merged into "The United States Review and Literary Gazette." In these monthlies Mr. Bryant published some of his most popular poems, such as "The Death of the Flowers" and "The African Chief," and also many admirable reviews. Among his contributors were R. H. Dana, Robert C. Sands and Fitz-Green Halleck.

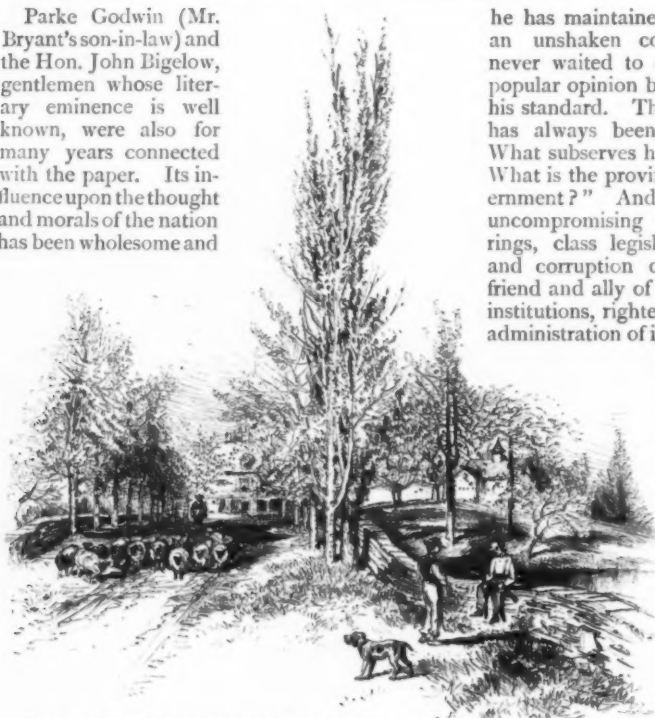
Mr. Bryant began to write for the "New York Evening Post" the year following his arrival in New York, and in 1827 became one of its editors. This newspaper was founded by William Coleman in 1801, and after the death of this able writer Mr. Bryant became its editor-in-chief,—a position which he has sustained to this day. There was first associated with him William Leggett, who continued this relation till 1836, and who was a man of remarkable force and courageous spirit.

"The words of fire that from his pen
Were flung upon the fervid page,—
Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
Amid a cold and coward age."



THE HOMESTEAD LIBRARY.

Parke Godwin (Mr. Bryant's son-in-law) and the Hon. John Bigelow, gentlemen whose literary eminence is well known, were also for many years connected with the paper. Its influence upon the thought and morals of the nation has been wholesome and



APPROACH TO THE HOMESTEAD: THE OLD POPLAR.

helpful to a remarkable degree. It has been a model of good taste, correct English, pure principles, and an intelligent and independent treatment of the great topics of public interest. During Mr. Bryant's editorial career of more than fifty years, have been waged the most important political conflicts in the history of the Republic, and in these he has manfully participated. On questions of national policy concerning the old United States Bank, the war with Mexico, the admission of slavery into the territories and its abolition, the tariff, the Ashburton treaty, the war of the rebellion, amnesty, the Alabama claims, the San Domingo muddle, civil service, resumption of specie payments, and other subjects of vital importance, his utterances have been prompt, unequivocal, and just; and

he has maintained his principles with an unshaken constancy. He has never waited to catch the breath of popular opinion before flinging abroad his standard. The question with him has always been, "What is right? What subserves human interests best? What is the province and duty of government?" And so he has been the uncompromising enemy of political rings, class legislation, and jobbery, and corruption of all sorts, and the friend and ally of humane and liberal institutions, righteous reform, and the administration of impartial justice. In-

deed, there is no species of political iniquity that he has not vigorously assailed, and no doctrines of permanent advantage to the commonwealth that he has not judiciously advocated and set firmer in the minds and hearts of men. He is a statesman of the best type and, as has been said by a distinguished senator, "he is a teacher of statesmen." He

has asked nothing of his country but the privilege to serve her interests. Not even his bitterest political opponents have ever accused him of a desire for public office. It is one of the marvels of his great career that, amid the engrossing labors and cares of editorial



SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE BRYANT ESTATE, CUMMINGTON.



VIEW OF GREYLOCK.

life, he has kept a sweet temper for scholastic pursuits.

Mr. Bryant has traveled extensively in this country and abroad. His first visit to Europe was made in 1834. In 1852 his journey was extended to Egypt and Palestine. He has also traveled in the West Indies, and in his later years in Mexico. With many of the countries and literatures of continental Europe he is familiar by protracted visits and studious observation, having been no less than six times abroad. During his visits to Great Britain he was cordially received by many distinguished men of letters, but he was perhaps on the most intimate terms with Wordsworth and Rogers. His days at Ambleside are still remembered with pleasure. He always found Wordsworth amiable, glad to walk and talk, and not disagreeably egotistic. Mr. Bryant received particular attentions from the poet Rogers, with whom he frequently dined and breakfasted. Among the many interesting reminiscences of his intercourse with the English poets there is an anecdote of Rogers which is too character-

istic to withhold. On a visit to London in 1849 Rogers said to him, "Our poets seem to be losing their minds. Campbell's son was in a mad-house, and if the father had been put there in the last years of his life, it would have been the proper place for him. Bowles became weak-minded, and as for Southey, you know what happened to him. Moore was here the other day, and I asked, 'Moore, how long have you been in town?' 'Three or four days,' he replied. 'What, three or four days and not let me know it?' 'I beg pardon,' said he, putting his hand to his forehead, 'I believe I came to town this morning.' As to Wordsworth, a gentleman who saw him lately said to me, 'You would not find Wordsworth much changed; he talks rationally.'" The letters of Mr. Bryant written during his travels are graceful and valuable compositions, showing his enjoyment of natural scenery, his accurate studies of society and governments, and his interest in all that concerns human welfare.

In 1845 he purchased the Roslyn estate, a beautiful piece of property lying along Hempstead Harbor, Long Island, within easy distance of New York, yet far enough



CUMMINGTON LIBRARY, FOUNDED BY MR. BRYANT.

remote for the seclusion that is so grateful to the scholar. It is said that the name which Mr. Bryant gave to the village was suggested by the fact recorded in the town annals, that the British marched out of Hempstead to the tune of "Roslyn Castle." The

frame of the Roslyn mansion is at least one hundred years old, but the building has been repaired and enlarged with admirable



GRAVE OF MR. BRYANT'S FATHER, CUMMINGTON.

taste and judgment, so that while it has every needed convenience for a country residence, it is a harmonious feature of the scenery. It is happily located, being sheltered by wooded hills on the north and commanding beautiful views of the ample grounds of the premises, the bay and its lovely shores. In the poet's hands the place has been improved and embellished till it has very many attractions, but nothing is overdone. In the grounds around the house are a great variety of fruits and flowers that thrive in that genial climate. In the hollow of the spacious lawn below the mansion is a pretty lake fed by living springs which issue from its upper bank, and shaded on its opposite embankment by a thicket of evergreens, trees festooned with creepers, and flowering shrubs. Amid a cluster of these stands an old mill, that is turned by the stream from the lake, which adds cheerful music to its generous service. On the brow of the slope a little way from the garden, stand the immemorial pear-trees which are so gracefully mentioned in the poem "Among the Trees,"

"That with spring time burst
Into such breadth of bloom."

It is the poet's custom when the fruit is ripe to give the children of the neighborhood a festival beneath their branches, where they can feast and play to their hearts' content. Here a swing is erected for their amusement, and the sports and pleasures are enjoyed by the host, whose heart never grows old.

Going up the hill above the house, one

wanders in the lanes and pastures among the maples, and apple-trees, and evergreens which Mr. Bryant has planted, and from the different points of the uplands looks off on a prospect diversified by pleasant cottages, gardens, fruitful fields and the wide sweep of the waters of the bay and sound. Among the notable trees that enhance the interest of the place, besides the pears already mentioned, is a gigantic black walnut whose age is estimated at 150 years, and whose girth is twenty-eight feet. Though showing signs of advanced life the tree gives its annual harvest of nuts. Only a little way from this, close together, are a notable maple and a willow, while a grand old oak spreads its arms over the bank near the lake by the house.

In 1872 Mr. Bryant presented to the town, in which he has lived so long, "Roslyn Hall," a building particularly designed for uses of a public character, such as lectures, concerts, church festivals, and social gatherings requiring special accommodations.

Some of Mr. Bryant's most important studies and literary work have been done at his home in Roslyn, where he spends the months of May, June, July, October and November, and usually a portion of April. While he has a good many books in his New York residence and also in his house in Cummington, the larger part of his collection is kept in his library at Roslyn. This selection has evidently been made with great care, and embraces those works for which he has the most use and which cover the fields of his favorite studies. Here

are found the best editions of the ancient classics, standard works in German, French, Spanish, Italian, the old English writers, and the prominent modern productions in literature, and economic and theological science. Mr. Bryant has always been interested in art, and is the owner of considerable that is illustrative of this branch of culture.

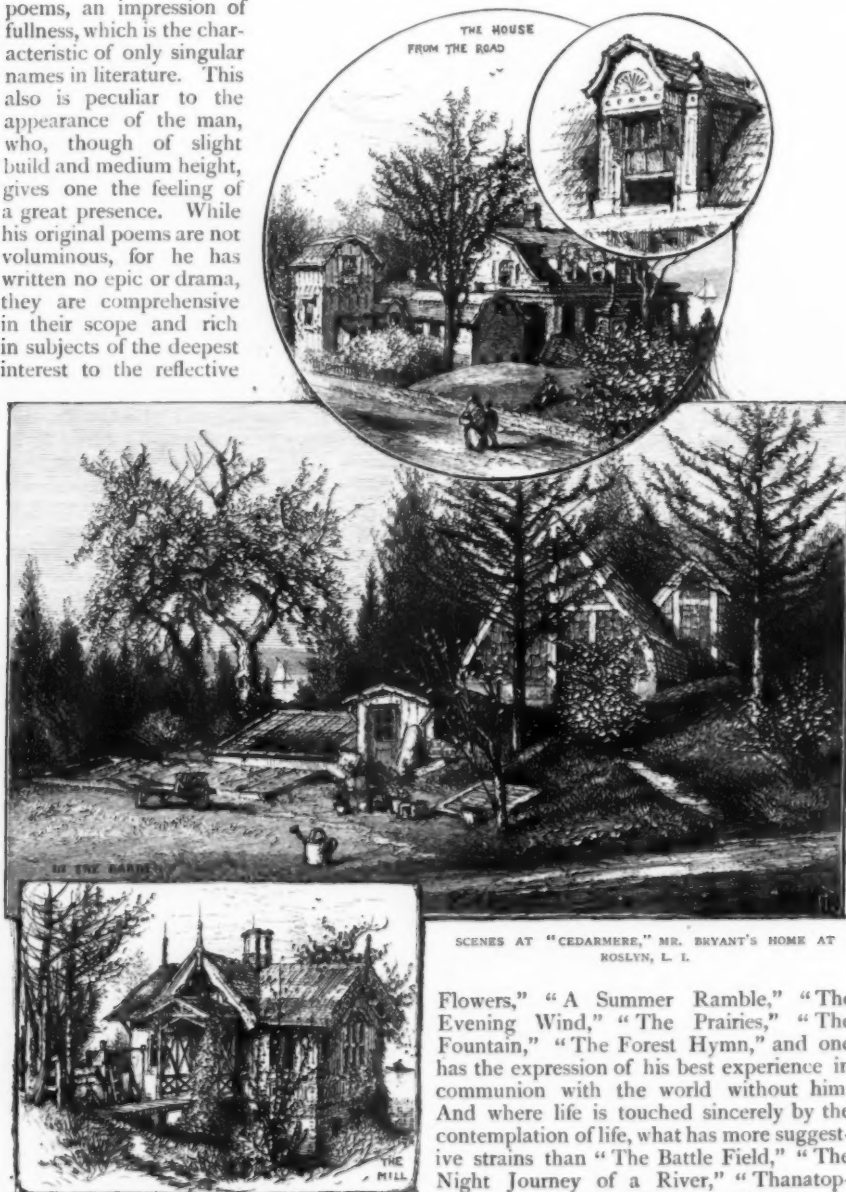
Though the brevity of this paper forbids any such thing as a critical notice of Mr. Bryant's poetical works, or even the mention of many of them, it would lack an essential element of sober portraiture if it failed to direct attention to the chief characteristics of his genius. As a poet, he holds a place peculiarly and unquestionably his own. His individuality is powerful, and as admirable as powerful in all that constitutes true greatness. The basis of his intellectual character is marked by a massive solidity; but, with his masculine vigor, his firm, tough, sinewy mental fiber, there is all the sprightliness, gracefulness, and sweetness that are generally supposed, in the case of poets, to be gifts of natures cast in a less heroic mold. He is a great artist, as well as a true seer. For, while his glance pierces to the soul of things, he knows how to give the proper form to his vision in the symbols of human

speech. His felicitous language, his rhythmic grace, the compression and suggestiveness of his thought, his tenderness, the breadth of his range, the fidelity of his portraiture, the dignity and symmetry of his creations, only go to show the extraordinary qualities of the man, the vitality of his contact with nature, and the great life that he lives in himself. Back of his work is his strong, rich, masterful personality; and his eye is clear, and his hand sure, and his voice firm, while his soul is on fire. The fact that his poems do not wear out, that they have a permanent freshness which is always welcome, is the evidence that they are alive with a divine passion. As Emerson says: "He is original because he is sincere,—a true painter of the face of this country and of the sentiment of his own people. It is his proper praise that he first, and he only, made known to mankind our northern landscape,—its summer splendor, its autumn russet, its winter lights and glooms. * * * So, there is no feature of day or night in the country which does not, to a contemplative mind, recall the name of Bryant." In his verse, Nature is reflected with her subtle spirit, her largeness, and delicacy, and simplicity, and mystery. There is conveyed, even in his briefest



VIEW OF HEMPSTEAD HARBOR FROM THE HILL EAST OF MR. BRYANT'S HOUSE AT ROSLYN, L. I.

poems, an impression of fullness, which is the characteristic of only singular names in literature. This also is peculiar to the appearance of the man, who, though of slight build and medium height, gives one the feeling of a great presence. While his original poems are not voluminous, for he has written no epic or drama, they are comprehensive in their scope and rich in subjects of the deepest interest to the reflective



SCENES AT "CEDARHURST," MR. BRYANT'S HOME AT ROSLYN, L. I.

mind. He not only never wearies, but refreshes, inspires, consoles, for as a priest of Nature, he imparts what Nature gives to the deepest recognition. Take such poems as the "Summer Wind," "The Death of the

Flowers," "A Summer Ramble," "The Evening Wind," "The Prairies," "The Fountain," "The Forest Hymn," and one has the expression of his best experience in communion with the world without him. And where life is touched sincerely by the contemplation of life, what has more suggestive strains than "The Battle Field," "The Night Journey of a River," "Thanatopsis," "The Future Life," "The Return of Youth," "June," "The Planting of the Apple-Tree," "The Song of the Sower," and "The Flood of Years." The spirit of Liberty voicing the best hopes and aspirations of humanity on earth has no nobler



AMONG THE TREES AT CEDARMERE.

prophecy than in such chants as "The Antiquity of Freedom," "The Winds," "Italy," "Not Yet," "Our Country's Call," and "The Death of Slavery." In the whole range of his writings there is no line or word that appeals to an unworthy feeling—



VIEW OF CEDAR MERE.

not a suggestion that is impure. Not very much blank verse has been produced in this century that is equal to his.

Milton himself has written considerable that is not so good, and not a great quantity that is better when measured by the severest tests. Between the two men in their poetical cast and political predilections an interesting parallel might be drawn.

It cannot be doubted that the character of the man has much to do with the sterling value of his writings. To us Bryant has always seemed great in the simplicity of his manhood. It is this aspect of him, as much as his place in literature, that affords such

an instructive example to this generation. Certainly, among those who appreciate exalted qualities and who are

familiar with the careers of our public men, there is but one opinion of Bryant's character. His reputation is absolutely untarnished. But his virtue is not a negative one. He has felt the pressure of powerful parties, has walked amid the very whirlwinds of political controversy and strife, and never sacrificed a principle, nor been unfaithful to his convictions. Testimony from a long array of names of the highest distinction in the republic is unanimous as to his integrity, his courage, his devotion to his country, his sincere and unsullied life. What Holmes says is simply the condensation of the tributes that his contemporaries have uttered:

"How shall we thank him that, in evil days,
He faltered never—nor for blame, nor praise,
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier lays?
But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,
So to his youth his manly years were true,
All dyed in royal purple, through and through."

In a similar strain of reverent gratitude sings Lowell:

"And shall we praise? God's praise was his before,
And on our futile laurels he looks down,
Himself, our bravest crown!"

But he is the possessor of something more than a stern morality. To his Roman virtue he adds the devout and affectionate spirit of an humble follower of Christ. His poetry shows his serious, reverent, religious nature, and his hymns particularly (only a few of which are known yet to the public) glow with Christian trust and aspiration. But only those who know him intimately are aware of the depth and sweetness of his Christian character, which has seemed continually ripening through his long journey. He stands now "At the Gate."

"Without the fear or the longing to depart."

It is easy to believe that one in whom the currents of life run with the sympathies and purposes that animate him would serve kindly in all his relations. The demands upon his time are manifold and onerous, and yet he is always ready to deny himself for the promotion of a deserving cause. The citizens of New York are familiar with his various services. A little incident of last

summer illustrates well his deference to the voice of duty, even when none could criticize a refusal to respond. Going to church with his family one fine Sunday morning, at Cummington, where a good congregation assembled, no clergyman appeared. It seemed hardly proper that the people who came to worship should separate without any religious service whatever, and it was suggested to Mr. Bryant that he was the proper one to lead their devotions. He modestly accepted the invitation, went into the pulpit, read the Scriptures and offered the Lord's Prayer, in which the congregation joined.

Little need be said in evidence of his intellectual activity; his industry keeps pace with his longevity. It is notable that some of his severest work has been done in his old age. It was in his seventy-first year that he began the translation of the "Iliad." This was finished, December, 1869, when the "Odyssey" was immediately taken up and completed, December, 1871. The whole translation of Homer was accomplished, at such intervals as he could command, during the space of six years. His average daily work was forty lines, but sometimes, on days of unusual poetic fervor, eighty lines were achieved. The fire, the move-



LIBRARY AT CEDARMERE.

ment, the simplicity of the old Greek bard is preserved in pure, idiomatic English; and whatever the critics may finally conclude as to the merit of the work, we unhesitatingly give it the preference over all other efforts to reproduce the original in our Anglo-Saxon. The achievement at his time of life is an extraordinary one in the history of literature, and if he had done nothing else in these late days, this would insure a brilliant fame. But he has done a great deal more. Besides giving proper attention to the "Evening Post," editing "Picturesque America," revising a large collection of choice poetry, and doing careful work in the supervision of the "Popular History of the United States," he has constantly pursued his literary studies and produced original poems which are not surpassed by any in his prime. "The Flood of Years," written in his eighty-second year, has all the grace, the strength, the statuesque beauty, the sublime movement that make verse immortal.

To this day Mr. Bryant's memory shows no signs of infirmity. He could repeat now, if required, the greater part of all his poems, and his familiarity with the exact language of authors is amazing. The companion of his walks finds nothing more delightful than his apt quotations, his pithy and instructive observations on politics, literature, and religion. He has a rich fund of anecdote illustrative of persons and places, but he is entirely free from egotism. Something of

names. He is quick to recognize and applaud merit. There is nothing in his manner that one associates with the querulousness of old age; indeed, his manner is simplicity itself. And yet, with all his ease and artlessness, his presence is exceedingly impressive. He seems, no doubt, cold and reserved to strangers; but there is a rare tenderness under his austere and kingly look, which is all the sweeter from the strength of soul that keeps it.

Mr. Bryant's support of the various utilities that promote the well-being of the masses, such as improved tenement-houses, good drainage, proper water supply for cities, and public parks, is well known. His usual good judgment in benefactions for the public good is seen in his gifts of the Cumming-ton Library, Roslyn Hall, and three or four miles of solid road, which he has caused to be built at his own expense along the mountain-sides of his native town. During the last decade of his life, he has come into closer contact with his fellow-men than formerly. His visits to the public schools and colleges attest his personal interest in the work of education. During the past year, he has spoken several times on the subject of temperance,—a virtue which he has practiced all his days.

A full account of Mr. Bryant's relations with the institutions of literature and art in New York would make an article by itself. He was one of the founders of the Century

Club, and is now its president. With the Historical Society he has long been identified. He assisted in the establishment of the Metropolitan Museum. The Academy of Design has always reckoned him among its influential friends, and when its new building was finished, he delivered the address at its inauguration. On occasions when the culture of the metropolis is to be represented, he is selected by general consent as its appropriate



THE HALL, PRESENTED TO ROSLYN BY MR. BRYANT.

this would be agreeable to those who are interested in all phases of his experience and life. No one ever detects in his conversation any jealousy of distinguished

oracle. He was chosen to pronounce the memorial tributes to Cole, Cooper, Irving, Verplanck, and Halleck, when these eminent Americans passed away. When, as a step

preparatory to his nomination for president, it was deemed advisable to present Mr. Lincoln under impressive auspices in New York. Mr. Bryant was asked to preside at the meeting as its most illustrious citizen. At the unveiling of the statues of Scott, Shakspeare, and Goethe, he was selected to pronounce the words for the occasions. The legislature of the state of New York never received an American with the honors which a few years ago it gave to him. The Century Club celebrated his seventieth birthday by a festival, memorable, not only in the annals of the society but in the extraordi-

tier, Holmes, Tuckerman, Bayard Taylor, Stoddard, Boker and others, in strains of lofty admiration. Longfellow, Pierpont, Halleck, Willis and Verplanck sent letters of friendly greeting.

In 1866, a great sorrow fell upon the poet. After a beautiful companionship of forty-five years; Mrs. Bryant was removed from his side. She had that genuine feminine sympathy, and that intelligence, unselfishness, and unfailing sweetness of disposition which peculiarly fitted her for her position as the wife of such a man. Her piety was of that deep, even, undemonstra-



THE PARLOR AT CEDARMERE.

nary character of those who participated in it.

A prominent feature of the occasion was the presentation to Mr. Bryant of a portfolio of some forty studies by the artist members of the club, among whom were Huntington, Church, Durand, Gignoux, Launt Thompson, Kensett, Rogers, McEntee, Gifford, Eastman Johnson, and Bierstadt. Bancroft, the historian, delivered the congratulatory address; Emerson, Dr. Osgood, R. H. Dana, Jr., and Evarts joined in salutations in terms of glowing portraiture. Poetical tributes came from Lowell, Whit-

tive kind that casts a cheerful luster over life and home, that is such a sure resource in the day of trial, and whose influence is so sacred and persuasive. One of Mr. Bryant's most exquisite poems, "The Future Life," was inspired by her. Mr. Rogers, the poet, used to say that he could never read that poem without tears. After her long and dangerous illness in Italy, in 1858, Mrs. Bryant's convalescence was welcomed by another admirable composition, "The Life that Is":

"Twice wert thou given me; once in thy fair prime,
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,



VIEW FROM THE FRONT DOOR, CEDARMERE.

And all the blossoms of that hopeful time
Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps were set.

"And now, in thy ripe autumn, once again
Given back to fervent prayers and yearnings
strong,
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain
When we had watched, and feared, and trembled
long."

But this renewed companionship was not very long to be protracted. The separation was grievous, but he gave way to no childish sorrow. More intense labor than ever was the chief sign of the acuteness of his sufferings. Life since then has been lived more with things unseen. His accomplished daughter, Julia, since her mother's death, has had charge of the household.

Mr. Bryant's vigorous longevity has but few parallels among distinguished intellectual men. It is due partly to an inherited

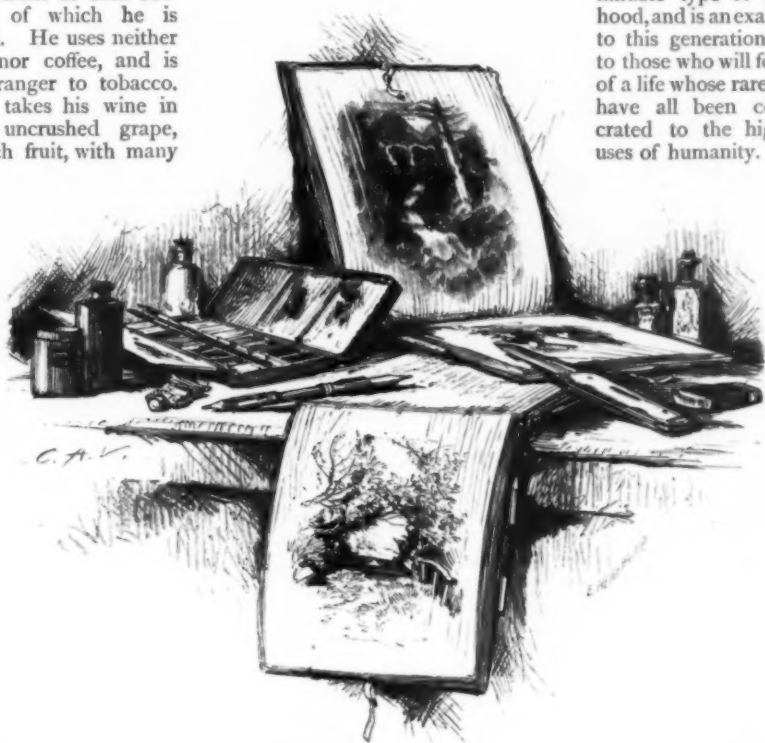
endurance of constitution, and partly to the most rigid observance of hygienic rules. His grandfather, at the age of eighty-five, could mount a horse with the agility of a young man, and is said to have ridden out to visit patients only two weeks before his death. His father, at the age of fifty-two, fell a prey to consumption, induced, no doubt, by exposure and overwork as a physician in a section of country that made the practice of his profession so severe a tax upon all his energies. A tendency to pulmonary disease, however, was peculiar to the family, and a gifted sister of the poet fell a victim to it at an early age. In his early manhood, Mr. Bryant himself showed symptoms of the malady sufficiently marked to cause considerable solicitude among his friends, few of whom thought that his life would be a long one. Any little reckless-

ness of living would probably have resulted fatally fifty years ago, while by simple inconsiderateness he would, doubtless, have passed away before middle life. But by the strictest temperance, regular exercise, and the most careful observance of the laws of health, under the divine blessing, he has attained his great age of almost eighty-four, with a vigor of body and mind excellently preserved. It is remarkable for a person of his organization that, since the age of fifteen, he has never suffered from headache. He does his intellectual tasks in the morning, and never writes or studies at night. It is his custom to retire, ordinarily, soon after nine o'clock, and he rises usually at five. Before breakfast, he takes regularly his gymnastic exercise with the dumb-bells and club. He loves the bath. His food is simple and nutritious. He eats sparingly of flesh and fish, while his diet is largely of oat-meal, hominy, milk, and fruits in their season, of which he is fond. He uses neither tea nor coffee, and is a stranger to tobacco. He takes his wine in the uncrushed grape, which fruit, with many

other varieties, he successfully cultivates. His passion for trees and flowers is well known, and his home on Long Island gives abundant evidence of his taste in this particular. Mr. Bryant has been fortunate in having for the overseers of his property in the country men of such intelligence and probity. Mr. Dawes, a brother of the senator of that name from Massachusetts, has charge of the Cummington farm, and Mr. George B. Cline has superintended the place at Roslyn for many years with approved taste and conscientious devotion.

It is granted to but few to stand as Bryant does on the summit of a long life made so beautiful by virtue and so endeared to men by noble service and exalted genius. He is a grand figure in the history of our country. The wisest and best of the land revere and honor him. He

illustrates the most admirable type of manhood, and is an example to this generation and to those who will follow of a life whose rare gifts have all been consecrated to the highest uses of humanity.



FALCONBERG.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



"HE THREW HIMSELF DOWN IN THE GRASS UNDER THE SHELTERING BRANCHES."

PRELUDE.

WHEN, in the year 1000, Leif, the son of Red Erik, launched his dragon-shaped galley upon the broad Atlantic and adverse winds and currents drove him toward the shores of inhospitable Vineland, did he know, that stout-hearted Norseman, that he was preludeing a far-resounding world-drama, the opening act of which was five centuries distant, and the closing scenes of which will extend, perchance, to the very boundary of time and eternity? It may be a daring hypothesis, but as I read in the Sagas the brief and sad history of that ill-fated col-

ony, I seem to discover there, as it were, in bolder lines, the intellectual and moral prototypes of the Norsemen who flock, at this day, from the land of the Vikings to the ever newly discovered shores of the fabulous Vineland.

As I stood of late under the rotunda of Castle Garden and saw the blue-eyed and flaxen-haired throng pressing through the gate which was to admit them to the intenser miseries and joys of a more complex civilization,—as I endeavored to read the deep heart-histories of those strongly modeled countenances, whose primitive openness and

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comparative barbarism rendered them the more easily legible, my thought paced swiftly over the tombs of the dead centuries, and Leif Erikson and Thorfinn Karlsefne with their storm-hardened bands emerged from the cloud-land of the past.

How manifold are the motives which have driven these restless wanderers away from the hearths at which their race had struck root, and from the homes which gave their childhood shelter! Methinks I see behind the suppressed ardor of yonder youthful face the eager soul of an Erik, aglow with visions of stirring adventure and yearning for worlds to conquer. He too, perchance, left behind him in the old home a father whose achievements had kindled the slumbering strength of his spirit, and whom in the last moment an ill omen convinced that his life-work was near its close.* And that middle-aged man at his side with the ox-like brow, the rudely drawn lips, the stolid immobility of vision—what adverse winds and currents sent him adrift upon a world the charms of which he has not the eye to discover? He, perhaps, like the too incurious Bjarne, will, before many years, return home to tell the narrow-brained friends of the government a welcome tale of bleak shores, sterile soil and barbarous customs, and his report will be published far and wide over the land with a loud flourish of trumpets to frighten the faint-hearted, to calm the restless, and quell the hopes of the hopeful.

Down in the throng which is surging at my feet, now receding and now again pressing on with the sound and motion of the on-coming flood-tide, I catch a glimpse of a bright maidenly face; it is a face of the purest Northland mold, in which native strength is tempered as by the softest veil of womanly grace and tenderness. She, like the high-spirited Freydis, the daughter of Red Erik, may be destined to stand foremost in the daily battle of pioneer life, shaming by her own fervid faith some timid doubter, and girding with an adamant armor of courage the heart which, though perhaps with a fainter rhythm, is to beat in unison with her own. And may there not have been, too, among Karlsefne's followers some large-hearted idealist whom the unrelieved sameness of human life in the old land

and the inflexibility of its time-hardened institutions had restrained and saddened in his endeavors to fashion his destiny into conformity with some fervid, long-cherished vision of the soul? If so, history has disdained to name him; for the Saga is blind to the grandeur of a silent life, while the louder deeds of the sword resound far through the ages. But whether his prototype exist or not, I read the record of a spirited struggle against an iron-handed fate in the features of yonder black-coated man with that grave serenity of bearing and with that delicate tissue of wrinkles about his keen blue eyes and upon his dome-shaped forehead. Sorrows and disappointments, thronging the slow-paced years, have day by day worn thinner the cable which bound him to the land of his birth, until at length it was broken.

The noise subsides; the hum of a thousand commingled voices which rises to me from below is softened; a fallow-faced little man springs up on an inverted barrel and reads in a loud grating voice, first in English, then in German, French and Norwegian (with the most atrocious accent, by the way) a brief document, giving timely counsel and warning to the immigrants. In the chance groupings of the multitude as it is abruptly arrested in its onward course, I detect many a fleeting effect of color, and in the momentary juxtaposition of types from widely removed climes, I catch glimpses of historical and psychological truths which ingenious sociologists have failed to fathom.

A Norseman feels a just pride in the conviction that his nation, although its historic grandeur has long been a thing of the past, has always been pre-eminent for those solid family and home virtues which tradition has made a kind of prerogative of the Germanic races. His life, hedged in on all sides by a bulwark of strong ancestral beliefs and well-established customs and prejudices, offers no loop-hole for the larger vices to enter; and the smaller ones, which are recognized powers under all conditions of society, serve but to add a stronger spice to social intercourse and are apparently as essential to human progress and happiness as virtue itself. In Norway, at least, the social ideal is respectability, which means the aggregate unit of all the national foibles, strongly seasoned by a kind of aggressive ignorance of the world at large and a due admixture of declamatory, provincial patriotism. A society composed of elements like these has a long memory for past

* Erik the Red had promised his son to accompany him on his voyage, but as he rode to the ship his horse stumbled, and as he fell to the earth he exclaimed: "There are no more lands for me to discover!"

offenses; it is quick to condemn, slow to investigate, and incapable of forgiving. And what is society but an enlargement of the individual type? I have often wondered whether it is the duty of blood vengeance, as imposed by the Asa faith,—the sacred obligation to claim retribution for past insults,—which has been unconsciously transmitted through the long centuries from father to son and has left its indelible traces in the Norseman's laws as in his character.

Political pessimists have, with some show of plausibility, defined the difference between a monarchy and a republic, as the difference between the tyranny of one master and the tyranny of many. Norway, to be sure, has a monarch, who is, however, only in the Greek sense of the word, a *tyrannos*, while public opinion, ever blindly and clamorously active, exalts mediocrity and banishes genius, because the former is conventionally attired and blandly conservative, while the latter is too apt to appear in some outlandish garb, intellectually as well as physically, and as experience shows, is not proof against novel heresies which may threaten to disturb the comfortable indolence of church and state.

These and similar reflections were suggested to me by the sight of a man who was sitting on the floor, not many steps removed from me, resting his chin in his palm and sending a blank stare out into the empty space. Judging by his looks, he could hardly be past thirty. His face was strikingly handsome, and of so pure a Norse type that it affected me like a sudden rush of warm air laden with the fragrance of Norse pines and wild flowers. The Northland memories were roused within me, and I became possessed with an ardent desire to read for once unerringly the deep soul-mysteries which had written their slow but ineffaceable record upon the sensitive surface of this countenance. These delicate features, once so quickly responsive to each passing mood from within, so readily moved into sympathetic concord with men and things, are, as it were, glazed over with some stony substance, hindering that finely graduated play of expression of which a countenance like this must be capable. Now some painful remembrance seems to be struggling to the surface; better, at all events, than that dead stupor, which paralyzes the energies of the mind, and, offering no resistance to the wildest resolves, is even more dangerous than active despair.

That there was the shadow of a tragedy

upon this life, it required no keenness of vision to discover, and as one, seeing the shadow of a cloud upon some fair landscape, raises his eyes to behold the cloud itself, so I turned from my sad-faced traveler, and, with the divine prerogative of the novelist, lifting the veil which hid his past, traced the slow intertwining of small events, of which he was the unconscious and helpless result.

I have singled out this one from the countless tragedies which daily enter through the gate of Castle Garden, like little sub-intrigues into the grand drama of our national life, not because it is any more frequent than a hundred others, but because it presents a fresh field of observation, as far as I know, as yet untrodden by poet or novelist.

CHAPTER I.

HOME-LIFE.

THE Right Reverend Bishop Falconberg was a man of a truly apostolic appearance, a fact which, as his enemies asserted, constituted his sole claim to the elevated position he at present occupied. He possessed, moreover, in an eminent degree, that peculiarly clerical accomplishment of uttering pious platitudes with a pompousness of voice and manner which, with an uncritical congregation, readily passed for inspiration.

The late King Bernadotte of blessed memory, who fortunately understood only a few words of Norwegian, but had a Frenchman's liking for handsome men, had made him knight and afterward commander of several orders, and the bishop had, during that monarch's reign, grown fat and prosperous in the perpetual sunshine of royal favor. In return, he had worshiped and served his benefactor with an unquestioning devotion which loyal citizens called touching. It was whispered, however, among demagogues and political malcontents, that the high-spirited king at times demanded a slight sacrifice of conscience from his most devoted servants, and that the bishop had occasionally been obliged to resort to his subtlest logic in order to reconcile his clerical office with that of a royal favorite. Like all men whose rapid rise is without any visible foundation of merit, Mr. Falconberg had his enviers, who were not always scrupulous in the choice of the epithets which they attached to his reverend name.

During the reign of King Oskar, Mr. Falconberg's greatness had already become a

well-established official fact, and the voices of opposition were silenced. When the bishop thundered from the pulpit against Catholic heresies, which had long been dead, and the great Antichrist, who resided at a safe distance in Rome, people flocked to hear him, and marveled at his pious fearlessness and the lofty flights of his rhetoric. The official press then began to make wondrous discoveries concerning the Falconbergs of by-gone centuries, and it was proved beyond a doubt, that the bishop was not a *homo novus*, but had come legitimately to his present eminence by the long transmission of ancestral genius. Some obscure chronicle revealed the fact that the family had emigrated from Denmark to Norway in the fifteenth century, which would hardly have been deemed worthy of record if the Falconbergs had not, even previous to that time, been foremost among the historic families of the united kingdoms. Again, it was proved that a certain Halfdan Falconberg had been among the first to abjure Catholicism and accept the Evangelical faith at the command of the court, and that a later descendant who, by a wealthy marriage and skillful management (which is the polite phrase for extortion), had accumulated a considerable fortune, had advanced a loan of twenty thousand crowns in silver to King Christian the Fourth, who, as is well known, suffered from a chronic want of coin.

The other Falconbergs of the present century (for his Reverence was by no means the sole heir to his illustrious name) were men whose chief merit consisted in their being relatives to one of the first prelates of the kingdom,—a merit which that prelate was ever most willing to recognize. They were men whose neutrality of character, easy manners and unimpeachable loyalty made them available for almost any lucrative position which chance or royal favor might provide; and the bishop who vaguely felt that he owed them compensation for having received more than his due share of the family fund of genius, had at last the satisfaction of seeing them all comfortably nestled as eminent office-holders under the sheltering wings of the government. I say all, but there was one exception. The bishop's youngest brother, Marcus Falconberg, who had inherited none of the family virtues except its tendency to corpulence, had been guilty of that most grievous of all offenses, a misalliance, and had been compelled to hide his shame in some obscure settlement on the other side of the Atlantic.

He had, with some difficulty taken the degree of *candidatus theologiae* before leaving Norway, and was now the pastor of a Norwegian congregation in one of the Western states.

The Right Reverend Bishop—to complete his portrait—was a man of a very convivial nature, bland, polished in his manners, condescending and yet dignified, a little loud of speech perhaps, if contradicted, and with that self-confidence and easy assumption of superiority which are so readily pardoned in a man whom chance and fortune have favored. This was at all events the official side of his character which the world knew and admired. In the bosom of his family he was, perhaps, less amiable, somewhat exacting at times, if not tyrannical, absolute in his judgments, intolerant of dissent, impatient of faults in others, and indulgent toward himself. He ruled his household with an iron hand, extending his jealous supervision even to the most trivial details of expenditure; and that external garb of piety which his position compelled him to wear covered a multitude of petty foibles, greatly at variance with that large-lined statuesque grandeur which he was wont to display, when, arrayed in his official pomp, he thundered forth his philippics against human vice and folly. In spite of all this, I must do the bishop the justice to add that he was not a hypocrite; he had himself not the faintest suspicion that he was insincere or even inconsistent. If he reasoned at all concerning his character and discovered some traces of the old Adam in it, he easily consoled himself with the reflection that even St. Paul, not to speak of Dr. Luther had made similar discoveries, and both were nevertheless, by all posterity, accounted great and holy men. The world, too, and the king had indorsed him, and he was satisfied to abide by their judgment. If men's lives had to be stainless, what then was the good of the redemption?

These, however, were not the doctrines which Mr. Falconberg preached to his children and to humanity at large. And still, is it to be wondered at, that his oldest son, Einar Finnson Falconberg, as he grew up to youth and manhood, soon became aware of the discrepancy between his father's theology and his private practices, and began to draw his inferences concerning the validity of this theology accordingly? During his early years he had suffered keenly from his parent's tyrannical supervision and excessive zeal for his welfare and improvement.

The bishop, probably with the best intention in the world, poured into his mind an unceasing stream of the most miscellaneous learning, using him, whether consciously or not, as a touchstone whereby to test the virtue of every new educational system that happened to come to his notice. He started with the proposition that human nature was essentially a compound of the vilest things, which must at all risks be eradicated, so as to leave that perfect blank upon which an unerring hand might inscribe the precepts of piety, wisdom and virtue. And, agreeably to this theory, he spent hours daily in tormenting the boy, resisting his most innocent wishes for the mere purpose of "breaking his will." Fortunately, he saw whither this system was tending before he had occasion to test its utmost effects, and dreading to become an object of his son's hatred, he suddenly wheeled round, and accepted the philosophy of some German metaphysician who after the manner of Rousseau taught that human nature was essentially good, and that evil found its way into the infantine mind only through the force of example. This theory, of course, required a total isolation from all vicious influences, and might have proved more satisfactory in its results, if the boy's mother had not foolishly interfered and by her distrust, her disobedience and her tearful appeals brought the whole beautiful system into confusion. She, like the irrational creature that she was, felt her heart swelling with pity toward this over-educated little fragment of humanity, for whose existence she held herself in part responsible, and it was owing to her perseverance and meek, mild-mannered obstinacy that the father, at last, when Einar was in his fifteenth year, threw all his systems overboard and determined that henceforth he would refrain from all forcible interference and be content to keep a watchful eye over the son's spiritual and intellectual progress. It was very hard, however, to carry this laudable resolution into effect; whatever ardor there may yet have been in the bishop's nature, which had not become congealed in the chilly heights of his official eminence, had flowed out freely toward this eldest born son; all the long-gathering currents of his being, the intricate motives of selfishness and generosity, which went to make up his complex existence, had all served to nourish one strong but silent conviction, as the invisibly intertwining veins of water slowly gather in the breast of the earth into a warm and silent pool. He

firmly believed that this bright-eyed and quick-witted boy, upon whose forehead Nature seemed to have put its stamp of nobility from the very cradle, had received in even a fuller measure than himself that genius which the family had guarded as its peculiar treasure, and that he was destined to occupy the same position in the next generation as his father had in this, looming up easily, by virtue of intellectual largeness, above the herd of men. Thus the bishop's name would be secured an honorable place among the historical dignitaries of the land, in times to come.

When Einar Falconberg at the age of eighteen entered the University, he was by common consent declared to be the handsomest man of his year. A few years of comparative freedom had enabled him to recover from the physical effects of his educational sufferings, which indeed seemed to have left no trace behind them, except an unconquerable antipathy to church-going. But this peculiarity hardly distinguished him from hundreds of his fellow-students, who understood by the church but the aggregate number of stone and wooden edifices in which men consented to be bored once a week for the good of their souls, and to whom religion was a mysterious something, outside and beyond their own sphere, mercifully provided by the Creator for subtle-minded metaphysicians (whose analytical destructiveness might otherwise prove dangerous to society) to test their skill upon, and for quarrelsome theologians to wrangle over.

Einar's nature was of that trustful, generous and open-hearted kind which readily invites to familiarity. The amiable *abandon* of his manners, tempered by innate good breeding, was as far removed from rudeness and aggressive forwardness as it was from shrinking humility or diffidence. To a handsome and talented young man, born in the very topmost stratum of society, the world puts on its gayest and most radiant aspect, and he sees no reason why he should not open his hand to receive its bounty and treat it with a similar liberality in return. Everybody liked Einar, and he was himself incapable of harboring any lasting resentment against anybody. He had his preferences, of course, and was not without a certain aristocratic fastidiousness in the choice of his more intimate friends; but if chance threw him into contact with any one whose manner jarred upon his nerves, he was not the man to yield to a hasty impres-

sion, but rather laughed inwardly at his genteel prejudices and let his abundant good humor flow without stint toward all. Of course people told him almost daily both directly and by implication that he was handsome, and he could hardly himself see the youthful brightness and faultless modeling of his features reflected in the mirror, without silently owning that he found no ground for dissent. There was, however, nothing especially striking in these features, unless indeed their soft radiance, harmony of form and absolutely perfect proportions were rare enough to challenge attention. You saw at once that it was a countenance capable of expressing the most delicate shades of emotion,—as changeful and sensitive as a still water-surface, which shivers into ripples at the touch of the least perceptible air-current. It is only in the north, I think, where all extremes of creation meet, that nature fashions these wondrously delicate organisms, these alpine flowers among men, in whose being the life of a brief but passionate summer ebbs and flows with fitful pulsations. It was this flower-like stainlessness, this pure northern grace and innate nobility which found their expression in the soft curves of Einar's lips, in the frank appeal of his blue eyes and in the fearless simplicity of his whole bearing. It was not the fearlessness bred by ardent faith or strength of purpose, but rather by absence of suspicion and unconsciousness of wrong,—a mere child-like acceptance of life as it was,—an unquestioning confidence in oneself and in everybody who comes within the sphere of one's being. A man of such a temper is equally irresistible to men and women; Nature has singled him out for her favorite from the very cradle, and the world is apt to accept his own estimate of himself, and to treat him with the indulgence which he unconsciously claims and practices toward himself and others.

It was very natural that Bishop Falconberg should feel an agreeable stirring of joy and pride whenever his eyes dwelt upon this promising son. After his admission to the University, he suddenly changed his conduct toward him, allowing him the most unlimited freedom, courting him by incessant praise and only grumbling occasionally at his expensive habits whenever an exorbitant demand was made on his treasury. He listened with untiring interest to Einar's accounts of his experiences in that gay young student-world which was daily unfold-

ing its varied pleasures to his eager eye. The bishop had himself been a student and had himself had similar experiences. Hitherto he and his son, although living under the same roof, had really been as remote from each other as wandering stars, whose spheres once in a thousand years graze or mutually intersect each other. Now they were drawn together for the first time by a real community of feeling, and the first thrill of delight at the touch of two souls which, with all their differences, could not disown a mutual sense of kinship, was even strong enough to banish, for the time, the dreary memories of the past. For that tyrannical father is probably a rare phenomenon who would not readily exchange the uneasy isolation of guardianship for the closer human fellowship which only a tacit admission of equality and a less uncritical devotion can foster.

Thus, at all events, ran Mr. Falconberg's reflections, as his son stood before him in the dawn of his young manhood,—a life detached from his own, and still, by strong, hidden ties mysteriously united to it. They were very admirable reflections, as every one will admit, and during the first years of Einar's college life they bade fair to establish the most delightful relation between him and his father. But when the young man had finished his preliminary course and had sustained with honor his *examen philosophicum*, the bishop's imperious temper suddenly burst out in a tempest of wrath which swept the sunny reminiscences of their recent summer life into a hopeless distance. It had always been a tacit understanding between them, the father claimed, that Einar should study theology and devote himself to the church. It was with this in view that Mr. Falconberg had wasted his hard-earned money on him, and, by the heavens, whether he would or no, he should obey. Einar, on the contrary, asserted that he had never in his life, tacitly or openly, cherished any such intentions, and he even freely confessed the deeply rooted repugnance he felt against the profession in which his father had reaped his fame and his honors. This was, of course, more than the old man could be expected to tolerate; he threatened to disinherit his son, to disown him, to deprive him of his name, and God knows what not, provided he did not retract his hasty words and unconditionally surrender. The son, however, was nothing daunted by threats, and in the end the bishop had to accept a compromise, pro-

posed by himself, according to which Einar should take up the study of theology, but postpone his decision as to choice of profession until a maturer knowledge should have dispelled his foolish prejudice. Thus a respite was gained, and seeming peace was established; but, like a storm whose unspent energy still lingers, with threatening gloom and sullen mutterings, at the horizon's rim, the father's dissatisfaction continued to vent itself in caustic remarks and ill-natured criticisms, which were the more exasperating because they were never sufficiently definite to be met by open contradiction. Their sunny companionship in the memories of a common youth was a thing of the past, and was never to be restored.

It was not strange that these altered conditions should act unfavorably upon a creature so seemingly made for sunshine and so sensitive to external influences as Einar Falconberg. He could no longer work with that breezy stimulation of purpose which lies in having a definite end for one's exertions. It is true he had never been inclined to severe application, but he had had a vague sense of the responsibility attaching to his position as a member of a great family, and had not therefore absolutely shunned scholarly toil. He was abundantly supplied with those intellectual antennæ which absorb culture and even the solid substance of learning by a mere fleeting contact; and somehow he had always managed to do himself credit whenever the time came to test his attainments. But now his evil destiny had compelled him to occupy himself with the very thing for which he had from his earliest years conceived a strong repugnance; and Einar shrank from any thing unpleasant, as the tongue or any other sensitive object would shrink from contact with cold iron. He had always abhorred anything like dissimulation and had never thought of claiming any credit for his own uncompromising honesty; he would have liked to believe that all the world was sincere, because sincerity was the very essence of his own character; and in spite of frequent paternal admonitions he could not bring himself to feign an interest which he did not feel in the long-winded recitals of theological feuds and the half-rationalistic, half-pietistic exegesis of doctrine which dry, unimaginative professors—mere musty, shriveled-up parchments of humanity—daily inflicted upon his unwilling ears. The consequence was that his attendance upon lectures became less frequent with every

passing month, and in order to dispel the importunate reflections regarding his future which his equivocal position urged upon him, he threw himself passionately into the whirl of social life, laughed with the gay, looked solemn and apprehensive among grave-minded philistines, courteous and a little flippant among the ladies, and felt a transient flush of joy at the easy triumph of his brilliancy and his personal attractions. But his mind was fast losing that serene equipoise, that fresh spontaneity of feeling which had made him appear among the throngs of youth like a newly revealed beautiful being. It is inherent in such a temperament that it readily takes the color of its surroundings, and when this susceptibility to impressions becomes conscious, it is but one step removed from insincerity. Einar soon felt this, but with his clerical future staring him in the face, did not care sufficiently for his own fate to mind whither he was drifting.

The years passed swiftly, and the unrecorded changes, wrought by the slow hand of time, became at last perceptible enough to give even a less sensitive mind than his cause for alarm. His cheap social triumphs began to pall upon his sense, and his mind was constantly agitated by restless moods and an ever-growing dissatisfaction with the world and his own attitude toward it. An all-conquering bitterness rose in some hitherto unconscious substratum of his soul; no transient pleasure could counteract it, and no self-soothing sophism banish it. His expenditures had long been largely in excess of his monthly allowance, and, as he had early made the discovery that his name was realizable in coin, he had had no scruples in permitting his debts to grow beyond hope of immediate redemption. He had hitherto succeeded in keeping his creditors at bay by liberal promises, but now they were becoming intolerably importunate, and Einar, seeing no escape from his dismal dilemma, felt his own spirits falling in proportion as the pressure of external annoyances increased. He knew that it would be impossible to go on concealing from his father what perhaps he had a right to know, but he had put off the evil day of revelation in the vague hope that some hitherto unthought-of remedy might unexpectedly present itself. His last experience of the old man's temper had left a strong aftertaste of bitterness, and it was hardly strange that he should exercise his ingenuity to the utmost to avoid a second encounter.

It was in the twilight hours one evening in the early spring that Einar sat in his room, deeply plunged in one of those moods—so common to sanguine men—of impatient regret, interrupted now and then by fervid resolutions to abandon his old folly, provided his good fortune would only help him out of his present quandary. The bishop had just started on his annual journey of supervision through the diocese, and the temporary suspension of the fear which had for months past been haunting the son's mind, afforded his thoughts the needed leisure to concentrate all their energy upon the solution of the problem which life persisted in thrusting into his face. Then there was a sharp knock at the door, and Halfdan Bryn, a young man celebrated in the student world for his good voice and his loose habits, entered breathlessly and threw himself, panting, into an easy-chair. He informed Einar, in a narrative broken by frequent gasps and impressive imprecations, that an old Jewish usurer of ill repute in the city had bought up all claims against Falconberg at a large discount, and meant to have him arrested, in case he could not satisfy him by immediate payment.

It is needless to dwell on details. The next day the usurer presented his claim and repeated the threat of imprisonment; for imprisonment for debt, although deemed highly disgraceful, was then no uncommon thing in Norway. Einar succeeded in procuring a day's respite, during which he vainly sought aid among his own and his father's friends. The debt amounted to about six hundred dollars,—a very paltry sum, to be sure, but still in Norway, large enough to cause a man considerable discomfiture. Agitated beyond control by visions of coming ruin, he was fast drifting into that reckless, irresponsible state, in which each fresh shock of pain only renders the moral sense more torpid, and at last paralyzes it. There was no time for deliberation, and in the last moment he caught at the only plank of safety which his dazed eye could discern. He wrote his father's name to a check for the required amount, had it presented at the bank and discharged his debt. He was convinced that the public scandal of imprisonment would make a final rupture inevitable, while, if, on the bishop's return, he confessed the whole affair to him, there was every reason to believe that he would, in the end, condone the offense, and himself make the first approach to a reconciliation. But in an evil hour the bishop was induced to

show an unwonted liberality toward an indigent relative whom he had visited, and telegraphed to his bank for money. The bank replied that his account was already overdrawn, whereupon the prelate, much in wrath, demanded, also by telegraph, that no effort should be spared to apprehend the criminal who had dared to forge his name.

Einar learned that the police were at his heels just in time to take a hurried farewell of his mother, who wept over him, and gave him a letter to his American uncle, but could do nothing to hinder his flight. In the disguise of a peasant, he boarded the English steamer, which departed that very evening for Hull; and two weeks later he found himself plunged headlong into a new and bewilderingly strange world, with all the fair hopes of his life blotted out behind him, and only the regret, the bitterness, and the heart-ache surviving.

CHAPTER II.

A NORSE SETTLEMENT.

It was more than a month after the day when I saw Einar Falconberg sitting in that hopeless attitude of dull benumbed grief under the rotunda of Castle Garden. He had spent the intervening time in aimless roamings from city to city striving vainly to find a clew that might guide him through this tangled labyrinth of life. It was a sunless path he had trodden and nocturnal fancies thronged his mind. Had then this hasty deed, wrenched, as it were, from his soul in a moment of frenzy, left the stamp of ineffaceable ignominy upon his forehead? He had gone in quest of work, first in New York, then in Chicago and St. Louis, but pitying glances at his white hands and delicate skin or even dark frowns of suspicion had met him wherever he came. "Pray, in what fairy tale were you born, sir?" a bright-eyed little Chicago woman had said to him. "You look for all the world like a disguised prince. If we could afford to entertain a perpetual joke in the shape of a coachman, we should be happy to engage you. But I regret to say that we can't."

The thought that he was forced to bear this manner of address from a stranger had stung him to the quick. His heart went forward with a great yearning toward the land of his birth, but the memory of his crime rose like a great black wall between him and it, keeping it forever inaccessible to his returning footsteps. The solitude in the midst of the crowd was to him deeper than

that of the primeval desert. It beat upon his sense like a positive obtrusive force, and at other times seemed to inclose him like a cold translucent veil, transmitting sounds and objects only with blurred outlines and depriving them of both shape and meaning. I can imagine that a dainty bird, suddenly transported from his airy companionship into a colony of beavers, would look with a sad puzzled frown upon the doings of these busy water-workers, which must appear so utterly unintelligible to him, and still in his little heart feel a profound contempt for their sordid utilitarian habits. Einar's attitude toward the busy land to which a hostile fate had driven him was hardly less anomalous. At times, as he walked through the streets and wondered at the bewildering aspect life was assuming to him, a sudden dread would vibrate through his frame like the shadow of some great calamity, vaguely seen from afar. His reason seemed to be wandering beyond his reach, leaving him in utter darkness. He then thought of the letter to his uncle and determined as his last refuge to seek him.

It was on an afternoon, early in June, that he saw from the distance the little Norwegian settlement, put down in the official postal guide as Pine Ridge, but known to the settlers of Viking descent as Hardanger. He had walked in two days nearly fifty miles from the nearest railroad line, and was nearly overcome with heat and exhaustion. Then the sight of a little red-painted house with white gables, perched on a neighboring hill-top broke through his torpid sense; he paused abruptly, shaded his brow with his hands, and a sudden rush of tears blinded his eyes. It was the first remembrance of the dear, far-off home he had met in this great unintelligible land. He threw himself down in the grass under the sheltering branches of a huge, low-limbed pine, and there, hidden away from the pitiless world, gave free course to his tears. And like a heart-sick wandering child to whom the near threshold of home gives the first sense of safety, he fell fast asleep and dreamed that he was again a boy in school and that his teacher scolded him because he did not know his lesson. When he awoke the sun stood already low over the western ridge of hills, and the sound of cattle-bells fell pleasantly upon his ears from the near meadows. He started up, seized his valise, and looked once more at the red-painted house on the hill-top. It seemed to him that he had

never had so sweet a sleep since he came to America. The former lethargy, in which the thought moved numbly as if clogged by the touch of clammy cobwebs, was swept away, and he felt with gratitude something of his old joy in life reviving. From the neighboring glen, through which a stream, swollen by recent rains, plunged with continuous brawl, came the well-remembered, long-drawn notes of the Norse cattle-call, and a flaxen-haired maid came yodeling down the slope, followed by a long procession of black, brown and white cows. In the bottom of the valley glittered a bright, narrow lake, which wound itself northward between grassy meadow-slopes interrupted here and there by broad tracts of uncleared forest. How could this beautiful bit of Norway have been transplanted into the heart of this mammoth-boned, huge-veined continent? It was very puzzling, but nevertheless wondrously delightful.

As Einar turned his face toward the settlement which seemed to be climbing laboriously up the western hill-side, he began to discover many features which soon convinced him that he was not in Norway. The town looked singularly like a large crab or cuttle-fish with an easily definable center and numerous irregular arms stretching upward, downward and sideward in all imaginable directions. Around the square there were, perhaps, half a dozen solid stone houses and three or four plain white-spired churches, and from this starting-point large and small streets of various length sparsely lined with diminutive houses of a nondescript architecture, straggled away at their own sweet will and with a truly democratic diversity of purpose.

As Einar Falconberg was ascending the slope from the lake and the strange town with its unseen inhabitants became less of a fantastic abstraction and more of a momentous reality to him, he began to feel a growing disinclination to throw himself like a culprit on his uncle's mercy and perhaps expose himself once more to harsh condemnation, contumely and disgrace. Was there any presumption in believing that his past sufferings had amply atoned for his guilt, and was it not probable that Providence (for he had come to believe vaguely in an all-governing will) had given him this chance in order that he might rebuild his fair name and perhaps in time attain a new and hitherto undreamt-of happiness? To a man of his sanguine temper happiness was naturally the last and highest aim of

human endeavor, the idea of usefulness was as yet foreign to his thought. The utilitarian philosophy which the moralists of this century have revived has not yet penetrated to that secluded corner of the world where fate placed his cradle, and if it had, it would have passed over his head without mingling with the deeper springs of his being. He was, like the majority of his race, by nature an idealist.

When Einar had reached the remote end of Main street, where an improvised rail-fence marks the boundary between the town of Hardanger and the adjoining farms, he had, perhaps, for the first time in his life discharged the difficult duty of forming a resolution, unaided by the pressure of inevitable circumstances. He would not make himself known to his uncle, and to avoid recognition would assume his middle name, Finnson, abandoning forever his claim to membership in the illustrious family of the Falconbergs. He would seek some employment among his countrymen, and do his best to efface the sad record of the years that lay behind him. He breathed out freely as if some heavy weight had been rolled off his breast when the last scruple was silenced and the resolve irrevocably taken.

In an unbroken field, not far from the street, covered with the stumps of felled trees, some fresh, others slowly rotting in the ground, Einar discovered a small, rudely built log house of an unmistakably Norse aspect. Making his way through the deep reddish mud, in which bits of planks floated at irregular distances, he entered a chaotic little garden where blooming auriculas and a solitary rose-bush grew in friendly proximity to youthful cabbage plants and potatoes. In front of the door lay a little heap of newly split kitchen wood, and an ax of a distinctly Norse physiognomy was struck firmly into the end of the block. A long fishing-rod stood leaning against the thatch of the roof, and two more rested horizontally upon pegs stuck into the timbers of the wall. Everything was so charmingly primitive, or, as Einar thought, so charmingly Norwegian. He stopped upon an insular plank in the midst of the mud-pool and a joyous smile lit up his countenance as he gazed upon these well-known objects. Through the half-opened door came the sound of the dear familiar tongue which he had hungered so long to hear. He drank in the indifferent words and stood listening with a kind of eager fascination.

"I am afraid you will never amount to much as a farmer, Magnus," said a deep, rudely articulated, bass voice. "You don't seem to get the hang of things, however much one tries to teach you. I can't quite afford to plow for you every year, although, God knows, I am willing enough to help where it seems reasonable."

"Yes, Nils," answered a thin, piping treble. "I can't complain of you, and I never did, so help me, God. No, Nils, you have been a good neighbor to me, and that I have always said to Annie Lisbeth too. 'Annie Lisbeth,' I have said, 'God knows what would become of us, if it were not for Nils Norderud?' But you know, Nils, it was my bad luck that I was born on the water. And, since I came over to this country with my little one, I have often been pretty vexed with my mother (God have mercy on her soul), because she played me that bad trick to bring me into the world on a fishing-schooner, instead of giving me a decent birth like another Christian man. For there I breathed in that devilish fish-smell until I became half a fish myself. You can't teach an otter to dig for angle-worms, like a mole. He hasn't got it in him, and he can't do it. No, God help me! I see I'm pretty badly off, and since this devilish ague got into my bones, I should be quite willing, if it were not for the lass, to sell my whole miserable carcass for a quid of tobacco."

"It has hardly come to that yet, Magnus," answered the bass voice, with a perceptibly gentler intonation. "And any way, it is no use whining. Send the girl up to my house after dark, and my wife will give her what you may happen to need. Farewell, and a speedy recovery."

Einar advanced cautiously toward the door and knocked. He was met by a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a large, grave, good-natured face, surmounted by a thick crop of light, towy hair.

"Is this the settlement of Hardanger?" asked Einar, in order to say something.

"To be sure it is," answered the man.

"Whom do you seek here?"

"I seek work."

The grave man remained silent for some moments, during which his blue eyes dwelt with a critical look upon Einar's countenance.

"Judging by your looks, you seem to be an honest fellow," he said, at last. "Come in. A countryman is always welcome."

He threw the door open, and Einar

entered. The room was small, and filled with the mingled odors of fish and smoke. In a corner was a rude stone hearth, the floor was black with long-accumulated layers of dirt, and the unpaneled timber walls were covered with kitchen implements, old clothes, and fishing apparatus. Upon a bed made of unplanned planks roughly nailed together, lay a little man with a large hooked nose, thin lips, and a pair of small keen black eyes.

"Ah, ah!" said the invalid, raising himself upon his elbows and regarding Einar with vivid interest. "Gentlefolks out walking to-day? Lately from Norway, eh?"

Einar explained that he had left Norway some months ago.

"Take a seat, sir,"* said the long-limbed farmer, who was evidently the one who had been addressed as Norderud. "Any news from the old country?"

"I have not seen a Norwegian paper since I left home," answered Einar, seating himself upon a solid wooden block near the door.

"What is your name?"

"Einar Finnson."

"A man of study?"

"Yes, I have been at the university."

"I am afraid that wont help you much here. What we need here is strong arms to break up the untitled land. Your hands seem rather delicate for that kind of work. Look at Magnus there;"—here Norderud pointed to the man in the bed;—"he too has studied in his way—navigation I think he calls it. He is a regular water-rat. And you see what he has come to."

Einar glanced at the invalid and owned that if his condition was the result of study his own outlook was not a cheerful one. Magnus heaved a long sigh, as if in recognition of the melancholy allusion, and seemed profoundly conscious of his own impressiveness as an example of what needless learning could lead to.

Norderud again lapsed into silence, pulled out his knife and began to whittle in a slow, meditative manner upon the knots of a hickory stick which he held in his hand.

"And how about the Storthing?"† he broke out at last, sending again that same searching look into Einar's face. "I suppose they are talking a great deal and doing

nothing as usual, except voting money out of the peasants' pockets."

Einar replied modestly that he had never taken a very hearty interest in politics, and that he knew very little about the doings of the Storthing.

"What!" exclaimed the farmer gruffly. "Take no interest in politics? What then do the young men in Norway take an interest in? Dancing-parties and theaters and all that sort of nonsense, I suppose; the country might probably go to the devil for all they would care."

The young man began to feel very uncomfortable. Norderud was, evidently, in spite of his Norse origin, hopelessly utilitarian in his views of life, and there would be no way of getting on with him. He was conscious of having produced an unfavorable impression,—an experience which, his late wanderings notwithstanding, could never lose its sting of painful novelty to him. The obtuse sense of this peasant was evidently impervious to those charms of youth and personal beauty upon which he had hitherto based his hopes of happiness and success. It was therefore with a feeling akin to resentment that he arose, and extending his hand to the sick man, whom in spite of his silence he divined to be the host, bade him good-bye, and in his usual hearty way expressed the hope of his speedy recovery.

"Ah, yes, yes," answered Magnus plaintively, "you are a fine young man. I see it by his face, Nils, that he is a fine young man. And"—again addressing Einar—"you must not judge the dog by his skin either; Nils has a way of showing his teeth and growling, when he don't mean to bite at all. For there aint a man in the town who is safer to come to in trouble than Nils Norderud, and if you want help, young man, you had better go to him, for with no one else will you be surer to find it."

"Now stay your foolish tongue, Magnus," broke in Norderud in a voice which was evidently intended to be fiercer than it was.

They shook hands once more and Einar and Norderud left the house together. It must have rained heavily in Hardanger during the forenoon; for wherever the Main street took a momentary rest from its steep climb, the water stood in large, shallow pools, reflecting bits of blue sky with its accessories of cloud and sunlight. There was no pretense of a sidewalk, and the soft sod which covered the edge of the road yielded to the foot and sucked it down so that it

* I have rendered the Norwegian "far," with "sir," as the English "father" would give an erroneous impression.

† Parliament.

sometimes required much vigorous pulling on Einar's part to enable him to keep pace with his long-legged companion. Norderud walked on with large strides, and seemed for a time equally unconscious both of the mud and Einar's presence. His dress was of a rough, dark-blue cloth, closely resembling the Norwegian *wadmal*, of a semi-modern cut, quite innocent of style, and devoid of all the picturesque details which characterize the national costumes of Norway. On his head he wore a round felt hat and about his neck a vivid silk handkerchief, the ends of which were tucked into the bosom of his dark single-breasted waistcoat. He stooped heavily, carried his head a little on one side, as if he were trying to grasp some puzzling thought, and habitually had his hands plunged deeply into his pockets. There was a look of grave solidity about his whole figure, a placid strength and self-confidence, naturally fostered by the isolation of pioneer life and an early independence of thought. His face was deeply furrowed by wrinkles, among which the two obliquely converging ones, separating the region of the cheek from that of mouth and chin, were the most prominent. Like most men who are themselves lacking in the social graces, he had a deep-rooted contempt for gentility of manners and external polish, and was perhaps inclined to judge them *a priori* as a sorry device to conceal internal worthlessness, or, as the conventional substitute for the solid qualities of mind and heart. A rugged pine which feels in its trunk the accumulated strength of centuries looks probably from its stormy height with a similar contempt upon the dainty white-stemmed birches and the slim-fingered willows which find shelter under its crown.

Gratitude was not the uppermost emotion in Einar's mind, as, trudging wearily in

Norderud's footsteps, he beheld the primitive aspect of the town which he had chosen for his future home. He was rather conscious of a rising irritation at the discourtesy with which the farmer treated him, and was just devising some method by which without offending him he might rid himself of his oppressive companionship, when Norderud suddenly turned round and again measured him with his critical gaze.

"You look tired," he said. "Come, let me carry your bag."

"No, I thank you, it is quite unnecessary."

He was quite prepared to yield to further urging, but to his surprise Norderud dropped the question and again marched on. He heartily repented of his politeness. After half an hour's walk they stopped at the western extremity of the town in front of a stately buff-colored house with a comfortable, spacious look and surrounded by a broad piazza. The green shutters were thrown open in the first story, and Einar saw some blonde, curious women's faces gazing at him through the uncurtained windows.

"I shall have to bid you good-bye here, sir," said he. "Perhaps you could tell me where I can find a hotel?"

"Where do you intend to go?"

"Somewhere where I can find lodgings for the night."

"That you can find with me if you have nothing better."

Einar hesitated for a moment, then entered through an open gate a short avenue of young trees leading up to Norderud's mansion. He was dimly aware that he was closing—irrevocably closing—a chapter in his life's history, and that a new, greater and more momentous one was opening. Hence his hesitation. The simple act of entering a hospitably inviting house seemed full of meaning.

(To be continued.)

CATCH.

SWEET is my girl when she is looking down,
And lovely,—looking up;
Now when I see a willful, pet grimace
Along her mobile eyebrows run a race,
But on her lips a smile belie the frown,
I think, while full of her rare grace I sup,
Sweet is my girl when she is looking down,
And lovely,—looking up!

OFF SCARBOROUGH.

SEPTEMBER, 1779.

I.

"HAVE a care!" the bailiffs cried
 From their cockle-shell that lay
 Off the frigate's yellow side,
 Tossing on Scarborough Bay,
 While the forty sail it convoyed on a bowline stretched away;
 "Take your chicks beneath your wings,
 And your claws and feathers spread,
 Ere the hawk upon them springs—
 Ere around Flamborough Head
 Swoops Paul Jones, the Yankee falcon, with his beak and talons red."

II.

How we laughed!—my mate and I—
 On the "Bon Homme Richard's" deck,—
 As we saw that convoy fly
 Like a snow squall, till each fleck
 Melted in the twilight shadows of the coast line, speck by speck;
 And scuffling back to shore
 The Scarborough bailiffs sped
 As the "Richard," with a roar
 Of her cannon round the Head,
 Crossed her royal yards and signaled to her consort: "Chase ahead!"

III.

But the Devil seize Landais
 In that consort ship of France!
 For the shabby, lubber way
 That he worked the "Alliance"
 In the offing,—nor a broadside fired save to our mischance!—
 When tumbling to the van,
 With his battle lanterns set,
 Rose the burly Englishman
 'Gainst our hull as black as jet—
 Rode the yellow-sided "Serapis," and all alone we met!

IV.

All alone—though far at sea
 Hung his consort, rounding to;
 All alone—though on our lee,
 Fought our "Pallas" stanch and true!
 For the first broadside around us both a smoky circle drew:
 And, like champions in a ring,
 There was cleared a little space—
 Scarce a cable's length to swing—
 Ere we grappled in embrace,
 All the world shut out around us and we only face to face!

V.

Then awoke all hell below!
 From that broadside, doubly curst,
 For our long eighteens in row
 Leaped the first discharge, and burst!
 And on deck our men came pouring, fearing their own guns the worst
 And as dumb we lay, till through
 Smoke and flame and bitter cry,
 Hailed the "Serapis": "Have you
 Struck your colors?" Our reply,
 "We have not yet begun to fight!" went shouting to the sky!

VI.

Roux of Brest, old fisher, lay
 Like a herring gasping here;
 Bunker of Nantucket Bay
 Blown from out the port, dropped sheer
 Half a cable's length to leeward; yet we faintly raised a cheer
 As, with his own right hand,
 Our Commodore made fast
 The foeman's head-gear, and
 The "Richard's" mizzen-mast,
 And in that death-lock clinging held us there from first to last!

VII.

Yet the foeman, gun on gun,
 Through the "Richard" tore a road—
 With his gunners' rammers run
 Through our ports at every load:—
 Till clear the blue beyond us through our yawning timbers showed,
 Yet with entrails torn we clung
 Like the Spartan to our fox,
 And on deck no coward tongue
 Wailed the enemy's hard knocks
 Nor that all below us trembled, like a wreck upon the rocks.

VIII.

Then a thought rose in my brain—
 As through Channel mists the sun—
 From our tops a fire like rain
 Drove below decks every one
 Of the enemy's ship's company to hide or work a gun,
 And that Thought took shape as I
 On the "Richard's" yard lay out,
 That a man might do and die,
 If the doing brought about
 Freedom for his home and country, and his messmates' cheering shout!

IX.

Then I crept out in the dark
 Till I hung above the hatch
 Of the "Serapis"—a mark
 For her marksmen!—with a match
 And a hand-grenade, but lingered just a moment more to snatch

One last look at sea and sky!
 At the light-house on the hill!
 At the harvest moon on high!
 And our pine flag fluttering still:
 Then turned and down her yawning throat I launched that devil's pill!

X.

Then—a blank was all between
 As the flames around me spun!
 Had I fired the magazine?
 Was the victory lost or won?
 Nor knew I till the fight was o'er but half my work was done:
 For I lay among the dead,
 In the cockpit of our foe,
 With a roar above my head—
 Till a trampling to and fro,
 And a lantern showed my mate's face! and I knew what now you know!

GLIMPSES OF NEW ENGLAND FARM LIFE.

POETS have sung the delights of the farmer's life in strains so enchanting that one might wonder why all the world has not forsaken every other pursuit and betaken itself to the tilling of the soil. But the farmer himself, in the unshaded hay-field, or plodding in the clayey furrow at the tail of his plow, with a free-holder's right sticking to each boot, or bending, with aching back, between the corn-rows, or breasting the winter storms in the performance of imperative duties, looks at his life from a different point of view. To him this life appears as full of toil and care and evil chances as that of any other toiler. And true it is, the life of an ordinary farmer is hard, with too little to soften it—too much of work, too little of play. But as true is what the poet sang so long ago: "Thrice happy are the husbandmen if they could but see their blessings;" for they have independence, more than any others who by the sweat of the brow earn their bread, and the pure air of heaven to breathe, and the blessed privilege of daily communion with nature.

It is not easy for the farmer to see any beauty in his enemies,—the meadows full of daisies, with which he is forever fighting, or by which he has been ignominiously conquered; the encroaching ranks of golden-rod along the borders of his fields, and the bristling bayonets of those Canadian invaders, the thistles. How few farmers, or other people for that matter, see in the

climbing blushes of the dawning day, or the gorgeous painting of its close, or in the perfect day itself, anything but the foretelling of fair or foul weather; or notice the ways of any untamed bird or beast, except that the crows come to pull the corn, the hawks to catch the chickens, and the foxes to steal the lambs and turkeys! However, the farmer generally does feel a thrill of pleasure when, in the hazy softness of a February or March day, he hears the caw of the first carrion-seeking, hungry crow. "The heart of winter is broke." In April when the fields begin to show a suspicion of coming green and give forth an odor of spring, and the dingy snow-banks along the fences are daily dwindling, he welcomes the carol of the first bluebird, and is glad to hear the robin utter his restless note from the boughs of the old apple-tree; and the clear voice of the new-come meadow-lark strikes him as not altogether unmusical; and when he hears the plaintive cry of the grass-plover he is sure spring has come, and then thinks of the small birds no more till the first blasts of returning winter sweep over the bare trees and frozen fields, when, all at once, he becomes aware that the troubadours are gone. He sees that the brave little chickadee remains faithful to his post, and feels that his cheery note enlivens a little the dreariness of winter, as does the reedy piping of the nut-hatch and the voice of the dowry, fuller of life than of music, and the discordant note

of the blue jay, who, clad in a bit of summer sky, loudly proclaims his presence; but the singers are gone and he misses them.

Winter is fairly upon us at last, though by such gradual approaches has it come, that we are hardly aware of its presence, for its white seal is not yet set upon the earth. Till then we have a feeling that the fall is not over. The mud of the highways is turned to stone, the bare gray trees and dun fields have no semblance of life in them, and the dull, cold sky, and the black-green pines and hemlocks look colder than snow. The Thanksgiving turkey has been disposed of, and the young folks begin to count the days to Christmas. The old house has been "banked" for weeks, making the cellar a rayless dungeon, from which cider and winter apples are now brought forth to help while away the long evenings. At no time of the day is the fire's warmth unwelcome. But no snow has come except in brief flurries; and the cattle are out on the meadows in the day-time, cropping the withered aftermath, and the sheep are yet in the pastures or straying in the bordering woods.

But now comes an afternoon with a breathless chill in it,—“a hard, dull bitterness of cold;” when the gray sky settles down upon the earth, covering, first, the blue, far-away mountains with a gray pall, then the nearer somber hills with a veil through which their rough outlines show but dimly, and are quite hidden when the coming snow-fall makes phantoms of the sturdy trees in the woods hard by. Then roofs and roads and fence-tops and grassless ground begin slowly to whiten, and boughs and twigs are traced with a faint white outline against a gray background, and the dull yellow of the fields grows paler under the falling snow, and a flock of snow-birds drifts across the fading landscape, like larger snow-flakes. The night-fall comes early, and going out on the back stoop, you find yourself on a little island in a great sea of misty whiteness, out of which looms dimly the dusky barn, with its freight of live stock, grain and hay, the only ship within hail.

Aroused next morning by the stamping feet of the first risers, who have gone forth to explore, we find that a new world seems to have drifted to us, while we were lying fast anchored to the old chimney. Roofs are heaped and fences coped and trees are whiter than in May with bloom, with the universal snow. The great farm-wagon, standing half-hub deep in it, looks as out of

place as if at sea. The dazed fowls peer wonderingly from the poultry-house, or, adventuring short trips therefrom, stop bewildered midway in their journey. Presently the gray objects, rising out of the strange white expanse, take on more familiar shapes, and we recognize the barn, the orchard (though it has an unsubstantial look, as if the first wind might blow it away, or an hour's warm sunshine melt it), the well-known trees, the neighbors' houses, the faint lines of the fences tracing the boundaries of fields and farms, the woods, and beyond them, the unchanged outlines of wooded hills and the far-away mountains, but with a new ruggedness in their sides and with new clearings, till now unknown, showing forth in white patches on their slopes. We may take our time, for we shall have long months in which to get acquainted with this changed world.

The first day of snow is a busy one. If the snow-fall is great, there are paths to be shoveled to the out-buildings, and wagons to be housed, and sleighs to be got out and made ready, and many little jobs, put off from time to time, to be attended to. Perhaps there are young cattle, homeless and unfed in the out-lot, lowing piteously, to be brought to winter quarters, and sheep to be brought home from their pasture. Happy are the boys if to them is allotted this task, for the sheep are sure to have sought the shelter of the woods, and, in the woods, what strange sights may not be seen! With trowsers tied at ankle, they trudge across the white fields, pathless and untracked, save where old Dobbin, scorning barn-yard and shelter, with whitened back and icicled sides, paws away the snow down to the withered grass, which he crops with as great apparent relish as if it was the herbage of June.

Across meadow and pasture, to the woodland, the youngsters go, and take the old wood-road, now only a winding streak of white through the gray of tree-trunks and out-cropping rocks, its autumnal border of asters, golden-rods and ferns all laid down to sleep beneath the snow. Here Reynard's track crosses it, he having gone forth hare or partridge hunting, and so lately passed, that the human nose can almost catch the scent of his footsteps—what an ecstatic song the old hound would sing over it! Here is the trail of the gray squirrel, where he scampered from tree to tree,—one pair of little tracks and one pair of larger ones, as if two two-legged animals had made them;

and here is a maze of larger foot-prints, where the hare's broad pads have made their faint impress on the snow. Jays scream overhead and chickadees flit from tree to tree along the road-side. Now, almost at their feet, a ruffed grouse breaks forth from his snowy covering in a little whirlwind of his own making, and goes off with a startling whir and clatter through the snow-laden branches, a dusky meteor. From a near branch in the twilight of a thicket, a great horned owl flies away, noiseless as a ghost. With so much to interest them, the boys almost forget their errand, till they come upon the faint trail of the sheep. Slowly working this out, they at last find the flock wandering aimlessly about, nibbling such twigs and withered leaves as are within their reach. Their sojourn in the woods, brief as it has been, has given them back something of the original wildness of their race. They mistrust man of evil designs against them when they meet him in the woods, and run from the sheep-call, "ca-day! ca-day!" which would bring them in an eager throng about the caller, in the open fields. But civilization has made them dependent, as it has their masters, and they flee homeward for safety, and the boys follow them out through the snowy arches of the woods to the pasture, and so home to the snug quarters where they are to pass the dead months.

The first foddering is bestowed in the racks, and all the woolly crew fall to with a will and a busy snapping of many jaws. And so, at nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon, are they to be fed till the pastures are green again in May.

Happier they than the hardy "native" sheep of their owner's grandfather, which had no shelter but the lee of the stack that they were fed from in the bleak meadow, pelted by cruel winds and sometimes so snowed in that they had to be released from their imprisonment by dint of much shoveling. This old-time foddering, which was the fare of all the stock but the horses and working oxen, though sadly lacking in comfort for feeder and fed, was very picturesque: the farmer, in blue-mixed smock-frock of homespun woolen, pitching down the great forkfuls from the stack; the kine and sheep crowding and jostling for the first place on the leeward side, or chasing wisps of wind-tossed hay down wind; then the farmer distributing the fodder in little piles, followed by all the herd, each thinking (as who does not?) that what he has not is better than what he has; the strong making might

right; the poor underling, content to snatch the scant mouthfuls, overrun by the stronger brethren;—all in a busy throng about the rail pen from which rises the dun truncated cone of the stack, their only harbor in the wide, white sea. A path, to be freshly broken after every wind or snow-fall, leads to the water-holes, chopped out every morning in the brook, some furlongs off, whither they wend their way in lazy lines as the day grows older. But no one need mourn the passing away of this old custom; for the later, warm stables, sheds, and barn-yards, with their contented and well-sheltered inmates, are comfortable as well as picturesque.

A pleasant thing to look upon is an old gray barn with its clustering sheds, straw-stacks and well-fenced yards; in this, the cattle taking their day's outing from the stable; in that, the sheep feeding from their racks or chewing the cud of contentment, or making frequent trips to the water-trough in the corner.

Inside, is the broad "barn floor," with grain scaffolds above it, and, on one side, a great "bay" filled with hay, on the other, the stable for the cows, and, over this, a "mow." In the mysterious heights above, whose dusty gloom is pierced by bolts of sunshine, are dimly seen the cobwebbed rafters and the deserted nests of the swallows.

On this floor, in winter days, the threshers' flails are beating out the rye, with measured throb. Chanticleer and Partlet and all their folk come to the wide-open southern doors to pick the scattered kernels, and the cattle "toss their white horns" in their stanchions and look with wonder in their soft eyes on this unaccountable pounding of straw. Then, when the "cave" (as the long pile of unwinnowed grain on one side the floor is called) has become so large as to narrow too much the threshing-room, the fanning-mill is brought from its corner, and amid clatter and clouds of dust the grain is "cleaned up" and carried away to the granary. Here, too, in the early morning, comes the farmer or his man, to fodder the cows by lantern-light, and to milk the "winter cow" whose meager foamless "mess" alone now furnishes the household all the milk it has.

The early chores done, breakfast comes when Goodman and Goodwife,—as Gervase Markham delights to style the farmer and his wife,—their children and hired folk, all gather about the long table in the big kitchen, and doughty trencher men and



ON THE EDGE OF THE ORCHARD. (R. SWAIN GIFFORD.)

women, prove themselves every one. The fried pork, or sausages, or beefsteak,—let us hope not fried,—or cold roast beef, left from yesterday's dinner, the potatoes, the wheaten and "rye-'n'-injun" bread, the johnny-cake or buckwheat-cakes, the apple-sauce, the milk and the butter, colored with October's gold, and likely enough the sugar, are all home-grown; nothing "boughten" but the tea or coffee, and the pepper and salt.

After breakfast, the children, with books and dinner-pails and "shining morning faces" set out for school; but not "creeping unwillingly," for there will be plenty of fun there at "recess" and nooning, with sleds and snow-balling and no end of out-door winter games.

The sheep are fed and then some work of the day begins. Perhaps it is threshing, or drawing wood home or to the market from the "wood-lot," where a man is chopping "by the cord." He is, likely enough, a light-hearted "Canuck" fresh from his Canadian home, as yet unyankeeified and unspoiled; garrulous with his droll French-English; as ready as another to laugh at his own mistakes; picturesque in his peaked woolen cap and coarse, oddly fashioned dress of homespun gray with red-sashed waist and moccasined feet.

A skillful wielder of the ax is he, and

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though a passably loyal subject of a queen, with no whit of reverence for these ancient monarchs of the forest which he hews down relentlessly, regardless of their groans as they topple to their fall. He has brought an acre or more of the woods' white floor face to face with the steel-blue winter sky, and all over the little waste are piled in cords and half cords the bodies of the slain kings, about whose vacant mossed and lichened thrones are heaped their crowns in ignominious piles. He has a fire, more for company than for warmth, whereat he often lights his short, blackened clay pipe and sits by while he eats his half-frozen dinner, while the smoke fills the woods about with a blue haze and a pungent fragrance.

Here, now, comes the farmer, mounted on his stout sled with its long wood-rack, driving his steaming horses, which he blankets while he makes his load. He exchanges with the chopper badly fashioned sentences of very bad French for rattling volleys of no better English, upbraiding him, perhaps, for piling his wood with bark down, or for an intermixture of crooked and knotty sticks,—devices well known to professional choppers for making piles measure large,—a charge which the Canadian repels with loud protestations of honesty and frantic gestures, or pretends not to understand. His sled

laden, the farmer leaves the regicide to his slaughter and wends his creaking way homeward, along the gray pillared arcade of the narrow, winding wood-road, whose brushy border scrapes and clatters against the jagged load as it passes. This and the

above the thin snow, he fares homeward, or to the well-beaten highway, and by it to the market in the village or at the railroad.

He is apt to tarry long at the village store, under the plausible pretext of getting thoroughly warm, and likely enough gossips



A GLIMPSE OF NOVEMBER. (JERVIS MCENTEE.)

muffled tread of the horses and the creaking of the runners in the snow, the fainter-growing ax-strokes, and now and then the booming downfall of a great tree, are the few sounds that break the winter stillness of the woods. The partridge looks down on him from its safe perch in the thick-branched hemlock. A hare bounds across the road before him, as white and silent as the snow beneath its feet. An unseen fox steals away with noiseless footsteps. Driving out of the sheltering woods into the wind-swept fields, here through deep-drifted hollows, there over ridges blown so nearly bare that the bleached grass rustles

with neighbors, or cheapens the storekeeper's wares till "chore-time" draws nigh.

Loads of logs are drawn to the saw-mill, a quaint old structure, whose mossy beams have spanned its swift race-way for half a century or more. The green ooze of the leaky flume turns the icicles to spikes of emerald, and the caves beneath the log dam have crystal portals of fantastic shapes. Heaps of logs and piles of boards and slabs environ it on the landward side, and a pleasant odor of freshly cut pine pervades the neighborhood. Its interior is as comfortless in winter as a hill-top, "Cold as a saw-mill" being a New England prov-



OLD HOUSE BANKED FOR THE WINTER. (HENRY FARRER.)

erb; and it is often said of one who leaves outer doors open in cold weather, "Guess he was brought up in a saw-mill, where there wa'n't no doors." It is a poor lounging place now for our farmer, but the dusty grist-mill, hard by, offers greater attractions. May be he has brought a grist a-top of his logs, and has good excuse to toast his shins by the miller's glowing stove, while he waits the grinding.

On the mill-pond, alder-fringed and overhung by lithe-limbed birches, the farmers gather their ice crop, one that New England

winters never fail to produce most bountifully. Simpler tools are used here than are employed by the great ice companies of the cities. The same cross-cut saw that cuts the logs with a man at each handle, is used here by one man (one handle being taken out), for cutting the ice, which is then drawn out of the water with ordinary ice-tongs and carried home, a regal freight of a dozen or more great

blocks of crystal at a load.

The hay for market is hauled in bulk to the large stationary presses on the line of the railroad, or pressed into bales by portable presses set up at barns or stacks, and the bales then drawn to the point of delivery. This is the work of fall, winter or spring, as the case may be.

The laborious pastime of breaking colts is now in order, and the younger ones are broken to the halter, the older to harness, often in the shafts of a primitive sleigh commonly known as a "jumper," each thill



THE SOWER. (WINSLOW HOMER.)

and runner of which is formed of one tough sapling cut half-way through, with a wide notch at the point where runner becomes thill. The boys may take a pull at the long halter of the stubborn youngster, but a

The bustling hired girl clears the table and washes the dishes with tremendous clatter, gives the kitchen its last sweeping for the day, and then, if she has not dough to knead for the morrow's baking, makes



HAY BARRACKS. (R. SWAIN GIFFORD.)

stronger hand than theirs must give the two-year-old or three-year-old initiatory lessons in his life of labor.

On Saturdays, when there is no school, the boys sometimes have a jolly time, breaking a pair of steer calves. A miniature yoke couples the stubby-horned, pot-bellied little cattle together, and the boys' sled is their light burden. A runaway of the baby oxen is not unlikely to occur, but only adds to the fun of the affair.

In such pursuits the day passes till foddering time comes, when the sheep-racks are cleared of "orts" which are thrown outside the yard for Dobbin to glean from, and the sheep foddered afresh from the mow. The cows are stabled and fed. The clamor of the pigs ceases as their troughs are filled with swill. The horses are cared for, the night's wood carried in, and then with supper, begins the long winter evening.

herself tidy and settles herself comfortably to her sewing. The goodwife knits or sews while she chats with her maid or listens to the items her goodman reads from the local paper; the youngsters puzzle with knitted brows over the sums of to-morrow's "rithmetic" lesson; the hired man munches apples and smokes his pipe while he toasts his stockinged feet at the great cook-stove, beneath which Tray and Tubby snore and purr in peaceful unison.

Though every farm-house now has its sitting-room and parlor, and most a dining-room, the kitchen continues to be a favorite with farming folk,—a liking probably inherited from our grandfathers. In many of their houses this was the only large room, in which the family lived, and where all meals were taken, guests entertained, and merry-makings held. At one end was the great fire-place wherein back-log and fore-stick

burned, sending forth warmth and light, intense and bright over the broad hearth, but growing feebler toward the dim corners where Jack Frost lurked and grotesque shadows leaped and danced on the wall. On the crane, suspended by hook or trammel, hung the big samp-kettle, bubbling and seething. The open dresser shone with polished pewter mug and trencher. Old-fashioned, splint-bottomed chairs, rude but comfortable, sent their long shadows across the floor.

The tall clock measured the moments with deliberate tick. The big wheel and little, the one for wool, the other for flax; the poles overhead, with their garniture of winter crooknecks and festoons of dried apples; the long-barreled flint-lock that had borne its part in Indian fight, at Bennington, and in many a wolf and bear hunt, hanging with powder-horn and bullet-pouch against the chimney,—all these made up a homely interior, far more picturesque than

any to be found in modern farm-houses. Those who remember old-time cookery aver that in these degenerate days there are no Johnny-cakes so sweet as those our grandmothers baked on a board on the hearth, no roast meats so juicy as those which slowly turned on spits before the open fire nor any brown bread or baked beans to compare with those which the old brick ovens and bake-kettles gave forth.

In those old kitchens that have partly withstood the march of improvement, the great fire-place has fallen into disuse. Oftener it has been torn down, chimney, oven and all, to make room, now deemed better than its company, and its place supplied by the more convenient cook-stove. The wood-work is painted, the smoke-stained whitewash is covered by figured wall-paper; andirons, crane, pot-hook and trammel have gone for old iron; the place of the open dresser is usurped by a prim, close cupboard; big and little wheel, relics



THE CULTIVATOR. (J. E. KELLY.)



THE SHEEP-SHEARING. (WALTER SHIRLAW.)

of an almost lost and forgotten handicraft, have long since been banished to the garret. There, too, has gone the ancient clock, and a short, dapper time-piece, on whose lower half is a landscape of startling colors, hurries the hours away with swift, loud tick.

Everything has undergone some change; even the old gun has had its flint-lock altered to percussion.

Of all the rooms in our farm-house, the kitchen chamber is probably the least changed. Its veined and blistered white-washed ceiling, low sloping at the sides, still bumps unwary heads. The great trunk that held grandmother's bedding when she and grandfather, newly wedded, moved into this, then, wild country, and the sailor great-uncle's sea-chest, occupy their old corners. The little fire-place is unchanged and on the chimney above it hang, as of

old, bundles and bags of boneset, catnip, sage, summer savory, elder-root, slippery-elm and no end of roots and herbs for sick men's tea and well men's seasoning. There are the same low beds with patch-work covers and by their side the small squares of rag carpet,—little oases for naked feet in the chill desert of the bare floor; and the light comes in through the same little dormer-windows through which it came seventy years ago. To this dormitory the hired man betakes himself when his last pipe is smoked and soon, in nasal trumpet-blasts, announces his arrival in the Land of Nod, to which by nine o'clock or so all the household have followed.

Where do the birds, who brave with us the rigors of the New England winter, pass the chill nights, and where find harbor from the pitiless storms? They are about the house,

wood-pile, out-buildings and orchards all the clear cold days,—downy, nut-hatch and chickadee,—searching every nook and cranny of the rough-barked locust and weather-beaten board and post, for their scanty fare; and blue jay, busy with the frozen apples or the droppings of the granary. But when a roaring, raving storm comes down from the north they vanish. When we face it to the barn to fodder the stock, we do not find them sheltered there; nor at the morning foddering, climbing to the dusky mow, do we disturb them as toward spring or in its early days we do such poor song-birds, sparrows and robins, as have been fooled by a few warm days into a too early coming to find themselves suddenly encompassed by such bitter weather as they fled from, months ago. Doubtless the windless thickets of the woods and the snug hollows of old trees are the shelter of our little winter friends in such inclement seasons.

One night in the week, it may be, the young folks all pack off in the big sleigh to the singing-school in the town-house, where they and some scores of others combine to murder psalmody and break the heart of their instructor.

At these gatherings are flirtations and heart-burnings as well as at the "donation

turning and confusion they have made with their romping games.

So winter drags its hoary length through dreary months, with silent snow-fall, fierce storm and dazzling sunshine. Mows dwindle and stacks disappear, leaving only the empty pens to mark their place, and cisterns fail, making the hauling of snow for melting an added task to the boys' duties. Buck-saw and ax are each day making shorter the long pile of cord-wood and greater the pile of stove-wood.

The traditional "January thaw" comes and sets all the brooks a-roaring and makes lakes of the flat meadows, while the south wind blows with a spring-like softness and sighs itself asleep. The sky clears and the north wind awakes and outroars the brooks till it locks them fast again and turns the flooded meadows to glittering ice-fields whereon the boys have jolly skating bouts in the moonlit evenings.

Many another snow-fall comes, perhaps, but every day the sunshine waxes warmer, and the snow melts slowly off the roofs and becomes "countersunk" about tree-trunks and mullein-stalks. The tips of weather-beaten grass appear above it and the great drifts grow dingy. It becomes pleasant to linger for a while in shirt sleeves on the



CRADLING. (L. C. TIFFANY.)

parties," which occur once or twice in the winter, when with kindly meant unkindness the poor minister's house is taken possession of by old and young, whose gifts too often but poorly compensate for the up-

sunny side of the barn, listening to the steady drip of the icicled eaves and the cackling of hens, and watching the cattle lazily scratching themselves and chewing their cuds in the genial warmth.



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sunny side of the barn, listening to the steady drip of the icicled eaves and the cackling of hens, and watching the cattle lazily scratching themselves and chewing their cuds in the genial warmth.

The first crow comes, and now, if never again in all the year, his harsh voice has a pleasant sound. Roads grow "slumpy" and then so nearly bare that people begin

along the fences; in the woods it still lies deep, but coarse-grained and watery.

The blood of the maples is stirred, and in sugar-making regions the tapping of the



PUMPKINS AMONG THE CORN. (WINSLOW HOMER.)

to ponder whether they shall go forth on runners or wheels.

Some early lambs enter upon their short life, and knock-kneed calves begin to make the old barn echo with their bawling and the clatter of their clumsy gambols. The gray woods take on the purple tinge of swelling buds. The brooks resume their merry music. The song-sparrows come, the bluebird's carol is heard, the first robin ventures to come exploring, and high overhead the wild geese are winging their northward way. Though Jack Frost strives every night to regain his sway and often for whole days maintains a foothold, his fortunes slowly wane and spring comes coyly but surely on.

Her footsteps waken the woodchuck from his long sleep, and he comes to his door to look about him, with eyes unaccustomed to the sunlit day. In the plashy snow of the woods, the raccoon's track shows that he has wandered from den or hollow tree. Southern slopes, then broad fields, grow bare, till all the snow is gone from them but the soiled drifts in the hollows, and

trees is begun. A warm day following a freezing night sets all the spouts a-dripping merrily into the bright tin "tubs," and once or twice a day the oxen and sled go winding through the woods, hauling a cask to which the sap is brought from the trees with buckets and neck-yoke, and then taken to the sugar-house. This is set, if possible, at the foot of some hill-side or knoll, on which the sled may be driven so that its burden overtops the great holders standing beside the boiling-pans within. Into these holders the sap is discharged, through a pipe. Now the boiling begins, and the thin sap thickens to rich sirup as it seethes and bubbles in its slow course from the first pan to the last, while the woods about are filled with the sweet odor of its steam.

Following up this scent, and the sounds of merry chatter, one may come upon a blithe "sugar party" of young folks, gathered in and about the sugar-house. In this earliest picnic of the season, the sole refreshment is hot sugar poured on clean snow, where it cools to a gummy consistency known as "waxed" sugar. The duty

of the rustic gallant is to whittle a little maple paddle (which is held to be the proper implement for sugar eating) for his mistress, and to keep her allotted portion of the snow-bank well supplied with the amber-hued sweet.

In earlier days, the sap, caught in rough, wooden troughs, was boiled in a potash-kettle, suspended by a log-chain from the smaller end of a goodly sized tree trimmed of its branches and balanced across a stump. A few rudely piled stones formed the fire-place, whose chimney was the wide air, and every veering puff of wind would encloud the red-shirted sugar-maker in the smoke of his fire and the steam of his kettle. Kettle, fire-place, and ponderous crane had no roofing but the overbranching trees, and the sky above them; the only shelter of the sugar-makers from rain and "sugar snows," was a little shanty as rude as an Indian wigwam in construction and furniture.

The woodpecker sounds his rattling drum-call; the partridge beats his muffled roll; flocks of blackbirds gurgle a liquid song, and the hylas tunes his shrill pipe, while advancing spring keeps step to their music, more and more pervading all nature with her soft, mysterious presence.

In the woods, the snow has shrunk to the cold shelter of the ledges, and the arbutus begins to blossom half unseen among its dull green and russet leaves, and liverwort flowers dot the sunny slopes with tufts of white, and pink, and blue.

Sap-flow and sugar-making slacken, so that a neighbor finds time to visit another at his sugar-works, and asks, "Have you heard the frogs?" Only one "run" of sap after the frogs peep, is the traditional rule. So the frogs having peeped, the last run comes, and sugar-making ends.

A wholesome fragrance is wafted to you on the damp wind, like and yet unlike the earth-smell which precedes a shower—the subtle blending of the exhalations of sodden leaves and quickened earth, with the faint perfume of the shad trees, shining white with blossoms, as if snow-laden in the purple woods, and the willow catkins that gleam in swamps and along the brimming streams. It is a purely spring-like odor.

The fields of winter wheat and rye, if the snow has kindly covered them through the bitter weather, take on a fresher green, and the southern slopes of pasture-lands and the swales show tinges of it.

The sower is pacing the fall-plowed ground to and fro with measured tread,

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scattering the seed as he goes, and, after him, team and harrow scratch the mold. In favored places, the plows are going, first streaking, then broadly patching, the somber fields with the rich hue of freshly turned sward. Then early potatoes are planted, gardens made, corn-ground made ready, and houses unbanked, letting daylight into cellars once more.

All day long the lamentations of bereaved cows are heard. "Settings" of milk begin to crowd the dairy, and churning, that plague of the boy, becomes his constant alternate dread and suffering.

As pastures grow green, the sheep are "tagged" and released from their long confinement in shed and yard. With loud rejoicings, they go rushing along the lane to the pasture, eager for the first nibble of the unforgotten herbage. Not many days later the cows are turned out, and the lush feed turns their pale butter to gold.

Young lambs now claim the farmer's care. Each day he must visit the flock to see if some unnatural mother must not be forced to give suck to her forlorn yearling, or if some, half dead with the cold of night or storm, need not be brought to the kitchen fire to be warmed to life. When a "lamb-killer" comes, as the cold storms are called which sometimes occur in May, his arms are likely enough to be filled with them before he has made the round of the pasture. Often an orphaned or disowned lamb is brought up by hand, and the "cosset" becomes the pet of the children and the pest of the household. If Madame Reynard takes a fancy to spring lamb for the provision of her household, she makes sad havoc. Her depredations must be stopped some way, either by removing the flock to a safer pasture, or, if her burrow can be found, by digging out and destroying her young, leaving her with no family to provide for, or by ending with her own life her freebooting career. To compass her taking off, the farmer repairs with his gun, in the gray of the morning, to the wood-side, from which he enters the field and, hiding behind a stump to leeward of her customary line of approach, awaits her coming. As, on evil deeds intent, she steals cautiously from the cover of the woods, her faded, ragged, whitey-yellow fur is in sorry contrast with the beauty of her dress, when days were cold and cares were light. The farmer imitates the squeak of a mouse. The sound, though slight, catches her ear at once, and she draws nearer and nearer the stump from which it

proceeds, stopping frequently to listen, with cocked head, till, when within short range she is cut down by a heavy charge.

In his first days, the merino lamb is one of the homeliest of young things, pink-nosed, lean, wrinkled and lop-eared, and stumbling about in uncertain fashion on its clumsy, sprawling legs. But a month or six weeks of life give him prettiness enough to make amends for the ugliness of his early infancy. There is no prettier sight to be seen on the farm than a party of them at play, toward the close of the day, running in a crowd at the top of their speed from one knoll to another, then frisking a moment in graceful gambols, and then scampering back again, while the staid matrons of the flock look on in apparent wonder at their antic sport.

When the ditches are dark green with young marsh marigolds, "good for greens," it is a pleasant outing on a warm day, for goodwife and children to go picking "cow-slips," as they are sure to call them.

A thousand banished birds have come to their own again. The creak and twitter of the well-beloved swallows echo through the half-empty barn. Robins and phebes have built their nests; the advance guard of bobolinks are rollicking in the meadows where the meadow-lark pertly walks, his conspicuous yellows and black breast belying his long-drawn "can't-see me." Orioles flash among the elm branches where they are weaving their pensile nests. The purple linnet showers his song from the tree-top, and far and clear from the upland pasture comes the wailing cry of the plover. Chickadee has gone to make his summer home in woods whose purple gray is sprinkled now with golden green, and where bath-flowers are blooming and tender shoots are pushing up through the matted leaves of last year.

The hickory has given the sign for corn-planting, for its leaves are as large as a squirrel's ear (some say, a squirrel's foot). This important labor having been performed, the grotesque scare-crow is set at his post, or glittering tins or twine festooned from stake to stake, do duty in his stead.

Now there comes a little lull in work betwixt planting and hoeing during which boys and hired men assert their right, established by ancient usage, to take a day to go a-fishing. Those whose country is blessed with such streams of liquid crystal steal with careful steps along some trout-brook whose braided current washes mossy root-woven banks, in old woods, gurgling over pebbly

beds and plashing down lichenized rocks into pools where the wary trout lurks under the foam bells, or slips through alder copes into meadows where it winds almost hidden by the rank grass that overhangs its narrow course.

Our rustic angler uses no nice skill in playing or landing his fish, but having him well hooked, jerks him forth by main strength of arm, and clumsy pole and line, with a force that sends him, whether he be perch or bull-pout, or by lucky chance, pike-perch or bass, in a curving flight high overhead, and walloping with a resounding thud on the grass far behind his captor.

Perhaps all hands go to the nearest seining ground, and, buying a haul, stand an eager group on the sandy beach, joking feebly while they nervously wait and watch the rippling curve of floats as the net comes sweeping slowly in, bringing, may be, for their half dollar, only a few worthless clams and sunfish, or, if fortune favors, may be a floundering crowd of big fish, which, strung on a tough twig, they carry home rejoicing.

The housewife's fowls are conspicuous objects now about the farm-house,—the anxious, fussy hens, full of solicitude for their broods, some, well grown, straying widely from the coop in adventurous explorations, or in awkward pursuit of insects; some, little balls of down, keeping near the home threshold and mindful of the maternal call, while Chanticleer saunters proudly among his wives and children with no care but to keep an eye out for those swooping pirates, the hawks. The ducks waddle away in Indian file to the pond which they share with the geese; and the turkeys, silliest of fowls, wander far and wide, an easy prey to fox or hawk.

Night and morning a persuasive call, "Boss! boss! boss!" invites the calves—those soft-eyed, sleek-coated, beautiful idiots—to the feeding stanchion in the corner of their paddock, where they receive their rations of "skim" milk and then solace themselves with each other's ears for the lost maternal udders.

In the placid faces of their mothers, as they come swinging homeward from the pasture, there is no sign of bereavement, nor of its lightest recollection. Happy beasts whose pangs of sorrow kindly nature so quickly heals!

In the last of the blossom-freighted days of May, is one that each year grows dearer to us. There is scarcely a grave-yard among our hills but has its little flag, guarding, in

sun and shower, the grave of some soldier. Hither come farmers and villagers with evergreens and flowers, no one so thoughtless that he does not bring a spray of plumblossoms or cluster of lilacs, no child so poor, that it does not bear bunches of violets and dandelions, while the mothers rob the cherished home plants of their bloom, and girls bring all the flowers of the wood.

Far more touching than the long processions that with music and flags and floral chariot wind through the great cemeteries of our cities, are the simple rites of the small scattered groups of country folks who come to deck with humble flowers the resting-place of the soldier, who was neighbor or brother or comrade. While the garlands yet are fresh and fragrant on the graves, spring blossoms into the perfect days of June.

He who now braves the onslaughts of the bloodthirsty mosquito in the leafy fastnesses of the June woods, will see, not so many birds as he may expect to, judging from the throngs in fields and orchards, but many of those he does see will be unknown to him if he has not the lore of the ornithologist and a sharp eye and ear to boot. However, he will meet old acquaintances, his little friends the chickadees and the nut-hatches, the commoner woodpeckers and the yellow-bellied, perhaps. The jays will scold him and the crows make a pother overhead if he chances in the neighborhood of their nests, and, likely enough, he will see fluttering and skulking before him a brown something,—is it beast or bird?—and some nimble balls of brown and yellow down disappearing under the green leaves of this year or the dead ones of last, at his very feet, which, after the first moment of surprise, he knows are a hen-partridge and her young. Tracing an unmistakable half-harsh note to a tree-top he sees the red-hot glow of a scarlet tanager and knows that his du"—en mate is not far off.

Led by the sound of ax-strokes, falling quicker and not so strongly as those of the wood-chopper, he breasts the tangle of broad-leaved hobble bush and the clustered bloom of cornels and comes upon a man busy with ax and spade peeling the hemlock logs cut last winter; some shining in the "chopping" in the whiteness of their fresh nakedness, their ancient vestments set up against them to dry; others still clad in the furrowed bark, drilled by the beaks of a thousand woodpeckers and scratched by the claws of numberless generations of squirrels. It is one of Nature's mysteries that

these prostrate trunks should feel the thrill of her renewed life and their sap flow again for a little while through the severed ducts. If the hand that now strips them were the same that hewed them down, one might believe the blood of these dead trees started afresh at the touch of their murderer.

During the "breathing spell" which comes between the finishing of spring's and the beginning of summer's work on the farm, the path-master warns out the farmers to the performance of the farce termed by stretch of courtesy, road-mending, which is played regularly twice a year, when all hands turn out with teams, plows, scrapers and wagons, spades, shovels and hoes and make good roads bad and bad roads worse. It is fortunate for those who travel much upon the highways that these road-menders do so little, playing at work for a short time, then stopping, leaning on plow handle or spade to hold grave consultation concerning the ways of doing some part of their task, or gathering about the water-jug in the shade of a way-side tree, and spending an unconscionable time in quenching their thirst and lighting their pipes and joking or discussing some matter of neighborhood gossip.

But the young corn is showing in rows of green across the dark mold that the time for the first hoeing has come. The long-suffering boy bestrides old Dobbin and guides him between the rows while he drags back and forth the plow or cultivator, held, most likely, by one too apt to blame the boy for every misstep of the horse which crushes beyond resurrection a hill of corn. It is my opinion that to this first odious compulsory equitation entailed upon the boys of my generation is due the falling into disuse of equestrianism in New England. Who, that had ever ridden a horse at snail's pace among the corn-rows in the lazy days of early summer when he *knew* he ought to be catching the fish or hunting the birds' nests he was dreaming of, instead of being a clothes-pin to the thin blanket on Dobbin's sharp back and the mark of the sharper tongue of the plow-holder, would ever again of his own free will mount a horse? I can speak for one. Happily this particular boy-torture has gone out of fashion and in the tillage of hoed crops as in hay-making the horse is guided by the man who cultivates or rakes. After this trio, man, boy and horse, come the hoers cutting away at the everlasting and ever present weeds, and stirring and mellowing the soil of the corn or potato hills.

It is likely enough to happen about these days, that a farmer, having set about the building of a barn and the carpenter having got the frame ready for setting up, invites his neighbors to a "raising," one of the few "bees" remaining of those so common and frequent in the earlier days of inter-dependence. The young and able-bodied are promptly on hand, and vie with one another in deeds of strength and daring, while the old men, exempt from the warfare of life, sit apart on a pile of rafters or sleepers, anon giving sage advice, recounting their youthful exploits, and contrasting the past with the present; seldom, albeit, to the great honor of modern times or men. The labor ended, cakes, pies, cheese and cider are served, and these comfortably disposed of, the jolly company disperse.

One kind of "bee," as these gatherings for mutual help are called, which has only lately gone out with the oxen, who were the chief actors in it, was the "drawing bee." A farmer, having cause to change the site of a barn or other structure, would, with the carpenter's help, usually in early spring but sometimes in the fall, get runners under his building. These were long timbers of something more than the building's length, cut with an upward slope at the forward end. Having properly braced the inside of his barn, to withstand the rack of transportation, all his oxen-owing neighbors were bidden to his aid. The yokes of oxen were hitched in two "strings," one to each runner, and, all being ready, were started off at the word of command, amid a clamor of "whoahush!" "whoahaw!" and "gee!" addressed to the Bucks, Broads, Stars, Brindles and Brights, who were the motive power, the creaking of the racked frame and the shrill shouts of the boys, without whose presence nothing of such moment ever is, if it ever could be, done.

The barn being safely set in its new place, the bee ended in feasting and jollification. Now that oxen have become so scarce, it would need the mustering of a whole county to provide the necessary force. In the old times, there were also "logging bees," and others, which have fallen into disuse.

After hoeing, the deluge—for the sheep; for they must be washed preparatory to shearing, which important event in theirs and farm life now draws near. In some pool of a stream, or sheltered cove of a pond or lake, where the water is hip-deep, or under the outpouring stream from a tapped mill-flume, or the farmer's own pond made

for this especial purpose, they suffer this cleansing.

Huddled in a pen, they are taken by the catcher as called for and carried to the washers, and passing from their hands, stagger, water-logged and woe-begone up the bank to rejoin their dripping comrades, and doubtless pass the hours while their fleeces are drying in mutual condolence over man's inhumanity to sheep.

Within a fortnight or so after this comes the shearing. The farmer engages the service of as many as he needs of his neighbors and their sons as are skillful shearers. The barn floor and its overhanging scaffolds are carefully swept. The skies are watched for the day and night preceding the first day of shearing, lest a sudden shower should wet the sheep, which, if so threatened, must be got to the shelter of the barn. If this forethought has not been needed in the early morning of the great day, all the available force is mustered, such farm-hands as can be spared from the milking, the boys roused from their morning nap, and some helpful, timely coming shearers, to get the sheep home from the pastures. Them the sun salutes with his first rays as they encompass the sheep on the dry knoll where they have slept, and call and drive them homeward across the pasture and through the lane to the barn-yard.

Who shall tell the waywardness of sheep! How they will come to one when not called nor wanted, but will flee from the caller when wanted as if he were a ravaging wolf: how they will peer suspiciously at the gap or gate-way through which they should go, as if on the thither side were lurking dire perils, or how they will utterly ignore it and race past it at headlong speed, unheeding the shaking of salt-dish and the most persuasive "cadaay," and how surely they will discover the smallest break in a fence through which they should not go, and go scrambling through it, or over a wall, pell-mell, like a charging squadron of horse, as, if not possessed with the devil himself, possessed, at least, with the fear that he, or something more terrible than he, to ovine imagination, will surely take the hindmost. But the patience with which they endure shearing is a virtue which covers many of their sins. Seldom struggling much, though they are held continually in unnatural positions, on the side with the neck under the shearer's knee, or on the rump with the neck bent over his knee or pilloried between his legs. Surely the sheep was

made to be shorn. Fancy any other domestic animal undergoing the process. What comes of pig-shearing is proverbial.

From the barn, so silent since foddering ended, issues now a medley of sounds,—the loud bleating of the ewes, in tones as various as human voices and the higher pitched lamentations of the lambs, bewailing their short separation, the castanet-like click of the shears, loud jests and merry laughter, the outcry of the alarmed swallows, cleaving the upper darkness of the ridge, where within feather-lined mud walls their treasures lie.

Ranged along the floor, each in his allotted place, are the three, four, or half dozen or more shearers, bending each over his sheep, which, under his skillful hand, shrinks rapidly from umber plumpness to creamy-white thinness, undergoing a change so great, that, when released, she goes leaping forth into the yard, her own lamb hardly knows her. At his table, with a great reel of twine at his elbow, is the tyer, making each fleece into a compact bundle. At the stable-door is the alert catcher, ready with an unshorn sheep as each shorn one is let go; and these, with a boy to pick up scattered locks, constitute the working force.

Neighbors drop in to lounge an hour away in the jolly company, to take a pull at the cider pitcher, or engage shearers for their own shearing. The wool-buyer makes his rounds, and the boys come to see the shearing, to get in everybody's way, and beg cuts of sheep-twine. The farm-house affords its best for the shearing dinner, which has long been an honored festival in New England.

But the cheap wool-growing of the great West has well-nigh put an end to this industry here. Flocks have become few and small, and herds of Alderneys or short-horns feed where formerly great flocks of merinos nibbled the clover. Shepherds have turned dairymen. Those who practice the shearers' craft year by year become scarcer, and the day seems not far off when this once great event of our year will live only in the memory of old men.

The silvery green of the rye-fields, and the darker green of the winter wheat, and the purple bloom of the herds' grass, grow billowy under the soft winds of July with waves that bear presage of harvesting and hay-making.

In fields red and white with clover and daisy, the strawberries have ripened, and have drawn a flavor, the essence of wildness, from the free clouds that shadowed

them, from the songs of the bobolinks and meadow-larks that hovered over them, from bumble-bee and skimming swallow, from the near presence of the nightly prowling fox,—a flavor that no garden fruit possesses. To pick these is not so much a labor as a pastime for the women and children who go out to gather them under such blue skies and amid such bloom of clover, daisy, and buttercup, and sung to so cheerily by the jolly bobolink.

About the Fourth of July haying begins. The rank growth about the barns is hand-mowed, and the mowing-machine is trundled out from its rusting idleness, and, being tinkered into readiness, goes jingling and clattering afield, where, having fairly got at its work, it gnaws down with untiring tooth its eight or ten acres a day. The incessant unmodulated "chirr" of this modern innovator has almost banished the ancient music of the whetted scythe, a sound that for centuries had been as much a part of hay-making as the fragrance of the new-mown hay. But its musical voice cannot save it. The old scythe must go, and we cannot deny that the noisy usurper is a blessing to us all in lightening labor, and, not least among us, to the boy, for whom I cherish a kindly feeling, and for any softening of whose lot I am thankful.

In the days before mowing-machines, hordes of Canadian French swarmed over the borders to work in haying, in crews of two or three, jiggling southward in their rude carts, drawn by tough, shaggy little ponies. They were doughty workmen in the field and at the table; merry-hearted and honest fellows, too; for, when they departed, they seldom took, beside their wages, more than a farming tool or two, or the sheets from their beds, doubtless as mementos of their sojourn in the States. But the Batistes, and Antoines, and innumerable Joes and Pierres bide on their own arpens now all the summer through and come to us no more. If we miss them, with their baggy trowsers and gay sashes, the shuffle of their moccasined feet and their sonorous songs that had always a touch of pathos in them, we do not mourn for them.

As the cut grass dries under the down-right beams of the summer sun and becomes ready for the raking, the windrows (always "winrows," here) lengthen along the shaven sward as the horse-rake goes back and forth across the meadow, and the workmen following with forks soon dot the fields with cocks, if the hay is to wait to-morrow's

drawing, or with less careful tumbles if it goes to barn or stack to-day.

Now the wagon comes surmounted by its rattling "hay-riggin'," with the legs of the pitcher and the unfortunate who "mows away" and "rakes after," dangling over its side, and the man who loads, the captain, pilot and stevedore of this craft, standing forward driving his horses, for the oxen and cart, too slow for these hurrying times, have lumbered into the past. The stalwart pitcher upheaves the great forkfuls, skillfully bestowed by the loader, till they have grown into a load which moves off with ponderous stateliness across the meadow to the stack or barn. Seen from astern as it sways and heaves along its way, one might fancy it an enormous elephant with a Yankee mahout on its back.

In the middle of the long afternoon is luncheon-time, when all hands gather in the shade of tree or stack or barn and fortify themselves with gingerbread and cheese. Showers interrupt, foreshadowed by pearly mountains of "thunder-heads" that uplift themselves above the more material mountains of earth which are soon veiled with the blue-black film of the coming rain, when there is bustle in the hay-field, rapid making of cocks that are no sooner made than blown over by the rain-gust, and drivers shouting to their teams hurrying to shelter with their loads. And days arrive when from morning till night the rain comes steadily down, stopping all out-door work. Then some go a-fishing or to lounge in the village store, or perhaps all gather in the barn to chat and joke and doze away the dull hours on the fragrant hay. Some harvesting intervenes and the cradles swing in the fields of rye and wheat with graceful sweep and musical ring. The binders follow and soon the yellow shocks are ranked along the field whence they go duly to the barn.

When the night-hawk circles through the evening sky, now uttering his harsh note, anon plunging downward with a sound like the twanging of the bass strings of some great instrument, and the August piper begins his shrill monotonous concert, and the long shadows crawl eastward across the meadows where the rusty-breasted robins are hopping in quest of supper, the toil-worn farmer looks forth upon his shaven sward with its shapely stacks all ridged and penned, and upon the yellow stubble of his shorn grain-fields and is glad that the fret and labor of haying and harvesting are over.

Soon the nights have a threat of frost in

their increasing chilliness; birds have done singing and there is the mournfulness of speedy departure in their short, business-like notes. The foam of the buckwheat fields, upborne on stems of crimson and gold, is flecked with pale green and brown kernels, inviting the cradler. The blonde tresses of the corn are grown dark; the yellow kernels begin to show through the parted husks and the cutting of this most beautiful of grains begins. The small forest of maize becomes an Indian village whose wigwags are corn-shocks, in whose streets lie yellow pumpkins with their dark vines trailing among the pigeon-grass and weeds. The pumpkin, New England's well-beloved and the golden crown of her Thanksgiving feast, might be her symbolic plant as Old England's rose and Scotland's thistle are theirs. How the adventurous vine, rough, prickly and somewhat coarse, even in its flowers, wanders forth from its parent hill, through bordering wilderness of after math and over Rocky Mountains of walls, overcoming all and bearing golden fruit afar off, yet always holding on to the old home, Yankee-like, and drawing its sap and life therefrom!

Whether or not the frost has come to blacken the leaves of the pumpkins, squashes and cucumbers, and hasten the ripening of the foliage, the trees are taking on the autumnal colors. The ash shows the first grape-bloom of its later purple, the butter-nut is blotched with yellow and the leaves of the hickory are turning to gold; and though the greenness of the oaks and some of the sugar-maples and elms still endures, the sumacs along the walls and the water-maples and pepperidges in the lowlands are red with the consuming fires of autumn. The yellow flame of the golden-rods has burned out and the paler lamps of the asters are lighted along the fences and wood-sides.

The apples are growing too heavy to hold longer to the parent branch and, with no warning but the click of intercepting leaves, tumble perhaps, on the head of some unprofitable dreamer even in practical New England. They are ready for gathering, and the Greenings, Northern-spies, Spitzenbergs, Russets, Pomeroy's and Tallman-sweets, and all whose virtues or pretensions have gained them a name, are plucked with the care befitting their honored rank and stored for winter use or market, while their plebeian kindred, the "common" or "natural" apples are unceremoniously beaten with poles or shaken from their scraggy, untrimmed boughs and tumbled into the box

of the farm-wagon to go lumbering off to the cider-mill. This, after its ten or eleven months of musty emptiness and idleness, has now awakened to a short season of bustle, of grinding and pressing and fullness of casks and heaped bins and the fragrance thereof. Wagons are unloading their freight of apples and empty barrels, and departing with full casks after the driver has tested the flavor and strength of the earliest made cider. And now at the cellar hatch-way of the farm-house, the boy and the new-come cider-barrel may be found in conjuncture with a rye straw for the connecting link.

The traveling thresher begins to make the round of the farms and establishes his machine on the barn floor, whence it belches forth, with resounding din, clouds of dust in which are seen dimly the forms of the workmen and the laboring horses climbing an unstable hill whose top they never reach. Out of the dust-cloud grows a stack of yellow straw alongside the gray barn, which it almost rivals in height and breadth when the threshing is ended.

About apple-picking time, and for a month or two after, "apple cuts," or "paring bees" used to be frequent, when all the young folks of a neighborhood were invited, never slighting the skilled parer with his machine. After some bushels of apples were peeled, quartered, cored and strung for drying, the kitchen was cleared of its rubbish of cores and skins, and after a feast of "nut-cakes," pumpkin pies and cider, the plays began to the tunes of "Come, Philander, le's be marchin'," "The needle's eye that doth supply the thread that runs so true," and "We're marchin' onwards towards Quebec where the drums are loud/y beatin'," or the fiddle or "Lisha's" song of "Tol-liddle, tol-liddle, tol-lo-day, do-day-hum, do-day-hum, tolli-day" set all feet to jigging "Twin Sisters," or "French four." These jolly gatherings, though by many years outliving the old-fashioned husking bee, have at last fallen into disuse and their hearty New England flavor is poorly supplied by the insipid sociables and abominable surprise parties that are now in vogue.

The husking bees, in which girls took a part, when a red ear was a coveted treasure, are remembered only by the old; but the rollicking parties of men that gathered to husk in the fields by moonlight, or firelight, or by lantern-light in the barns, that rang again with their songs and noisy mirth, held a notable place in our farm life till within a decade or two of years. But they,

too, have passed away, and husking has grown to be a humdrum, work-day labor, though not an unpleasant one, whether the spikes of gold are unsheathed in the field in the hazy warmth of an October day, or in the barn, when the fall rain is pattering on the roof and making brown puddles in the barn-yard. In these days the cows are apt to come late to the milking, for the cow-boy loiters by the way to fill his pocket with hickory-nuts, or crack a hatful of butternuts on the big stone, which, with some small ones for hammers, seem always to be set under every butternut-tree.

The turkeys wander far and wide, grass-hopper-hunting over the meadows, whereon the gossamer lies so thick that the afternoon sun casts a shimmering sunglade across them, and go nutting along the edge of the woods, where the slender fingers of the beeches are dropping their light burden of golden leaves and brown mast.

Long, straggling columns of crows are moving southward by leisurely aerial marches, and at night and morning the clamor of their noisy encampments disturbs the woods. Most of the summer birds have gone. A few robins, hopping silently among the tangle of wild grape-vines, and flocks of yellow-birds, clad now in sober garments and uttering melancholy notes as they glean the seeds of the frost-bitten hemp, are almost the only ones left. There are no songs of birds now, nor any flowers, but here and there in the pastures an untimely blooming dandelion; and in the almost leafless woods the pink blossoms of herb-robert and the pale yellow flowers of the witch-hazel.

The last potato is dug and stored, the buckwheat drawn and threshed, the last pumpkin housed, and the cattle have begun to receive their daily allowance of corn-fodder. People begin to feel a pride in the increasing cold, and compare weather notes and speculate and prophesy concerning the coming of winter. The old farm-house is made ready for winter. Its foundations are again re-enforced with banking, its outside windows and storm-doors are set on their long guard of the winter weather, and all the sons and daughters of the old house have gathered from far and near to hold the New England (now the national) feast of Thanksgiving, and have dispersed. The last wedge of wild geese has cloven the cold sky. There is a wintry roar in the wind-swept hills, and as the first snow-flakes and the last sere leaves come eddying down together our year of farm life ends.

THE PURITAN'S GUEST.

I.

THE house stood back from the old Bay Road
That wound through Sudbury town;
Before it a brawling streamlet flowed;
Behind it the woods shut down.

Dwelt there the Puritan, good John Guye,
With the daughters God had given,—
Three beautiful maidens fair and shy,
Whose mother was in heaven.

And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.

And horsemen, riding along that way,
Drank at the household spring,
And asked of the maids the time o' day,
Or brought them news of the King.

It seemed like a glimpse of heaven to see,
In sun and storm the same,
These three fair maidens at windows three
To the riders who went and came.

It seemed like an hour in heaven to sit,
When the winter wind blew hoarse,
And watch these diligent maidens knit,
And hear John Guye's discourse.

If love was lighted, ah, who may say!—
It was centuries ago;—
And maids were the same in the olden day
That they are now, I trow.

And who shall wonder, or who condemn—
For their life had scanty zest—
If dangerous fancies came to them,
As the men rode east and west?

Guye ruled his house by the olden law,
And he knew the heart of a maid;
And, watching with godly care, he saw
What made his soul afraid!

For smiles shone up from the saucy lips
That drank at the household spring,
And kisses were tossed from finger-tips
With the tidings of the King.

And the eyes that should have flamed with fire,
And spurned these gallant arts,
Grew soft and sad with a strange desire,
Over tender and troubled hearts.



"FOR SMILES SHONE UP FROM THE SAUCY LIPS."

"Ah God!" groaned the Puritan, good John Guye,
 "That such a woe can be!—
 That their mother should be in heaven, and I
 Should be left with daughters three!"

(And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
 And one was queenly Prue;
 And one was Hope with the golden hair;
 And the eyes of all were blue.)

II.

From the bitter sea it had blown all day,
 And the night came hurrying down;
 And snow from a sky all cold and gray
 Was whitening Sudbury town.

The chimney roared like an angry beast,
 With eyes and tongues of fire,
 And the crazy windows facing east
 Shook in the tempest's ire.

The sleety snow fell heavy and fast;
 It beat on the roof like rain;
 And the forest hurtled beneath the blast
 Of the dreadful hurricane!

The autumn leaves that had flown all day,
 In wild and scurrying flocks,
 Were pelted down by the hail, and lay
 Huddled among the rocks.

"'Tis a fearful storm!" said good John Guye,
As he looked at his daughters three;
"And the riders abroad to-night must die;
And many such there be!"

Their cheeks grew pale in the ruddy blaze
With what their ears had heard,
And they looked in the fire with grieved amaze;
But they could not speak a word.

(And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.)

'Twas an owl flew hooting out of the trees,
In a lull of the tempest's wrath;
And caught mid-air by the crafty breeze,
He wrestled for his path.

He wrestled long, but he strove in vain
With the fierce and blinding gloom;
He was shot like a bolt through the window-pane,
And a great gust filled the room.

They sprang to their feet in sharp affright,
But still no word they said,
As they stopped the window from the night;
And the great white bird lay dead!

"'Tis a fearful storm!" said good John Guye;
"Heaven help all those abroad!
For the men who ride, and the birds that fly,
Let us kneel and pray to God!"

But while they knelt, and the hoary saint
Groaned with the stress of prayer,
They heard from a wanderer, far and faint,
A shriek of wild despair.

"Thank God!" said the Puritan, rising straight;
"Thank God, my daughters three,
That the answer of heaven does not wait,
And my guest has come to me!"

He flung to the wall the oaken door;
He passed it with a bound;
And plunging into the darkness frore,
He listened along the ground.

Prone on the path he found his guest;
His hair was streaming wild;
Guye lifted him to his mighty breast
As he had been a child.

The maidens three peered into the storm;
It smote their brows like death;
They saw their father's stalwart form;
They heard his struggling breath.

(And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.)

They laid the stranger before the flame.
They nursed him till he stirred,—
Till he opened his eyes, and spoke a name!—
'Twas a woman's name they heard!

They nursed him long with tender care,
The while he moaned and wept;
He wakened anon to breathe a prayer,
And anon he sank and slept.

The ghostly shade of a man he seemed;
His teeth were white as milk;
And the long white curls on his forehead gleamed
Like skeins of tangled silk.

His eyes peered out with an eerie stare,—
They were wondrous deep and large,—
And they looked like mountain tarns aglare
Beneath their beetling marge!

He rose straight up from his lowly bed;
He looked at the maidens three;
"I have lost my wits, you see," he said;
"I have lost my wits," said he.

Each maid bowed low as he gazed at her,
In the sweet, old-fashioned way;
For they guessed that he was a minister
From the Massachusetts Bay.

(And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.)

He looked above and he looked around;
With fear their bosoms beat;
He looked till the lifeless bird he found,
And he lifted it by its feet.

He lifted it in his tender hands;
He nursed it on his breast;
"Oh God!" he groaned, "in what strange lands
Does my own dear birdling rest!"

He sang to the bird a thin, old tune;
It quavered like a rill
That, leaping the leafy steps of June,
Goes purling at its will.

He smoothed the feathers upon its neck
With his fingers pale and fine:
"She was white as thee, thou snowy wreck,
But her fate is worse than thine!"

And then he wept like a silly child,
And the maidens wept around;
For they doubted his wits had wandered wild
And his heart had a cruel wound.

"Prythee tell thy tale"—the voice was Guye's—
"If thou hast tale to tell;"
The Puritan brushed his blinded eyes,
And the maidens hearkened well.

They leaned to list to the tale accursed;
He leaned to their eyes, and said:
"I think, 'twas a little hair at first,—
A hair from her lover's head!"

"It came in a gift of mignonette,
And many a dainty bloom
Of briar and pink and violet,
Whose perfume filled her room.

"She nourished it under the nightly dew,
She fed it from her soul;
And it grew and grew, until she knew
That a viper was in the bowl!"

"She nourished it through the evening hours;
She watched it day by day;
She nourished it till the withered flowers
Were culled and thrown away.

"She cherished it with a tender smile;
She touched it without fear;
And I marveled much that a thing so vile
Should be to her so dear.

"'Oh Hester, Hester! my daughter sweet!
The viper will work you harm!'
But she trod my warning beneath her feet,
And courted the awful charm.

"'Oh father, father! I may not scorn
A creature that love hath made;
For never was life so sweetly born,
And I cannot be afraid.

"'Oh, look at its glittering eyes!' she said;
'They shine on me like stars!
And look at its dapples, so green and red,
And the sidelong, golden bars!"

"'Was ever a creature brave as this
By mortal maiden found?'
The serpent raised his head with a hiss,
And merrily swam around!

"She laughed so loud, so long she laughed,
That I could nought but groan;
For I knew my child was going daft
With the charm about her thrown.



"SHE NOURISHED IT THROUGH THE EVENING HOURS."

"The bowl was strait for the noisome thing,
And it lengthened more and more,
Till it leaped, and lay in a mottled ring
Upon her chamber floor!

"All wonderful hues the rainbow knows
Gleamed forth from its scaly skin,
And up from the center its crest arose,
And the tongue shot out and in!

"The moon was shining: I could not sleep:
I clomb the silent stairs:
I sought her door in the midnight deep,
And I caught her unawares!

"Fair as a lily she lay at rest
In a flood of the ghostly sheen;
Fair as twin lilies her virgin breast,
And the serpent lay between!"

Each maid rose shivering like a reed;
They stopped their ears with dread:
"Oh sir, thou has lost thy wits, indeed!—
Thou has lost thy wits!" they said.

(And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.)

He smote them down with a look of woe!
"I shouted and shrieked amain!
It startled back like a bended bow,
And slid from the counterpane!

"Oh Hester, Hester! how dare you lie
With the thing upon your breast!"
And I waited to hear what mad reply
Should break from the serpent's nest!

"Oh father dear! why come you here?"—
She did not start or scream;
'The moon shines bright this time o' the year;
I was dreaming a pleasant dream.'

"I answered her not; I turned around;
I staggered to my bed;
And there I sank in a fearful swoond,
And lay as I were dead.

"But daily ever the monster grew,
And lengthened hour by hour,
And lazily gloated as if it knew
It held her in its power!

"It quivered in every golden flake,
And grew in such degree,
That it seemed the snake which the moonbeams make,
Crawling across the sea.

"A silken fillet, a cord, a rope,
A Monster, a Thing of Doom,
It sucked the air of its life and hope,
And crowded the tainted room.

"The midnight hour came round again;
The clock ticked like a bell;
And I heard through all my burning brain
The sound of a deed of hell!

"It wreathed its coils around her frame;
It lifted her in the air;
And I heard the dragon as it came
Slow creeping down the stair!

"It touched the latch, the door swung back;
It leaped the creaking sill;
My head was split by a thunder-crack,
And then the world was still!

"I could not move, I could not cry,
But I knew my child was gone;
Like a stone in the ground I seemed to lie,
While the clock ticked on and on!

Out into the night they fled away—
Out from the gaping door—
And the morning came with another day,
But she came nevermore!

"But I saw it once! It reared its crest
Where the sunset clouds were piled;
And I swear to Christ I will travel west
Till I kiss once more my child!"

III.

The owl dropped out of his fainting hold,
His head fell back aghast;
"Ah God!" shrieked the maidens, "thy tale is told,
And we fear thy soul hath passed."

Guy lifted him in his arms amain;
He bore him to his bed;
And the dear Lord eased him of his pain;
In the midnight he was dead!

The storm grew weary along its path,
The room was still and warm;
But a storm arose of fiercer wrath
Within each maiden's form.

It burst in bitterest tears and sighs;
It shook them with its grief;
They could not look in their father's eyes;
They could not find relief.

They left the dead in the flickering gloom
They sought their chamber door;
And they fearfully scanned the wintry room
For the form their fancies bore.

They looked full long but did not find
That monstrous form of Sin;
(Yet a viper may lodge in a maiden's mind)
And then they looked within.

All doubtful shapes in hiding there
They killed in God's pure sight,
And they swept their penitent souls with prayer
That wild December night.

And when they woke on the morrow morn,
They worshiped—kneeling low—
And their souls were sweet as the day new-born,
And white as the drifted snow!

And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.



LONGSTAFF'S MARRIAGE.

FORTY years ago that traditional and anecdotal liberty of young American women, which is notoriously the envy of their foreign sisters, was not so firmly established as at the present hour; yet it was sufficiently recognized to make it no scandal that so pretty a girl as Diana Belfield should start for the grand tour of Europe under no more imposing protection than that of her cousin and intimate friend, Miss Agatha Gosling. She had, from the European point of view, beauty enough to make her enterprise perilous—the beauty foreshadowed in her name, which might have been given her in prevision of her tall, light figure, her nobly poised head, weighted with a coronal of auburn braids, her frank quick glance and her rapid gliding step. She used often to walk about with a big dog who had the habit of bounding at her side and tossing his head against her outstretched hand; and she had, moreover, a trick of carrying her long parasol always folded, for she was not afraid of the sunshine, across her shoulder, in the fashion of a soldier's musket on a march. Thus equipped, she looked wonderfully like that charming antique statue of the goddess of the chase which we encounter in various replicas in half the museums of the world. You half expected to see a sandal-shod foot peep out beneath her fluttering robe. It was with this tread of the wakeful huntress that she stepped upon the old sailing-vessel which was to bear her to the lands she had dreamed of. Behind her, with a great many shawls and satchels, came her little kinswoman, with quite another *démarche*. Agatha Gosling was not a beauty but she was the most judicious and most devoted of companions. These two persons had come together on the death of Diana's mother and the taking possession by the young lady of her patrimony. The first use she made of her inheritance was to divide it with Agatha, who had not a penny of her own; the next was to purchase a letter of credit upon a European banker. The cousins had contracted a classical friendship,—they had determined to be sufficient to each other, like the Ladies of Llangollen. Only, though their friendship was exclusive, their Llangollen was to be comprehensive. They would tread the pavements of historic cities and stand in

the colored light-shafts of Gothic cathedrals, wander on tinkling mules through mountain-gorges and sit among dark-eyed peasants by southern seas. It may seem singular that a beautiful girl with a pretty fortune should have been left to seek the supreme satisfaction of life in friendship tempered by sight-seeing; but Diana herself considered this pastime no beggarly alternative. Though she never told it herself, her biographer may do so; she had had, in vulgar parlance, a hundred offers. To say that she had declined them is to say too little; she had really scorned them. They had come from honorable and amiable men, and it was not her suitors in themselves that she disrelished; it was simply the idea of marrying. She found it insupportable: a fact which completes her analogy with the mythic divinity to whom I have likened her. She was passionately single, fiercely virginal; and in the straight-glancing gray eye which provoked men to admire, there was a certain silvery ray which forbade them to hope. The fabled Diana took a fancy to a beautiful shepherd, but the real one had not yet found, sleeping or waking, her Endymion.

Thanks to this defensive eyebeam, the dangerous side of our heroine's enterprise was slow to define itself; thanks, too, to the exquisite decency of her companion. Agatha Gosling had an almost Quakerish purity and dignity; a bristling dragon could not have been a better safeguard than this glossy, gray-breasted dove. Money, too, is a protection, and Diana had enough to purchase privacy. She traveled extensively, and saw all the churches and pictures, the castles and cottages included in the list which had been drawn up by the two friends in evening talks, at home, between two wax candles. In the evening they used to read aloud to each other from "Corinne" and "Childe Harold," and they kept a diary in common, at which they "collaborated," like French playwrights, and which was studded with quotations from the authors I have mentioned. This lasted a year, at the end of which they found themselves a trifle weary. A snug posting-carriage was a delightful habitation, but looking at miles of pictures was very fatiguing to the back. Buying souvenirs and trinkets under foreign arcades was a most absorbing occupation;

but inns were dreadfully apt to be draughty, and bottles of hot water, for application to the feet, had a disagreeable way of growing lukewarm. For these and other reasons our heroines determined to take a winter's rest, and for this purpose they betook themselves to the charming town of Nice, which was then but in the infancy of its fame. It was simply one of the hundred hamlets of the Riviera,—a place where the blue waves broke on an almost empty strand, and the olive-trees sprouted at the doors of the inns. In those days Nice was Italian, and the "Promenade des Anglais" existed only in an embryonic form. Exist, however, it did, practically, and British invalids, in moderate numbers, might have been seen taking the January sunshine beneath London umbrellas, before the many-twinkling sea. Our young Americans quietly took their place in this harmless society. They drove along the coast, through the strange, dark, huddled fishing-villages, and they rode on donkeys among the bosky hills. They painted in water-colors and hired a piano; they subscribed to the circulating library and took lessons in the language of Silvio Pellico from an old lady with very fine eyes, who wore an enormous brooch of cracked malachite, and gave herself out as the widow of a Roman exile.

They used to go and sit by the sea, each provided with a volume from the circulating library; but they never did much with their books. The sunshine made the page too dazzling, and the people who strolled up and down before them were more entertaining than the ladies and gentlemen in the novels. They looked at them constantly from under their umbrellas; they learned to know them all by sight. Many of their fellow-visitors were invalids,—mild, slow-moving consumptives. But that women enjoy the exercise of pity, I should have said that these pale promenaders were a saddening spectacle. In several of them, however, our friends took a personal interest; they watched them from day to day; they noticed their changing color; they had their ideas about who was getting better and who was getting worse. They did little, however, in the way of making acquaintances,—partly because consumptive people are no great talkers, and partly because this was also Diana's disposition. She said to her friend that they had not come to Europe to pay morning-calls; they had left their best bonnets and card-cases behind them. At the bottom of her reserve was the apprehension

that she should be "admired;" which was not fatuity, but simply an inference based upon uncomfortable experience. She had seen in Europe, for the first time, certain horrid men,—polished adventurers, with offensive looks and mercenary thoughts; and she had a wholesome fear that one of these gentlemen might approach her through some accidental breach in her reserve. Agatha Gosling, who had neither in reminiscence nor in prospect the same reasons for being on the defensive, would have been glad to extend the circle of her intimacy, and would even have consented to put on a best bonnet for the purpose. But she had to content herself with an occasional murmur of small talk, on a bench before the sea, with two or three English ladies of the botanizing class; jovial little spinsters who wore stout boots, gauntlets, and "uglies," and in pursuit of wayside flowers scrambled into places where the first-mentioned articles were uncompromisingly visible. For the rest, Agatha contented herself with spinning suppositions about the people she never spoke to. She framed a great deal of hypothetical gossip, invented theories and explanations,—generally of the most charitable quality. Her companion took no part in these harmless devisings, except to listen to them with an indolent smile. She seldom honored her fellow-mortals with finding apologies for them, and if they wished her to read their history, they must write it out in the largest letters.

There was one person at Nice upon whose biography, if it had been laid before her in this fashion, she probably would have bestowed a certain amount of attention. Agatha had noticed the gentleman first; or Agatha, at least, had first spoken of him. He was young and he looked interesting; Agatha had indulged in a good deal of wondering as to whether or no he belonged to the invalid category. She preferred to believe that one of his lungs was "affected"; it certainly made him more interesting. He used to stroll about by himself and sit for a long time in the sun, with a book peeping out of his pocket. This book he never opened; he was always staring at the sea. I say always, but my phrase demands an immediate modification; he looked at the sea whenever he was not looking at Diana Belfield. He was tall and fair, slight, and, as Agatha Gosling said, aristocratic-looking. He dressed with a certain careless elegance, which Agatha deemed picturesque; she declared one day that he reminded her of a

love-sick prince. She learned eventually from one of the botanizing spinsters that he was not a prince, that he was simply an English gentleman, Mr. Reginald Longstaff. There remained the possibility that he was love-sick; but this point could not be so easily settled. Agatha's informant had assured her, however, that if they were not princes, the Longstuffs, who came from a part of the country in which she had visited, and owned great estates there, had a pedigree which many princes might envy. It was one of the oldest and the best of English names; they were one of the innumerable untitled country families who held their heads as high as the highest. This poor Mr. Longstaff was a beautiful specimen of a young English gentleman; he looked so gentle, yet so brave; so modest, yet so cultivated! The ladies spoke of him habitually as "poor" Mr. Longstaff, for they now took for granted there was something the matter with him. At last Agatha Gosling discovered what it was, and made a solemn proclamation of the same. The matter with poor Mr. Longstaff was simply that he was in love with Diana! It was certainly natural to suppose he was in love with some one, and, as Agatha said, it could not possibly be with herself. Mr. Longstaff was pale, with crumpled locks; he never spoke to any one; he was evidently preoccupied, and this mild, candid face was a sufficient proof that the weight on his heart was not a bad conscience. What could it be, then, but an unrequited passion? It was, however, equally pertinent to inquire why Mr. Longstaff took no steps to bring about a requital.

"Why in the world does he not ask to be introduced to you?" Agatha Gosling demanded of her companion.

Diana replied, quite without eagerness, that it was plainly because he had nothing to say to her, and she declared with a trifle more emphasis that she was incapable of furnishing him a topic of conversation. She added that she thought they had gossiped enough about the poor man, and that if by any chance he should have the bad taste to speak to them, she should certainly go away and leave him alone with Miss Gosling. It is true, however, that at an earlier period, she had let fall the remark that he was quite the most "distinguished" person at Nice; and afterward, though she was never the first to allude to him, she had more than once let her companion pursue the theme for some time without reminding her of its futility. The one

person to whom Mr. Longstaff was observed to speak was an elderly man of foreign aspect who approached him occasionally in the most deferential manner, and whom Agatha Gosling supposed to be his servant. This individual was apparently an Italian; he had an obsequious attitude, a pair of grizzled whiskers, an insinuating smile. He seemed to come to Mr. Longstaff for orders; presently he went away to execute them, and Agatha noticed that on retiring, he always managed to pass in front of her companion, on whom he fixed his respectful but penetrating gaze. "He knows the secret," she always said, with gentle jocoseness; "he knows what is the matter with his master and he wants to see whether he approves of you. Old servants never want their masters to marry, and I think this worthy man is rather afraid of you. At any rate, the way he stares at you tells the whole story."

"Every one stares at me!" said Diana, wearily. "A cat may look at a king."

As the weeks went by, Agatha Gosling quite made up her mind that it *was* Mr. Longstaff's lungs. The poor young man's invalid character was now most apparent; he could hardly hold up his head or drag one foot after the other; his servant was always near him to give him an arm or to hand him an extra overcoat. No one, indeed, knew, with certainty, that he was consumptive; but Agatha agreed with the lady who had given the information about his pedigree, that this fact was in itself extremely suspicious; for, as the little Englishwoman forcibly remarked, unless he were ill, why should he make such a mystery of it? Consumption declaring itself in a young man of family and fortune was particularly sad; such people had often diplomatic reasons for pretending to enjoy excellent health. It kept the legacy-hunters and the hungry next-of-kin from worrying them to death. Agatha observed that this poor gentleman's last hours seemed likely to be only too lonely. She felt very much like offering to nurse him; for, being no relation, he could not accuse her of mercenary motives. From time to time he got up from the bench where he habitually sat, and strolled slowly past the two friends. Every time that he came near them, Agatha had a singular feeling,—a conviction that now he was really going to speak to them, in tones of the most solemn courtesy. She could not fancy him speaking otherwise. He began, at a distance, by fixing his grave, soft eyes on Diana, and, as

he advanced, you would have said that he was coming straight up to her with some tremulous compliment. But as he drew nearer, his intentness seemed to falter; he strolled more slowly, he looked away at the sea, and he passed in front of her without having the courage to let his eyes rest upon her. Then he passed back again in the same fashion, sank down upon his bench, fatigued apparently by his aimless stroll, and fell into a melancholy reverie. To enumerate these small incidents in his deportment is to give it a melodramatic cast which it was far from possessing; something in his manner saved it from the shadow of impertinence, and it may be affirmed that not a single idler on the sunny shore suspected his speechless "attentions."

"I wonder why it doesn't annoy us more that he should look at us so much," said Agatha Gosling, one day.

"That who should look at us?" asked Diana, not at all affectedly.

Agatha fixed her eyes for a moment on her friend, and then said gently:

"Mr. Longstaff. Now, don't say 'Who is Mr. Longstaff?'" she added.

"I have got to learn, really," said Diana, "that the person you appear to mean, does look at us. I have never caught him in the act."

"That is because whenever you turn your eyes toward him he looks away. He is afraid to meet them. But I see him."

These words were exchanged one day as the two friends sat as usual before the twinkling sea; and, beyond them, as usual, lounged Reginald Longstaff. Diana bent her head faintly forward and glanced toward him. He was looking full at her and their eyes met, apparently for the first time. Diana dropped her own upon her book again, and then, after a silence of some moments, "It does annoy me," she said. Presently she added that she would go home and write a letter, and, though she had never taken a step in Europe without having Agatha by her side, Miss Gosling now allowed her to depart unattended. "You won't mind going alone?" Agatha had asked. "It is but three minutes, you know."

Diana replied that she preferred to go alone, and she moved away, with her parasol over her shoulder.

Agatha Gosling had a particular reason for this rupture of their maidenly custom. She felt a strong conviction that if she were left alone, Mr. Longstaff would come and

speak to her and say something very important, and she deferred to this conviction without the sense of doing anything immodest. There was something solemn about it; it was a sort of presentiment; but it did not frighten her; it only made her feel very kind and appreciative. It is true that when at the end of ten minutes (they had seemed rather long), she saw him rise from his seat and slowly come toward her, she was conscious of a certain trepidation. Mr. Longstaff drew near; at last, he was close to her; he stopped and stood looking at her. She had averted her head, so as not to appear to expect him; but now she looked round again, and he very gravely lifted his hat.

"May I take the liberty of sitting down?" he asked.

Agatha bowed in silence, and, to make room for him, moved a blue shawl of Diana's, which was lying on the bench; he slowly sank into the place and then said very gently:

"I have ventured to speak to you, because I have something particular to say." His voice trembled and he was extremely pale. His eyes, which Agatha thought very handsome, had a remarkable expression.

"I am afraid you are ill," she said, with great kindness. "I have often noticed you and pitied you."

"I thought you did, a little," the young man answered. "That is why I made up my mind to speak to you."

"You are getting worse," said Agatha, softly.

"Yes, I am getting worse; I am dying. I am perfectly conscious of it; I have no illusions. I am weaker every day; I shall last but a few weeks." This was said very simply; sadly but not lugubriously.

But Agatha felt almost awe-stricken; there stirred in her heart a delicate sense of sisterhood with this beautiful young man who sat there and talked thus submissively of death.

"Can nothing be done?" she said.

He shook his head and smiled a little. "Nothing but to try and get what pleasure I can from this little remnant of life."

Though he smiled she felt that he was very serious; that he was, indeed, deeply agitated, and trying to master his emotion.

"I am afraid you get very little pleasure," Agatha rejoined. "You seem entirely alone."

"I am entirely alone. I have no family, —no near relations. I am absolutely alone."

Agatha rested her eyes on him compassionately, and then—

"You ought to have spoken to us," she said.

He sat looking at her; he had taken off his hat; he was slowly passing his hand over his forehead. "You see I do—at last!"

"You wanted to before?"

"Very often."

"I thought so!" said Agatha, with a candor which was in itself a dignity.

"But I couldn't," said Mr. Longstaff. "I never saw you alone."

Before she knew it Agatha was blushing a little; for, to the ear, simply, his words implied that it was to her only he would appeal for the pleasure he had coveted. But the next instant she had become conscious that what he meant was simply that he admired her companion so much that he was afraid of her, and that, daring to speak to herself, he thought her a much smaller and less interesting personage. Her blush immediately faded; for there was no resentment to keep the color in her cheek; and there was no resentment still when she perceived that, though her neighbor was looking straight at her, with his inspired, expanded eyes, he was thinking too much of Diana to have noticed this little play of confusion.

"Yes, it's very true," she said. "It is the first time my friend has left me."

"She is very beautiful," said Mr. Longstaff.

"Very beautiful,—and as good as she is beautiful."

"Yes, yes," he rejoined, solemnly. "I am sure of that. *I know it!*"

"I know it even better than you," said Agatha, smiling a little.

"Then you will have all the more patience with what I want to say to you. It is very strange; it will make you think, at first, that I am perhaps out of my mind. But I am not; I am thoroughly reasonable. You will see." Then he paused a moment; his voice had begun to tremble again.

"I know what you are going to say," said Agatha, very gently. "You are in love with my friend."

Mr. Longstaff gave her a look of devoted gratitude; he lifted up the edge of the blue shawl, which he had often seen Diana wear, and pressed it to his lips.

"I am extremely grateful!" he exclaimed. "You don't think me crazy, then?"

"If you are crazy, there have been a great many madmen!" said Agatha.

"Of course there have been a great many. I have said that to myself, and it has helped me. They have gained nothing but the

pleasure of their love, and I therefore, in gaining nothing and having nothing, am not worse off than the rest. But they had more than I, didn't they? You see I have had absolutely nothing,—not even a glance," he went on. "I have never even seen her look at me. I have not only never spoken to her, but I have never been near enough to speak to her. This is all I have ever had,—to lay my hand on something she has worn! and yet for the past month I have thought of her night and day. Sitting over there, a hundred rods away, simply because she was sitting in this place, in the same sunshine, looking out on the same sea: that was happiness enough for me. I am dying, but for the last five weeks that has kept me alive. It was for that I got up every day and came out here; but for that, I should have staid at home and never have got up again. I have never sought to be presented to her, because I didn't wish to trouble her for nothing. It seemed to me it would be an impertinence to tell her of my admiration. I have nothing to offer her,—I am but the shadow of a living man, and if I were to say to her, 'Madam, I love you,' she could only answer, 'Well, sir, what then?' Nothing—nothing! To speak to her of what I felt seemed only to open the lid of a grave in her face. It was more delicate not to do that; so I kept my distance and said nothing. Even this, as I say, has been a happiness, but it has been a happiness that has tired me out. This is the last of it. I must give up and make an end!" And he stopped, panting a little and apparently exhausted with his eloquence.

Agatha had always heard of love at first sight; she had read of it in poems and romances, but she had never been so near to it as this. It seemed to her most beautiful, and she believed in it devoutly. It made Mr. Longstaff brilliantly interesting; it cast a glory over the details of his face and person, and the pleading inflections of his voice. The little English ladies had been right; he was certainly a perfect gentleman. She could trust him.

"Perhaps if you stay at home awhile you will get better," she said, soothingly.

Her tone seemed to him such an indication that she accepted the propriety and naturalness of his passion that he put out his hand and for an instant laid it on her own.

"I knew you were reasonable—I knew I could talk to you. But I shall not get well. All the great doctors say so, and I believe them. If the passionate desire to

get well for a particular purpose could work a miracle and cure a mortal disease, I should have seen the miracle two months ago. To get well and have a right to speak to your friend—that was my passionate desire. But I am worse than ever; I am very weak and I shall not be able to come out any more. It seemed to me to-day that I should never see you again, and yet I wanted so much to be able to tell you this! It made me very unhappy. What a wonderful chance it is that she went away! I must be grateful; if heaven doesn't grant my great prayers it grants my small ones. I beg you to render me this service. Tell her what I have told you. Not now—not till I am gone. Don't trouble her with it while I am in life. Please promise me that. But when I am dead it will seem less importunate, because then you can speak of me in the past. It will be like a story. My servant will come and tell you. Then say to her—'You were his last thought, and it was his last wish that you should know it.'” He slowly got up and put out his hand; his servant, who had been standing at a distance, came forward with obsequious solemnity, as if it were part of his duty to adapt his deportment to the tone of his master's conversation. Agatha Gosling took the young man's hand and he stood and looked at her a moment longer. She too had risen to her feet; she was much impressed.

“You won't tell her until *after*—?” he said pleadingly. She shook her head. “And then you will tell her, faithfully?” She nodded, he pressed her hand, and then, having raised his hat, he took his servant's arm and slowly moved away.

Agatha kept her word; she said nothing to Diana about her interview. The young Americans came out and sat upon the shore the next day, and the next, and the next, and Agatha watched intently for Mr. Longstaff's re-appearance. But she watched in vain; day after day he was absent, and his absence confirmed his sad prediction. She thought all this a wonderful thing to happen to a woman, and as she glanced askance at her beautiful companion, she was almost irritated at seeing her sit there so careless and serene, while a poor young man was dying, as one might say, of love for her. At moments she wondered whether, in spite of her promise, it was not her Christian duty to tell Diana his story and give her the chance to go to him. But it occurred to Agatha, who knew very well that her companion had a certain stately pride in which

she herself was lacking, that even if she were told of his condition Diana might decline to do anything; and this she felt to be a most painful contingency. Besides, she had promised, and she always kept her promises. But her thoughts were constantly with Mr. Longstaff, and the romance of the affair. This made her melancholy and she talked much less than usual. Suddenly she was aroused from a reverie by hearing Diana express a careless curiosity as to what had become of the solitary young man who used to sit on the neighboring bench and do them the honor to stare at them.

For almost the first time in her life, Agatha Gosling deliberately dissembled.

“He has either gone away, or he has taken to his bed. I believe he is dying alone, in some wretched mercenary lodging.”

“I prefer to believe something more cheerful,” said Diana. “I believe he is gone to Paris and is eating a beautiful dinner at the *Trois Frères Provençaux*.”

Agatha for a moment said nothing; and then—

“I don't think you care what becomes of him,” she ventured to observe.

“My dear child, why should I care?” Diana demanded.

And Agatha Gosling was forced to admit that there really was no particular reason. But the event contradicted her. Three days afterward she took a long drive with her friend, from which they returned only as dusk was closing in. As they descended from the carriage at the door of their lodging she observed a figure standing in the street, slightly apart, which even in the early darkness had an air of familiarity. A second glance assured her that Mr. Longstaff's servant was hovering there in the hope of catching her attention. She immediately determined to give him a liberal measure of it. Diana left the vehicle and passed into the house, while the coachman fortunately asked for orders for the morrow. Agatha briefly gave such as were necessary, and then, before going in, turned to the hovering figure. It approached on tiptoe, hat in hand, and shaking its head very sadly. The old man wore an air of animated affliction which indicated that Mr. Longstaff was a generous master, and he proceeded to address Miss Gosling in that macaronic French which is usually at the command of Italian domestics who have seen the world.

“I stole away from my dear gentleman's bedside on purpose to have ten words with

you. The old woman at the fruit-stall opposite told me that you had gone to drive, so I waited; but it seemed to me a thousand years till you returned!"

"But you have not left your master alone?" said Agatha.

"He has two Sisters of Charity—heaven reward them! They watch with him night and day. He is very low, *pauvre cher homme!*" And the old man looked at his interlocutress with that clear, human, sympathetic glance with which Italians of all classes bridge over the social gulf. Agatha felt that he knew his master's secret, and that she might discuss it with him freely.

"Is he dying?" she asked.

"That's the question, dear lady! He is very low. The doctors have given him up; but the doctors don't know his malady. They have felt his dear body all over, they have sounded his lungs, and looked at his tongue and counted his pulse; they know what he eats and drinks—it's soon told! But they haven't seen his *mind*, dear lady. I have; and so far I'm a better doctor than they. I know his secret—I know that he loves the beautiful girl above!" and the old man pointed to the upper windows of the house.

"Has your master taken you into his confidence?" Agatha demanded.

He hesitated a moment; then shaking his head a little and laying his hand on his heart—

"Ah, dear lady," he said, "the point is whether I have taken him into mine. I have not, I confess; he is too far gone. But I have determined to be his doctor and to try a remedy the others have never thought of. Will you help me?"

"If I can," said Agatha. "What is your remedy?"

The old man pointed to the upper windows of the house again.

"Your lovely friend! Bring her to his bedside."

"If he is dying," said Agatha, "how would that help him?"

"He's dying for want of it. That's my idea at least, and I think it's worth trying. If a young man loves a beautiful woman, and, having never so much as touched the tip of her glove, falls into a mortal illness and wastes away, it requires no great wit to see that his illness doesn't come from his having indulged himself too grossly. It comes rather from the opposite cause! If he sinks when she's away, perhaps he'll come up when she's there. At any rate, that's my theory; and any theory is good

that will save a dying man. Let the Diana come and stand a moment by his bed, and lay her hand upon his. We shall see what happens. If he gets well, it's worth while; if he doesn't, there is no harm done. A young lady risks nothing in going to see a poor gentleman who lies in a stupor between two holy women."

Agatha was much impressed with this picturesque reasoning, but she answered that it was quite impossible that her beautiful friend should go upon this pious errand without a special invitation from Mr. Longstaff. Even should he beg Diana to come to him Agatha was by no means sure her companion would go; but it was very certain she would not take such an extraordinary step at the mere suggestion of a servant.

"But you, dear lady, have the happiness not to be a servant," the old man rejoined.

"Let the suggestion be yours."

"From me it could come with no force, for what am I supposed to know about your poor master?"

"You have not told the Diana what he told you the other day?"

Agatha answered this question by another question.

"Did he tell you what he had told me?"

The old man tapped his forehead an instant and smiled.

"A good servant, you know, dear lady, needs never to be told things! If you have not repeated my master's words to your beautiful friend, I beg you most earnestly to do so. I am afraid she is rather cold."

Agatha glanced a moment at the upper windows and then she gave a silent nod. She wondered greatly to find herself discussing Diana's character with this aged menial; but the situation was so strange and romantic that one's old landmarks of propriety were quite obliterated, and it seemed natural that a *valet de chambre* should be as frank and familiar as a servant in an old-fashioned comedy.

"If it is necessary that my dear master shall send for the young lady," Mr. Longstaff's domestic resumed, "I think I can promise you that he will. Let me urge you, meanwhile, to talk to her! If she is cold, melt her down. Prepare her to find him very interesting. If you could see him, poor gentleman, lying there as still and handsome as if he were his own monument in a *campo santo*, I think he would interest you."

This seemed to Agatha a very touching image, but she came to a sense that her interview with Mr. Longstaff's representa-

tive, now unduly prolonged, was assuming a nocturnal character. She abruptly brought it to a close, after having assured her interlocutor that she would reflect upon what he had told her, and she rejoined her companion in the deepest agitation. Late that evening her agitation broke out. She went into Diana's room, where she found this young lady standing white-robed before her mirror, with her auburn tresses rippling down to her knees; and then, taking her two hands, she told the story of the young Englishman's passion, told of his coming to talk to her that day that Diana had left her alone on the bench by the sea, and of his venerable valet having, a couple of hours before, sought speech of her on the same subject. Diana listened, at first with a rosy flush, and then with a cold, an almost cruel, frown.

"Take pity upon him," said Agatha Gosling—"take pity upon him and go and see him."

"I don't understand," said her companion, "and it seems to me very disagreeable. What is Mr. Longstaff to me?" But before they separated, Agatha had persuaded her to say that if a message really should come from the young man's death-bed, she would not refuse him the light of her presence.

The message really came, brought of course by the invalid's zealous chamberlain. He re-appeared on the morrow, announcing that his master very humbly begged for the honor of ten minutes' conversation with the two ladies. They consented to follow him, and he led the way to Mr. Longstaff's apartments. Diana still wore her cloudy brow, but it made her look terribly handsome. Under the old man's guidance they passed through a low green door in a yellow wall, across a tangled garden full of orange-trees and winter roses, and into a white-wainscoted saloon, where they were presently left alone before a great classic, Empire clock, perched upon a frigid southern chimney-place. They waited, however, but a few moments; the door of an adjoining room opened and the Sisters of Charity, in white-winged hoods and with their hands thrust into the loose sleeves of the opposite arm, came forth and stood with downcast eyes on either side of the threshold. Then the old servant appeared between them and beckoned to the two young girls to advance. The latter complied with a certain hesitation, and he led them into the chamber of the dying man. Here, pointing to the bed, he silently left them and withdrew; not closing, however, the door of communication of the saloon,

where he took up his station with the Sisters of Charity.

Diana and her companion stood together in the middle of the darker room, waiting for an invitation to approach their summoner. He lay in his bed, propped up on pillows, with his arms outside the counterpane. For a moment he simply gazed at them; he was as white as the sheet that covered him, and he certainly looked like a dying man. But he had the strength to bend forward and to speak in a soft, distinct voice.

"Would you be so kind," said Mr. Longstaff, "as to come nearer?"

Agatha Gosling gently pushed her friend forward, but she followed her to the bedside. Diana stood there, her frown had melted away; and the young man sank back upon his pillows and looked at her. A faint color came into his face, and he clasped his two hands together on his breast. For some moments he simply gazed at the beautiful girl before him. It was an awkward situation for her, and Agatha expected her at any moment to turn away in disgust. But, slowly, her look of proud compulsion, of mechanical compliance, was exchanged for something more patient and pitying. The young Englishman's face expressed a kind of spiritual ecstasy which, it was impossible not to feel, gave a peculiar sanctity to the occasion.

"It was very generous of you to come," he said at last. "I hardly ventured to hope you would. I suppose you know—I suppose your friend, who listened to me so kindly, has told you."

"Yes, she knows," murmured Agatha—"she knows."

"I did not intend you should know until after my death," he went on; "but,"—and he paused a moment and shook his clasped hands together,—"*I couldn't wait!* And when I felt that I couldn't wait, a new idea, a new desire, came into my mind." He was silent again for an instant, still looking with worshipful entreaty at Diana. The color in his face deepened. "It is something that you may do for me. You will think it a most extraordinary request; but, in my position, a man grows bold. Dear lady, will you marry me?"

"Oh, dear!" cried Agatha Gosling, just audibly. Her companion said nothing. Her attitude seemed to say that in this remarkable situation, one thing was no more surprising than another. But she paid Mr. Longstaff's proposal the respect of slowly seating herself in a chair which had been

placed near his bed; here she rested in maidenly majesty, with her eyes fixed on the grouse.

"It will help me to die happy, since die I must!" the young man continued. "It will enable me to do something for you—the only thing I can do. I have property,—lands, houses, a great many beautiful things,—things I have loved, and am very sorry to be leaving behind me. Lying here helpless and hopeless through so many days, the thought has come to me of what a bliss it would be to know that they would rest in your hands. If you were my wife, they would rest there safely. You might be spared much annoyance; and it is not only that. It is a fancy I have beyond that. It would be the feeling of it! I am fond of life. I don't want to die; but since I must die, it would be a happiness to have got just this out of life—this joining of our hands before a priest. You could go away then. For you it would make no change—it would be no burden. But I should have a few hours in which to lie and think of my happiness."

There was something in the young man's tone so simple and sincere, so tender and urgent, that Agatha Gosling was touched to tears. She turned away to hide them, and went on tiptoe to the window, where she wept silently. Diana apparently was not unmoved. She raised her eyes, and let them rest kindly on those of Mr. Longstaff, who continued softly to urge his proposal. "It would be a great charity," he said, "a great condescension; and it can produce no consequence to you that you could regret. It can only give you a larger liberty. You know very little about me, but I have a feeling that, so far as belief goes, you can believe me, and that is all I ask of you. I don't ask you to love me,—that takes time. It is something I cannot pretend to. It is only to consent to the form, the ceremony. I have seen the English clergyman; he says he will perform it. He will tell you, besides, all about me,—that I am an English gentleman, and that the name I offer you is one of the best in the world."

It was strange to hear a dying man lie there and argue his point in this categorical fashion; but now, apparently, his argument was finished. There was a deep silence, and Agatha thought it would be delicate on her own part to retire. She moved quietly into the adjoining room, where the two Sisters of Charity still stood with their hands

in their sleeves, and the old Italian *valet* was taking snuff with a melancholy gesture, like a perplexed diplomatist. Agatha turned her back to these people, and, approaching a window again, stood looking out into the garden upon the orange-trees and the winter roses. It seemed to her that she had been listening to the most beautiful, most romantic, and most eloquent of declarations. How could Diana be insensible to it? She earnestly hoped her companion would consent to the solemn and interesting ceremony proposed by Mr. Longstaff, and though her delicacy had prompted her to withdraw, it permitted her to listen eagerly to what Diana would say. Then (as she heard nothing) it was eclipsed by the desire to go back and whisper, with a sympathetic kiss, a word of counsel. She glanced round again at the Sisters of Charity, who appeared to have perceived that the moment was one of suspense. One of them detached herself, and, as Agatha returned, followed her a few steps into the room. Diana had got up from her chair. She was looking about her uneasily. She grasped at Agatha's hand. Reginald Longstaff lay there with his wasted face and his brilliant eyes, looking at them both. Agatha took her friend's two hands in both her own.

"It is very little to do, dearest," she murmured, "and it will make him very happy."

The young man appeared to have heard her, and he repeated her words in a tone of intense entreaty.

"It is very little to do, dearest."

Diana looked round at him an instant. Then, for an instant, she covered her face with her two hands. Removing them, but holding them still against her cheeks, she looked at her companion with eyes that Agatha always remembered—eyes through which a thin gleam of mockery flashed from the seriousness of her face.

"Suppose, after all, he should get well?" she murmured.

Longstaff heard it; he gave a long, soft moan, and turned away. The Sister immediately approached his bed, on the other side, dropped on her knees and bent over him, while he leaned his head against the great white cape along which her crucifix depended. Diana stood a moment longer, looking at him; then, gathering her shawl together with a great dignity, she slowly walked out of the room. Agatha could do nothing but follow her. The old Italian, holding the door open for them to pass out, made them an exaggerated obeisance.

In the garden Diana paused, with a flush in her cheek, and said,

"If he could die with it, he could die without it!" But beyond the garden gate, in the empty sunny street, she suddenly burst into tears.

Agatha made no reproaches, no comments; but her companion, during the rest of the day, spoke of Mr. Longstaff several times with an almost passionate indignation. She pronounced his conduct indelicate, egotistic, impertinent; she declared that she had found the scene most revolting. Agatha, for the moment, remained silent, but the next day she attempted to suggest something in apology for the poor young man. Then Diana, with great emphasis, begged her to be so good as never to mention his name again; and she added that he had put her completely out of humor with Nice, from which place they would immediately take their departure. This they did without delay; they began to travel again. Agatha heard no more of Reginald Longstaff; the English ladies who had been her original source of information with regard to him had now left Nice; otherwise she would have written to them for news. That is, she would have thought of writing to them; I suspect that, on the whole, she would have denied herself this satisfaction, on the ground of loyalty to her friend. Agatha, at any rate, could only drop a tear, at solitary hours, upon the young man's unanswered prayer and early death. It must be confessed, however, that sometimes, as the weeks elapsed, a certain faint displeasure mingled itself with her sympathy—a wish that, roughly speaking, poor Mr. Longstaff had left them alone. Since that strange interview at his bedside things had not gone well; the charm of their earlier contentment seemed broken. Agatha said to herself that, really, if she were superstitious, she might fancy that Diana's conduct on this occasion had brought them under an evil charm. It was no superstition, certainly, to think that this young lady had lost a certain evenness of temper. She was impatient, absent-minded, indifferent, capricious. She expressed unaccountable opinions and proposed unnatural plans. It is true that disagreeable things were constantly happening to them—things which would have taxed the most unruffled spirit. Their post-horses broke down, their postilions were impertinent, their luggage went astray, their servants betrayed them. The heavens themselves seemed to join in the conspiracy, and for

days together were dark and ungenerous, treating them only to wailing winds and watery clouds. It was, in a large measure, in the light of after years that Agatha judged this period, but even at the time she felt it to be depressing, uncomfortable, unnatural. Diana apparently shared this feeling, though she never openly avowed it. She took refuge in a kind of haughty silence, and whenever a new *contretemps* came to her knowledge, she simply greeted it with a bitter smile which Agatha always interpreted as an ironical reflection on poor, fantastic, obtrusive Mr. Longstaff, who, through some mysterious action upon the machinery of nature, had turned the tide of their fortunes. At the end of the summer, suddenly, Diana proposed they should go home, in the tone of a person who gives up a hopeless struggle. Agatha assented, and the two ladies returned to America, much to the relief of Miss Gosling, who had an uncomfortable sense that there was something unexpressed and unregulated between them, which gave their conversation a resemblance to a sultry morning. But at home they separated very tenderly, for Agatha had to go and devote herself to her nearer kinsfolk in the country. These good people after her long absence were exacting, so that for two years she saw nothing of her late companion.

She often, however, heard from her, and Diana figured in the town gossip that was occasionally wafted to her rural home. She sometimes figured strangely—as a rattling coquette, who carried on flirtations by the hundred and broke hearts by the dozen. This had not been Diana's former character and Agatha found matter for meditation in the change. But the young lady's own letters said little of her admirers and displayed no trophies. They came very fitfully—sometimes at the rate of a dozen a month and sometimes not at all; but they were usually of a serious and abstract cast and contained the author's opinions upon life, death, religion and immortality. Mistress of her actions and of a pretty fortune, it might have been expected that news would come in trustworthy form of Diana's at last accepting one of her rumored lovers. Such news in fact came, and it was apparently trustworthy, inasmuch as it proceeded from the young lady herself. She wrote to Agatha that she was to be married, and Agatha immediately congratulated her upon her happiness. Then Diana wrote back that though she was to be married she was not at all happy; and she shortly afterward

added that she had broken off her projected union and that her felicity was smaller than ever. Poor Agatha was sorely perplexed and found it a comfort that a month after this her friend should have sent her a peremptory summons to come to her. She immediately obeyed. Arriving, after a long journey, at the dwelling of her young hostess, she saw Diana at the farther end of the drawing-room, with her back turned, looking out of the window. She was evidently watching for Agatha, but Miss Gosling had come in, by accident, through a private entrance which was not visible from the window. She gently approached her friend and then Diana turned. She had her two hands laid upon her cheeks and her eyes were sad; her face and attitude suggested something that Agatha had seen before and kept the memory of. While she kissed her Agatha remembered that it was just so she had stood for that last moment before poor Mr. Longstaff.

"Will you come abroad with me again?" Diana asked. "I am very ill."

"Dearest, what is the matter?" said Agatha.

"I don't know; I believe I am dying. They tell me this place is bad for me; that I must have another climate; that I must move about. Will you take care of me? I shall be very easy to take care of now."

Agatha, for all answer, embraced her afresh, and as soon after this as possible the two friends embarked again for Europe. Miss Gosling had lent herself the more freely to this scheme as her companion's appearance seemed a striking confirmation of her words. Not, indeed, that she looked as if she were dying, but in the two years that had elapsed since their separation she had wasted and faded. She looked more than two years older and the brilliancy of her beauty was dimmed. She was pale and languid, and she moved more slowly than when she seemed a goddess treading the forest leaves. The beautiful statue had grown human and taken on some of the imperfections of humanity. And yet the doctors by no means affirmed that she had a mortal malady, and when one of them was asked by an inquisitive matron why he had recommended this young lady to cross the seas, he replied with a smile that it was a principle in his system to prescribe the remedies that his patients acutely desired.

At present the fair travelers had no misadventures. The broken charm had removed itself; the heavens smiled upon them

and their postilions treated them like princesses. Diana, too, had completely recovered her native placidity; she was the gentlest, the most docile, the most reasonable of women. She was silent and subdued as was natural in an invalid; though in one important particular her demeanor was certainly at variance with the idea of debility. She relished movement much more than rest, and constant change of place became the law of her days. She wished to see all the places that she had not seen before, and all the old ones over again.

"If I am really dying," she said, smiling softly, "I must leave my farewell cards everywhere." So she lived in a great open carriage, leaning back in it and looking, right and left, at everything she passed. On her former journey to Europe she had seen but little of England, and now she would visit the whole of this famous island. So she rolled for weeks through the beautiful English landscape, past meadows and hedge-rows, over the avenues of great estates and under the walls of castles and abbeys. For the English parks and manors, the "Halls" and "Courts," she had an especial admiration, and into the grounds of such as were open to appreciative tourists she made a point of penetrating. Here she stayed her carriage beneath the oaks and beeches, and sat for an hour at a time listening to nightingales and watching browsing deer. She never failed to visit a residence that lay on her road, and as soon as she arrived at a place she inquired punctiliously whether there were any fine country-seats in the neighborhood. In this fashion she spent a whole summer. Through the autumn she continued to wander restlessly; she visited, on the Continent, a hundred watering-places and travelers' resorts. The beginning of the winter found her in Rome, where she confessed to extreme fatigue and determined to seek repose.

"I am weary, weary," she said to her companion. "I didn't know how weary I was. I feel like sinking down in this City of Rest, and resting here forever."

She took a lodging in an old palace, where her chamber was hung with ancient tapestries, and her drawing-room decorated with the arms of a pope. Here, giving way to her fatigue, she ceased to wander. The only thing she did was to go every day to St. Peter's. She went nowhere else. She sat at her window all day with a big book in her lap, which she never read, looking out into a Roman garden at a fountain

plashing into a weedy alcove, and half a dozen nymphs in mottled marble. Sometimes she told her companion that she was happier this way than she had ever been,—in this way, and in going to St. Peter's. In the great church she often spent the whole afternoon. She had a servant behind her, carrying a stool. He placed her stool against a marble pilaster, and she sat there for a long time, looking up into the airy hollow of the dome and over the peopled pavement. She noticed every one who passed her, but Agatha, lingering beside her, felt less at liberty, she hardly knew why, to murmur a sportive commentary on the people about them than she had felt when they sat upon the shore at Nice.

One day Agatha left her and strolled about the church by herself. The ecclesiastical life of Rome had not shrunk to its present smallness, and in one corner or another of St. Peter's, there was always some point of worship. Agatha found entertainment, and was absent for half an hour. When she came back, she found her companion's place deserted, and she sat down on the empty stool to await her re-appearance. Some time elapsed and she wandered away in quest of her. She found her at last, near one of the side-altars; but she was not alone. A gentleman stood before her whom she appeared just to have encountered. Her face was very pale, and its expression led Agatha to look straightway at the stranger. Then she saw he was no stranger; he was Reginald Longstaff! He, too, evidently had been much startled, but he was already recovering himself. He stood very gravely an instant longer; then he silently bowed to the two ladies and turned away.

Agatha felt at first as if she had seen a ghost; but the impression was immediately corrected by the fact that Mr. Longstaff's aspect was very much less ghostly than it had been in life. He looked like a strong man; he held himself upright and had a flush of color. What Agatha saw in Diana's face was not surprise; it was a pale radiance which she waited a moment to give a name to. Diana put out her hand and laid it in her arm, and her touch helped Agatha to know what it was: that her face expressed. Then she felt too that this knowledge itself was not a surprise; she seemed to have been waiting for it. She looked at her friend again and Diana was beautiful. Diana blushed and became more beautiful yet. Agatha led her back to her seat near the marble pilaster.

"So you were right," Agatha said presently. "He would, after all, have got well."

Diana would not sit down; she motioned to her servant to bring away the stool, and continued to move toward the door. She said nothing until she stood without, in the great square of the colonnades and fountains. Then she spoke:

"I am right now, but I was wrong then. He got well because I refused him. I gave him a hurt that cured him."

That evening, beneath the Roman lamps, in the great drawing-room of the arms of the pope, a remarkable conversation took place between the two friends. Diana wept and hid her face; but her tears and her shame were gratuitous. Agatha felt, as I have said, that she had already guessed all the unexplained, and it was needless for her companion to tell her that three weeks after she had refused Reginald Longstaff she insanely loved him. It was needless that Diana should confess that his image had never been out of her mind, that she believed he was still among the living, and that she had come back to Europe with a desperate hope of meeting him. It was in this hope that she had wandered from town to town, and noticed all the passers; and it was in this hope that she had lingered in so many English parks. She knew her love was very strange; she could only say it had consumed her. It had all come upon her afterward,—in retrospect, in meditation. Or rather, she supposed, it had been there always since she first saw him, and the revulsion from displeasure to pity, after she left his bedside, had brought it out. And with it came the faith that he had indeed got well, both of his malady and of his own passion. This was her punishment! And then she spoke with a divine simplicity which Agatha, weeping a little too, wished that, if this possibility were a fact, the young man might have heard. "I am so glad he is well and strong. And that he looks so handsome and so good!" And she presently added, "Of course he has got well only to hate me. He wishes never to see me again. Very good. I have had my wish; I have seen him once more. That was what I wanted and I can die content."

It seemed in fact, as if she were going to die. She went no more to St. Peter's, and exposed herself to no more encounters with Mr. Longstaff. She sat at her window and looked out at the mottled dryads and the cypresses, or wandered about her quarter of the palace with a vaguely smiling resig-

nation. Agatha watched her with a sadness that was less submissive. This too was something that she had heard of, that she had read of in poetry and fable, but that she had never supposed she should see;—her companion was dying of love! Agatha pondered many things and resolved upon several. The first of these latter was sending for the doctor. This personage came, and Diana let him look at her through his spectacles, and hold her white wrist. He announced that she was ill, and she smiled and said she knew it; and then he gave her a little phial of gold-colored fluid, which he bade her to drink. He recommended her to remain in Rome, as the climate exactly suited her complaint. Agatha's second desire was to see Mr. Longstaff, who had appealed to her, she reflected, in the day of his own tribulation, and whom she therefore had a right to approach at present. She disbelieved, too, that the passion which led him to take that extraordinary step at Nice was extinct; such passions as that never died. If he had made no further attempt to see Diana it was because he believed that she was still as cold as when she turned away from his death-bed. It must be added, moreover, that Agatha felt a lawful curiosity to learn how from that death-bed he had risen again into blooming manhood.

On this last point, all elucidation left something unexplained. * Agatha went to St. Peter's, feeling sure, that sooner or later she should encounter him there. At the end of a week she perceived him, and seeing her, he immediately came and spoke to her. As Diana had said, he was now extremely handsome, and he looked particularly good. He was a blooming, gallant, quiet, young English gentleman. He seemed much embarrassed, but his manner to Agatha expressed the highest consideration.

"You must think me a dreadful impostor," he said, very gravely. "But I *was* dying,—or I believed I was."

"And by what miracle did you recover?" He was silent a moment, and then he said:

"I suppose it was by the miracle of wounded pride!" Then she noticed that he asked nothing about Diana; and presently she felt that he knew she was thinking of this. "The strangest part of it," he added, "was that when I came back to strength, what had gone before had become as a simple dream. And what happened to me here the other day," he went on, "failed to make it a reality again!"

Agatha looked at him a moment in silence, and saw again that he was handsome and kind; and then dropping a sigh over the wonderful mystery of things, she turned sadly away. That evening, Diana said to her:

"I know that you have seen him!"

Agatha came to her and kissed her.

"And I am nothing to him now?"

"My own dearest—" murmured Agatha.

Diana had drunk the little phial of gold-colored liquid; but after this, she ceased to wander about the palace; she never left her room. The old doctor was with her constantly now, and he continued to say that the air of Rome was very good for her complaint. Agatha watched her in helpless sadness; she saw her fading and sinking, and yet she was unable to comfort her. She tried it once in saying hard things about Mr. Longstaff, in pointing out that he had not been honorable; rising herein to a sublime hypocrisy, for, on that last occasion at St. Peter's, the poor girl had felt a renewed personal admiration,—the quickening of a private flame; she saw nothing but his good looks and his kind manner.

"What did he want—what did he mean, after all?" she ingenuously murmured, leaning over Diana's sofa. "Why should he have been wounded at what you said? It would have been part of the bargain that he should not get well. Did he mean to take an unfair advantage—to make you his wife under false pretenses? When you put your finger on the weak spot, why should he resent it? No, it was not honorable."

Diana smiled sadly; she had no false shame now, and she spoke of this thing as if it concerned another person.

"He would have counted on my forgiving him!" she said. A little while after this, she began to sink more rapidly. Then she called her friend to her, and said simply: "Send for him!" And as Agatha looked perplexed and distressed, she added, "I know he is still in Rome."

Agatha at first was at a loss where to find him, but among the benefits of the papal dispensation, was the fact that the pontifical police could instantly help you to lay your hand upon any sojourner in the Eternal City. Mr. Longstaff had a passport in detention by the government, and this document formed a basis of instruction to the servant whom Agatha sent to investigate the authorities. The servant came back with the news that he had seen the distinguished stranger, who would wait upon the ladies at the hour they had proposed.

When this hour came and Mr. Longstaff was announced, Diana said to her companion that she must remain with her. It was an afternoon in spring; the high windows into the palace garden were open, and the room was filled with great sheaves and stacks of the abundant Roman flowers. Diana sat in a deep arm-chair.

It was certainly a difficult position for Reginald Longstaff. He stopped on the threshold and looked awhile at the woman to whom he had made his extraordinary offer; then, pale and agitated, he advanced rapidly toward her. He was evidently shocked at the state in which he found her; he took her hand, and, bending over it, raised it to his lips. She fixed her eyes on him a little, and she smiled a little.

"It is I who am dying, now," she said. "And now I want to ask something of *you*—to ask what you asked of me."

He stared, and a deep flush of color came into his face; he hesitated for an appreciable moment. Then lowering his head with a movement of assent he kissed her hand again.

"Come back to-morrow," she said; "that is all I ask of you."

He looked at her again for a while in silence; then he abruptly turned and left her. She sent for the English clergyman and told him that she was a dying woman, and that she wanted the marriage service read beside her couch. The clergyman, too, looked at her, marveling; but he consented to humor so tenderly romantic a whim and made an appointment for the afternoon of the morrow. Diana was very tranquil. She sat motionless, with her hands clasped and her eyes closed. Agatha wandered about, arranging and re-arranging the flowers. On the morrow she encountered Mr. Longstaff in one of the outer rooms. he had come before his time. She made this objection to his being admitted; but he answered that he knew he was early and had come with intention; he wished

to spend the intervening hour with his prospective bride. So he went in and sat down by her couch again, and Agatha, leaving them alone, never knew what passed between them. At the end of the hour the clergyman arrived, and read the marriage service to them, pronouncing the nuptial blessing, while Agatha stood by as witness. Mr. Longstaff went through all this with a solemn, inscrutable face, and Agatha, observing him, said to herself that one must at least do him the justice to admit that he was performing punctiliously what honor demanded. When the clergyman had gone he asked Diana when he might see her again.

"Never!" she said, with her strange smile. And she added—"I shall not live long now."

He kissed her face, but he was obliged to leave her. He gave Agatha an anxious look as if he wished to say something to her, but she preferred not to listen to him. After this Diana sank rapidly. The next day Reginald Longstaff came back and insisted upon seeing Agatha.

"Why should she die?" he asked. "I want her to live."

"Have you forgiven her?" said Agatha.

"She saved me!" he cried.

Diana consented to see him once more; there were two doctors in attendance now, and they also had consented. He knelt down beside her bed and asked her to live. But she feebly shook her head.

"It would be wrong of me," she said.

Later, when he came back once more, Agatha told him she was gone. He stood wondering, with tears in his eyes.

"I don't understand," he said. "Did she love me or not?"

"She loved you," said Agatha, "more than she believed you could now love her; and it seemed to her that, when she had had her moment of happiness, to leave you at liberty was the tenderest way she could show it!"

OLD AND YOUNG.

I.

THEY soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold:
Who live for self and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mold.
For them their youth itself is old.

II.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where Spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes.
For them the immortal bards have sung:
For them old age itself is young!

"TO SOUTH AFRICA FOR DIAMONDS!"

"HERE be diamonds" is written in large letters on a certain mission map published in 1750, across the then almost unexplored region now known as the "Diamond Fields." That the missionary's words were true, unnoticed though they remained for over a hundred years, is proven by the rediscovery of diamonds within the last ten years at the spot indicated. It is probable the information came from the Bushmen. These diminutive people, remarkable even now in their decadence, beyond other blacks, for dexterity and extraordinary intelligence (though they have no monuments or records, if we except their rude paintings in caves—nor history, traceable even by tradition), have left behind them stone relics which show indubitably that they possessed the art of boring other stones by aid of the diamond; and their descendants to-day recall the periodical visits of their fathers to the rivers of this district to get diamonds to bore their "weighting stones." Vague rumors, too, of a river far in the interior on whose banks lay diamonds can even now be recalled by the oldest Dutch residents of Cape Town.

During the last forty years preceding the rediscovery, the diamond region now known as such had been in the direct line of travel to the far interior; the Dutch pioneer or *Voor-trekker* and the ubiquitous trader had literally trodden under foot in a half hour untold times the wealth they could hope to win in a life-time,—the very pebbles over which they walked being many of them diamonds; their long trains of wagons passed within stone's throw of the largest diamond mine in the world; they watered their cattle at a shallow lake on whose edge a solitary Dutch farmer had built his house with mud-plastered walls from which diamonds were afterward picked. This same farmer's "vrouw," after the exciting chase for diamonds began, produced, for the first diamond-buyer who came along, bottles full of pretty pebbles, and tied up in an old white rag, a handful of quartz crystals, among which were fifteen diamonds. Later revelations showed that the good "vrouw" had picked up her diamonds on a certain limited surface of about twenty-three acres, and that, had she known their value, there was nothing to have prevented her collecting quarts of diamonds.

If we are surprised at the apparent blind-

ness which refused to recognize the diamond although thrust into sight, we must remember that gold also lay under men's feet in California, unrecognized and unsearched for, though known to Jesuit and Indian.

But the day of rediscovery came to the neglected region, and now the barren desert holds an eager community devoted to a new industry, which has already yielded to the world a hundred millions' worth of diamonds. In short, the modern supply of this most precious gem comes to-day from these same South African fields. To this far-away spot, not familiar by name even to many, we ask the reader to follow us, if only for a cursory glimpse into its features.

From America to England, thence by steamer to Cape Town in about twenty-five days, stopping, perhaps, at Madeira, Ascension and St. Helena, and from the Cape by stage, or by mule or ox-team, to the north some eight hundred miles,—in all, over ten thousand miles,—such is a skeleton of the trip.

JOURNEY TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

WE launch out of the dull gray of England, and through the wrathful Bay of Biscay, and the fifth day finds our steamer gliding into the peaceful pale blue waters of the Bay of Funchal in Madeira. Here reigns perennial spring. Soft skies; breezes, sweet with the land-fragrance of flowers, fruits, and groves; waters, as clear as the skies, laving the shore; far back, pale and lofty mountains rising from out the semi-tropical verdure,—all combine to form a picture never to be forgotten by the weary sea-farer, lighting as it were, like a bird of passage, for a moment upon the fairy scene. From Madeira, we sail on over the tranquil waters of the South Atlantic, with its uncertain petulant little squalls and showers, to the burning skies and glassy seas of the Equator. Days dawn and wane, one like another, dreamily monotonous. The little world of steamship passengers, living its life beneath the ample awning on deck, finds itself subdued and dismayed by the oppressive heat into silence and languor. But the "line" is passed; the Southern Cross announces another hemisphere, and soon we are anchoring before sun-parched Ascension—a red-brown mass of lava looming up from out the sea. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, grows here. The islanders' only domestic

animal is the turtle, which supplies both fresh meat and eggs. The supernatural stillness, the pens of solid masonry on the water's edge in which hundreds of turtles are herded, and the beautiful beach of pulverized shells, stretching a mile long, are perhaps the most interesting features to the visitor. The English occupy the island for a naval station.

Three weeks and more our vessel's bow has been headed to the south, and we begin to look for the Cape of Good Hope. The air has grown cooler, the sea is thrown into great hills and valleys by sterner winds, when at length the clouded top of Table Mountain rises to view. The mountain grows clearer, and soon, toward evening, we make out the white line of dwelling-houses nestled up at its base. As the sun sets the anchor drops. Night comes quickly, and the myriad tiny lights of Cape Town sparkle out their welcome to us, across the waters of the bay.

CAPE TOWN.

IN the morning the steamer is in its dock; it is but a step to a Hansom cab, and one is whirled along the streets of a well-ordered and handsome city to some one of several good hotels. Portly English, sallow Dutch, yellow and black Ethiopian, picturesque Hindoo and cotton-clad Malay, make up the street population. The city has a population of thirty thousand, with the atmosphere of its former Dutch settlement and occupation still pervading it. Two old forts, dismantled and turf-grown, are mournfully suggestive of the Hollander's lost dominion in the land he so bravely colonized. Into these forts the early pioneer retreated from the hostile blacks, and from their walls at night listened to the roar of prowling lions. Now a lovely city, offspring of their guardianship, rises around them.

Table Mountain looms up in the immediate background—one feels almost inclined to say overhangs the town, now frowningly in dark weather, now protectingly in clear. One always feels its presence, an impression due to the amazing clearness of the air. Outlines and objects, which in other lands appear obscure, here stand out clearly defined until ideas of distance vanish and the great mountain rises almost at one's side. But it is a four hours' climb to its flattened top, and the ascent is not unattended with danger. All goes well in fine weather, but when, without a moment's warning, thin, gauzy vapors come floating in from the sea, town and mountain become shrouded in

clouds, the mist settles down like night upon the mountain-top, and a step this way or that may lead over precipice or into ravine. In such event, the climber may be obliged to remain for days before he can descend. The mountain too is a weather signal, for when a white, fleecy cloud, known as "the Devil's table-cloth," gathers rapidly on its edge, then look out for violent winds, with danger to the shipping in the bay.

Of the routine sight-seeing in Cape Town I need not speak. One can visit the cathedral, senate-house, observatory, hospitals and fortifications, dry-dock, botanical gardens and museum. Such objects can be seen elsewhere.

But we—a young Englishman and myself—were eager for novelty. Our first day on shore saw us mounted on good Cape horses and off at a lively canter over a hard and broad road, leading straight away a ten-mile stretch to Wynberg, a lovely Cape Town suburb. The flat marshes, enlivened by wind-mills and the sea-view, were quickly exchanged for beautiful inland luxuriance. We dipped beneath a continuous tree-arch, now of oak, now of pine. Nestled back under the trees and wrapped around with a luxurious shrub and flower growth, stretched a succession of one-storied thatched villas, hedged about with prickly cactus plant. In a crystal stream, Hottentot women stood scrubbing on flat stones at Cape Town linen. Comfortable English carriages rolled along, looking altogether too modern and civilized to suit us. At Wynberg was a good hotel, where, besides more solid refreshment, were to be had a multitude of southern fruits, and the famed Constantia wine in its own home. Fresh horses bore us eight miles further to Kalk Bay, a little fishing village built on a soft crescent of the ocean's shore. The beach and surf were splendid. Across the bay laid Simon's Town, the English naval station, another ten miles. Following the road as it skirted the sea, we were soon there, tired and hungry. The hills around were fragrant and beautiful with every variety of heather in full bloom. Men-of-war lay at anchor off shore. Returning, a short detour allowed of a visit to the well-known wine-farm of the Van Renens, though it was already dark when we reached Wynberg and resumed our former horses. The groom, as he handed them over, whispered into our ears of a custom the Malays had, in certain lonely spots of our road home, of stretching a rope across just above the level of the horse's

ears, and thus abruptly peeling the rider as he passed under from off his steed and depositing him on the highway, a stunned and easy prey to Malay garroters. As long as the dim light lasted the story made little impression; but as we entered ink

deserts yet remained to be traversed; and only with delay and difficulty could a seat be secured in the huge, lumbering wagon standing in front of the Inland Transport Company's office. In this conveyance, then, we were to travel, night and day,—



VIEW OF THE KIMBERLEY MINE. 250 FEET DEEP, 1000 FEET ACROSS.

black stretches beneath the trees, the darkness and earthy-smelling dampness made the story seem more than probable. At such places we bent over our saddles, and with hands upon revolvers cautiously pushed through. How many stretched ropes, if any, we passed under we shall never know; certain it is that the lights of Cape Town were greeted with a sigh of relief.

JOURNEY UP TO THE MINES.

To reach the diamond fields, 750 miles to the north, across the Karroo and Gough

seven days at least,—without stopping except for change of horses. It was long and box-shaped, having five transverse seats with room for three on each—twelve passengers besides the guard and two drivers. A canvas top and side-curtains promised protection against the sun, dust and rain, but suggested little idea of comfort.

From Cape Town to Wellington, a distance of seventy miles,—our big wagon on a platform car,—we go by rail; through the cultivated ten-mile stretch of the "Paarl," across barren wastes, and past Dutch hamlets, sight-

ing here and there a flock of tame ostriches herded like cattle,—a three hours' ride.

And now for the first time our little party of "inlanders," consisting of diamond-buyers, "diggers" or claim-owners, traders,

A fresh team and new drivers await the coach at intervals of from thirty to forty miles, while the old one rests until the arrival of the coach from the opposite direction. The guard makes the whole journey. Of the drivers, one, a stalwart negro, simply holds the reins; the other, who may truly be called an experienced "whip," guides his eight horses by aid of the long whip mentioned. This he uses like a fly-rod, stinging and nipping each horse in the line as he needs it.

Wellington was already far behind. Fertile valleys teeming with fruit were passed and the toilsome ascent of the Drakensberg Mountains through the famous Bain's Kloof was begun. The road, notched into the



FALLS AT MADEIRA ON THE WAY TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

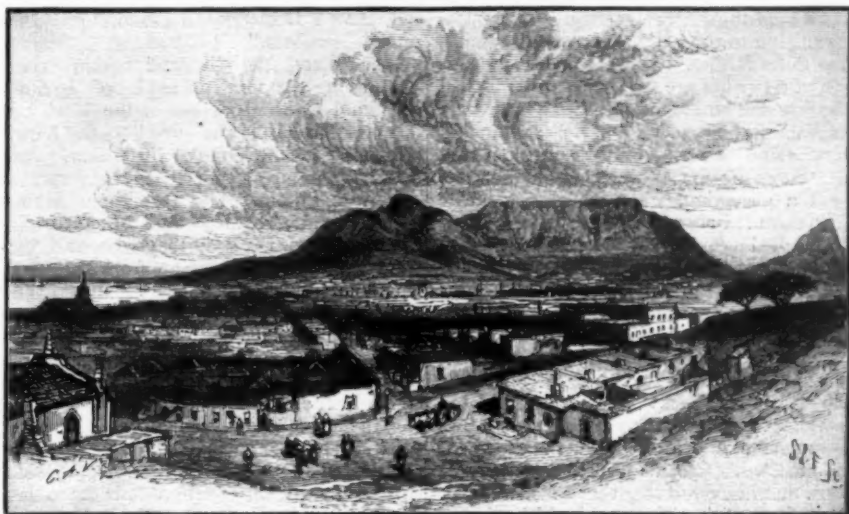
an elephant-hunter and a doctor, made one another's acquaintance over chops and coffee at the little Wellington hotel. At the door stood our wagon behind eight lithe horses fretting in their rough thong harnesses. To crowd fifteen people into that wagon seemed hopeless when one examined the seats covered with overcoats, rugs, valises, soft hats, canned biscuit, rifles, etc., etc.; but squeeze in we did. It was a wild start, that one,—our eight horses bounding and plunging about, heading first this way, then that, and threatening as they swung around to one side or the other to wind themselves up in inextricable confusion around the coach. But each attempt to wheel about on the part of the leaders was met by a fierce report from a long-lashed whip, whose reach covered, perhaps, fifty feet, and by this means alone was our team kept in a straight course. Reins seemed of no value. The wagon swayed and rocked but kept its balance, and at the end of a mile spurt both horses and drivers were glad to stop and repair damages. This spurt and smash of harness we found was habitual to the Cape horse, which by the way, is a marvel of endurance. Fed at the best on oat-straw, with now and then a sprinkling of "mealie" corn, though far oftener obliged to be content with what he can glean from the barren plain, he performs double and treble the work of his English or American brother.

side, led up and up, in and about, winding around gigantic peaks, along the edge of precipices, skirting deep ravines. From the top of the range stretched a grand panorama of mountain, plain and valley, and in the distance the white line of the ocean. With a farewell to the sea, we were off down the mountain, away to the wastes of the Great Karroo.

Karroos, of which there are many in Southern Africa, unlike the plains of shifting sands of which the Sahara is an example, are rich alluvial beds of soil lacking only the vivifying power of water to render them



KARROO STATION, ON THE WAY TO THE MINES.



CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

waving fields of grass and flower. Each was the bed of a great shallow lake such as Lake Ngami, now fast disappearing, will leave behind it. But whatever they might be with water, they are now desolation itself.

Night and day our coach jogged on with brief stops at the stations, which were often only a little spring or a pool of water and a thatched mud-hut.

Soon we were in the midst of the Karroo, a barren waste stretching into the horizon, boundless, silent, and stifling with heat and dust. The whitened bones of oxen, mules and horses lay scattered along the way-side. Here, too, more than one weary foot-traveler to the mine had died. The hot, simmering air flickers over the surface of the heated plain, causing the most wonderful mirage effects on every hand. Lakes and wooded islands appear in the distance and die away. Mountains rise and sink or change their form. A distant secretary bird looms up to the height of a giraffe.

After the Karroo, came the Gouph, in Hottentot meaning "much honey,"—a desert much like the Karroo. Isolated farm-houses belonging to rich Boers were met with, scattered at great intervals along the road. These houses were often large, and built of sun-dried brick, one story in height, and ordered after the most patriarchal and primitive manner. The Boers' flocks, numbered by thousands, wind their way each morning and night to an artificial pond filled by surface-drainage in the rainy sea-

son, and called a "dam." By day they are herded by Hottentots on the plain; by night "kraaled." The dam is their only supply of water, as well as that of the household.

On the fifth day the little town of Beaufort was entered. Tame ostriches were strutting about in the front yards of the houses, representing a system of ostrich farming on a small scale. For here, in place of the family cow or pig, one keeps his family ostrich, a source of no inconsiderable profit. Our sense of observation had now become very much dulled by weariness. The feet of some were greatly swollen, and all were glad of the random snatches of sleep out of the coach while fresh horses were being chased in from the "veld" and "inspanned." The passage of down coaches, sighted like vessels at sea long before we met them, afforded some excitement. Greetings and news of our respective destinations were exchanged. Many of their passengers were returning diggers whose toils seemed to have been magnificently rewarded, judging from the lustrous diamonds in the rough, which they pulled from pockets and pouches to show to us.

Two days more brought us to Hope Town, where the sight of trees again blessed our eyes, and then the rolling flood of the mighty Orange River, which was crossed on a huge pont, the whole team, with stage and passengers, driving on at once. Only a few hours yet remained before reaching the "Fields"; this word meaning for us that part of the diamond-producing region

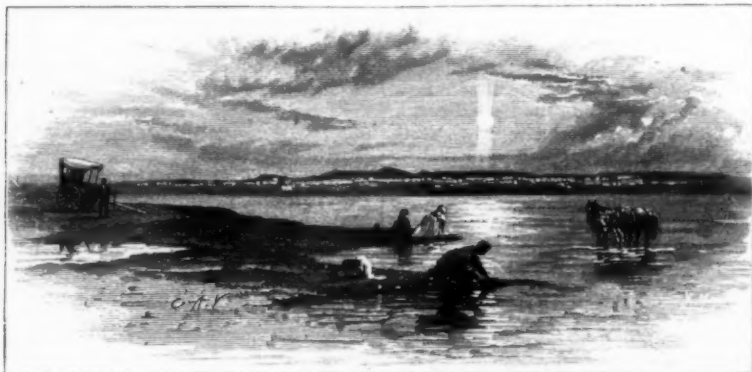
known as the "Dry Diggings," in contradistinction to the "River Diggings," twenty-five miles further. As we gained the summit of a swell of ground, before us stretched the low hill-ranges of soil excavated from the mines of Dutoit's Pan, Bultfontein and Kimberley. Scattered over the plain and densest at the foot of the sand-mounds was built a glistening, white-roofed city. The road soon led along the edge of a shallow lake called a "pan," by the very spot where the Dutoits lived in peace and solitude until the day when the "goed vrouw" displayed her collection of pebbles among which were the fifteen diamonds. We were entering a large town; our passengers were alive with expectancy and interest, one blowing long peals from a dilapidated bugle, and meeting with a hearty response from the innumerable dogs which dashed out to meet us. Crowds of animated people were met at every turn, till at last we drew up in front of the Diamond Fields' office of the Inland Company. The real barrier between the diamond fields and the world, namely, the journey thither, had now been passed. But for this these mines would be overcrowded, worked out, and diamonds worth but a fraction of their present value.

ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS SETTLEMENTS.

THAT "Here be diamonds," seems evident enough to the traveler, during his first

"Licensed Dealer in Diamonds," or "Diamond Merchant."

In general, the diamond region is situated in the western angle of territory included by the junction of the Vaal and Orange Rivers. It belonged to the Dutch Republic of the Orange Free State, until forcibly wrested from it by the government of Great Britain. The Dutch have always been the first settlers and colonizers in Southern Africa. It is they who have carried with them civilization from the south to the north. But in every instance their footing has been no sooner well established, gained against the obstacles of savage black, wild beast, and unexplored land, than it has been taken by force from them by the English. Cape Town, founded by them in 1640, and the fertile western district of the Cape Colony, gradually cultivated by their farmers, were taken in 1795. In this western district to-day, the population is almost exclusively Dutch. Here is the Cape Colony Arcadia,—a rich and beautiful land. Far away from the hum of the busy world, content with his weekly Cape Town paper, his literature, his well-studied Bible and his almanac, the Dutch farmer benignly scans his family and his flocks, and lives over again the traditions of his ancestors. Here are the vast farms, the long-stretching acres of orange grove, the tilled soil, teeming with useful fruits; here the sense of peace that, like



DUTOIT'S PAN.

morning's walk along the busy streets, lined on either side with buildings of corrugated iron, wood, and tent cloth. For on every hand, painted in gigantic letters, he reads, "Diamond Buyer," "Diamant Kooper,"

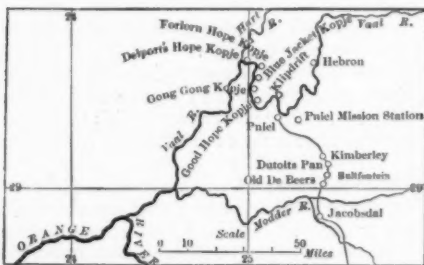
the dream of the lotus-eater, stills the senses; and here the weary world's traveler may revive the memories of Sleepy Hollow. Nature and her conquerors seem well met and well wedded. It was this Dutch farmer's

ancestors who fought their way against the terrors of the unknown interior; and his sons are now repeating the old story, beyond the Orange restlessly to the Zambesi.

The great "Trek," or emigration of Dutch colonists to the north across the broad and deep Orange is the chief episode in their history, and, indeed, in purity of motive and steadiness of execution, theirs will compare favorably with the historical beginnings of any other community. The principal exodus occurred from 1836 to 1840. At that time, giving as a reason the oppressive government of their masters, more than five thousand Dutchmen, with their wives and families, gathered together their flocks, their herds and their horses, packed into huge wagons drawn by twenty oxen their household goods and utensils, and thus, as it were, with their lives and their property in their hand, crossed the Orange and laid the foundation of the two republics of the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. At this time also, they conquered Natal from the Zulu chief Dingaan, only to be ousted by the English. The two republics flourished. Within their boundaries rose thriving towns and villages. Throughout their domain, law and order were well maintained, and a prosperous and happy people pursued the patriarchal system of agriculture and sheep and cattle farming suitable to their land. Coal, iron, lead, copper and cobalt were found in profusion, and, lastly, gold and diamonds. But the discovery of these two brought about their political ruin, for the English, in the face of their treaties, crossed the Orange and forcibly annexed territory (giving to it the name of Griqualand West), which they had once abandoned and ceded to the Free State. The last act of spoliation has just occurred. A British force marched into Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, and hoisting its flag, informed the inhabitants that they were annexed to the British Empire,—this, "peaceably if possible, if not, then by other means." The plea offered to the indignant president, legislature and people was that annexation was "a necessity for the sake of all South Africa," and that the republics were incapable of dealing with the natives. The necessity, it is worth while to notice, arises after the seizure from the Dutch of all their possessions but this very one—another British interest, which a Transvaalian would compare to that evinced by a highwayman for a pocket-book. As for the natives, if the two republics could

originally conquer them, they could quite as easily, after thirty years of prosperous growth, maintain their position.

The modern discovery of diamonds came about in this wise. In 1867 a certain John O'Reilly, trader and hunter, on his way from the interior, reached the junction of the rivers and stopped for the night at the farm of a Dutch farmer named Van Niekerk. The children were playing on the earth floor with some pretty pebbles they had found long before in the river. One of these pebbles attracted O'Reilly's attention. He said, picking it up, "That might be a diamond." Niekerk laughed and said he could have it; it was no diamond; if it was, there were plenty around there. However, O'Reilly was not to be laughed out of his idea, and said that if Niekerk didn't object he would take it down with him to Cape Town and see what it was, and if it proved to be of value he would give him half the proceeds. On the way down, a long journey, he stopped at Colesburg, at the hotel, and showed the pebble, scratching with it a pane of glass. His friends laughingly scratched glass with a gun-flint and threw the pebble out of the window, telling O'Reilly not to make a fool of himself. However, O'Reilly persevered, got it to Dr. Atherstone, near the coast, who announced that it was in truth a diamond of $22\frac{1}{2}$ carats. It was sold for \$3,000. I am glad to say that O'Reilly divided fairly with Niekerk. The latter remembered that he had seen an immense stone in the hands of a Kaffir witch-doctor who used it in his incantations. He found the fetish-man, gave him 500 sheep, horses, and nearly all he possessed, and sold it the same day to an experienced diamond-buyer for \$56,000. This was the famous "Star of South Africa." It weighed $83\frac{1}{2}$ carats in the rough and was found to be a gem quite the rival of any Indian stone in purity and brilliance. After it had been cut it was bought by the Earl of Dudley and it is now known as the "Dudley" diamond. The natives crawled over the ground and found many more, and the excitement grew and became intense. By 1869 parties in ox-wagons had worked their way over the weary plains to the Vaal River. From all parts of the colony and from foreign lands, people swarmed, and soon, like the creation of a dream, a tented city of twelve thousand and more grew at Pniel and Klipdrift, the opposite banks of the stream where diamonds were found plentifully and of excellent quality by sorting over the boulder-drift. Soon



MAP OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS.

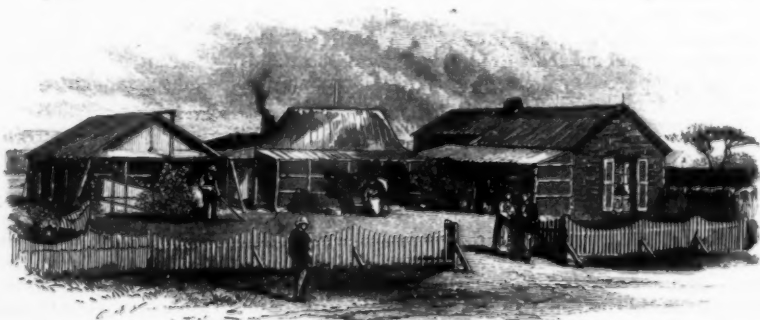
hundreds of cradles, like those used by the Australian gold-diggers, were rocking on the edge of the stream, supplied with the precious gravel by a large force of diggers, sievers, and carriers. People were thunderstruck at their success. Poor men with a turn of the hand became rich. Hotels, bakeries, breweries, drinking saloons and shops were erected and reaped rewards quite as large as did the diggers. It was a marvelous scene at night when the opposite camps were lit up with the warm glow of lights shining through the tent cloth buildings and the brilliant campfires of their twelve thousand inhabitants glistened across the water, from bank to bank. Far into the night were kept up the shouts and laughter and singing and music, and the crossing and recrossing of the boats. The excited crowds shifted their quarters up and down the river, making new discoveries during 1870 and 1871, over an area of from forty to fifty miles of the stream, and forming many camps such as Gong Gong, Union Kopje, Colesberg Kopje, Delpoit's Hope, Blue Jacket, Forlorn Hope, Waldeks' Plant, Larkin's Flat and Niekerk's Hope.

But the tide of fortune was soon to turn into a less pleasant though more remunera-

tive locality. In 1871 in the midst of prosperity along the river came news of the discovery of diamonds at Dutoit's Pan, in the open plain twenty miles from the water. And now occurred a remarkable migration *en masse* or "rush" to these new so-called "Dry Diggings," the multitude from the river meeting the throngs crowding in from every other direction until a seething population of forty thousand people had built up a town around what was found to be a limited diamondiferous area of twenty-three acres. Next, the little mine of Bultfontein immediately adjoining was discovered, then Old De Beers, only a mile away, and then came the last (and up to this time final) discovery of New Rush or Kimberley, undoubtedly the site of more natural wealth than any other known spot on the surface of the globe.

Here, then, within a radius of a mile, is the heart and focus of the diamond-producing industry of South Africa,—or, rather, of the world. Each town is built around its own mine. Three, Dutoit's Pan, Bultfontein and Old De Beers, no longer enjoy their palmy days; each still retains, however, a fair population. Practically at the present time all the labor and energy devoted to the search for diamonds is centered in the fourth town, that of Kimberley, which may be said to contain the crystallized result of all the "digging" experience of the diamond fields.

Kimberley has in general a population of from 20,000 to 25,000, which may be roughly divided into 4,000 diggers, 2,000 buyers and sellers of diamonds, 2,000 engaged in other pursuits, such as trades and store-keeping, etc., and from 10,000 to 15,000 blacks occupied as laborers in the mine and servants. The streets are regularly laid out, and, in the business portion,



A RESIDENCE AT KIMBERLEY.



SITE OF THE KIMBERLEY MINE BEFORE THE DISCOVERY OF DIAMONDS THERE IN 1871.

there are creditable buildings of corrugated iron or wood. Among the larger buildings there are five churches, a Jewish synagogue, a club-house, and several fine public halls.

In this quarter, nearly every door is that of a diamond merchant, a "canteen," or drinking saloon, or a well-furnished store. From open doors and windows come sounds of discussion about the sale and purchase of diamonds, the click of billiard-ball or the clink of glasses. The foot-passengers along the sidewalks brush hastily by, with a passing glance at the new cut of the travelers' clothing. Do they think of the time, months or years ago, when they, too, fresh from the outer world and hopeful, joined this same dusty throng? To them there is now no retreat unless successful. Life means nothing to them without fortune. They are all gamblers, but the stakes are the precious treasures of the earth, and Nature herself their opponent.

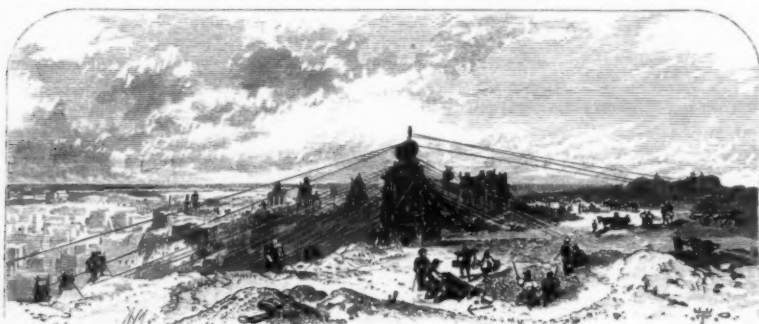
Of many broad streets leading from the business section, one in particular gives evidence of much home comfort. On either side of it is a succession of small fenced-in plots or freeholds, each with pretty house and garden. From open doors may be heard the sounds of pianos. Here fashionable society keeps up the observances of social life, makes calls, goes driving, gives dinners, and now and then a ball. On the outskirts are a vast multitude of tents occupied by the diggers, and still further out the squalid huts of Hottentot and Koranna. Here, too, rest many of the colony ox-wagons,—such as would be called in our West "prairie-schooners,"—still affording

home and shelter to the families who have come in them to seek their fortunes.

All over the surrounding plain, in fact throughout the town, are huge mounds of blue clay carted from the mine to the "compounds" or inclosures of the different searchers for diamonds, already examined and abandoned or else newly forming, and covered over with naked, dusty negroes, lazily swinging a sieve to and fro. Often the digger's wife with grown-up children around her sits at the low "sorting table" scraping over the prepared soil in search of the gems. Oftener the digger himself stands rocking his "washing" machine, if it is a small one, or superintending the varied processes which accompany the workings of the horsepower large machines.

THE MINE.

FROM whatever direction one comes from the surrounding plain, the most prominent sight is the lofty range of sand mounds, rising up from out the center of the town, and overtopping everything. These are composed of earth from the original thirteen surface acres of the Kimberley mine, and thrown up around the edge of the gradually deepening pit, just as the ant on a smaller scale piles up a circular ridge around its hole. By diamond "mine" in Africa, is meant a pipe of several acres superficial area and unknown depth, running straight down through stratified layers of shale. Each pipe, and there are only four, is filled in to the level of the general surface of the plain with sand, tufa, and a diamond-bearing breccia or soft rock. The Kimberley pipe or mine has now been ex-



A SECTION OF "STAGING" ON THE EDGE OF THE KIMBERLEY MINE.

cavated to a depth of about two hundred and fifty feet. Most of the streets of the town converge to it. We walk to the edge of rock which surrounds it, called the "reef," and before and beneath us extends an abyss—a huge oval-shaped cauldron—open full to the skies. Over its edge lies a sheer descent of two hundred and fifty feet; across it, from side to side, a stretch of a thousand feet, or a fifth of a mile. Coming even as one does from the life and stir of the town, the first look into the mine is a fascinating and bewildering one.

Little by little the facts unfold and steal upon the attention. One talks to his neighbor as to a deaf man, for a steady hum or roar fills the air, chiefly made up of human voices and the whir of buckets ascending and descending on their wire ropes. Ten thousand men are working below and around us, in the pit and around its edge. All is in plain sight, for there is no burrowing under ground. Far below, little black pigmy men—so they seem in the distance—are moving about, but not singly or at random, for closer observation shows that they are working in groups, each group upon a certain well-defined square patch of solid earth, at which it is picking and delving, or walking to and fro over it, carrying little buckets of loosened soil. In their midst sits or stands a white overseer, or the master himself.

Spreading over the whole excavation or pit, cauldron, pot or basin, whichever conveys the clearest idea, like a spider's web on a dewy morning, run innumerable little white threads, so they seem as they glisten in the sun. Follow one such thread to our feet, and it will be found to be a shining wire rope, worn white with constant use. And here on the edge or brim, called, as we know, the "reef," we find a scene of life and labor even more animated than below.

All around, but chiefly on two opposite sides, is erected a strong frame-work of timber called the "staging," estimated to have cost \$250,000. It is built in three tiers, like a three-story house, and each tier is floored to afford standing-room for laborers. Firmly set all along each tier of this staging are hundreds of wooden wheels, about four feet in diameter, with a crank on each side, to be turned by four Kaffirs. The iron ropes run from every part of the circumference, but differ greatly in length,—some extending vertically down the reef, some far out into the center of the mine, and others to varying intermediate distances, but each to its own claim. Such a rope is stretched from the bearings of each wheel on the staging to its corresponding claim below, where it is made fast to a post sunk firmly in the ground. Thus, a wheel, a wire rope and a "claim," be it only a sixteenth, are inseparable, and equal in number. On these wire ropes the "blue stuff" is hauled in buckets by aid of the windlass, up out of the mine.

Seven years ago nothing distinguished this spot from any other on the level plain of the semi-desert. A small party of prospectors scratching about in the sand, under a tree, where now is the center of the mine we have just been looking into, found a few small diamonds. Straightway occurred a "rush" to the new mine; each new-comer marked out for himself a "claim," of thirty-one feet square. The boundary lines were then accurately measured by a surveyor, and thus, once established, held good all the way down, though, of course, only imaginary lines. It only remained to each to work steadily, and pay a tax of two dollars and a half per month, to be absolute owner of his claim. The soil proved unexpectedly prolific in diamonds. At first it was a fine, red, alluvial sand, such as covers the whole

country about. When two to four feet of this layer had been carried away, a layer of chalk nodules and chalky clay was reached. These nodules also contained diamonds, but were so excessively difficult to break that the digger, in his haste and excitement, threw them aside; and they lie in forgotten heaps about the mine still unbroken. I have seen a large white diamond embedded in one of these chalk nodules which had been broken by a heavy hammer. Under the chalk layer came a brittle, yellowish, white mass of soft rock; this, too, quite rich in diamonds, and easily workable. But as the basin deepened, it was found to have a regularly defined edge of talcose shale, rising like a cliff all around this, *i. e.*, to the outside no diamonds could be found, and it was, therefore, left undisturbed, receiving the name of the "reef."

When digging was superficial, no one knew where the "reef" was, and of the many claims marked out at first, only those

contents of the mine—*i. e.*, the diamondiferous conglomerate soil, and rock—lie pressed up against the "reef," fitting closely into its every undulation, depression, seam, and crevice.

Work under the intense excitement went on with wonderful rapidity, when one considers that all the soil removed had to be drawn up in rough buckets of ox-hide, which contained hardly two shovelfuls of earth. And soon, at a depth of from fifty to sixty feet, a very solid conglomerate rock was reached, of a gray-blue color, which received the name of "blue stuff." Immediately at sight of this layer, the cry of "hard pan" was raised, and many sold out their claims at a loss; but the "blue stuff," though harder and tougher than any layer before met with, proved also to be very rich in diamonds, and work was pushed on into it with vigor. In no other mine had this hard layer been attempted, though it existed in the same relative position, because



WATER IN THE MINE.

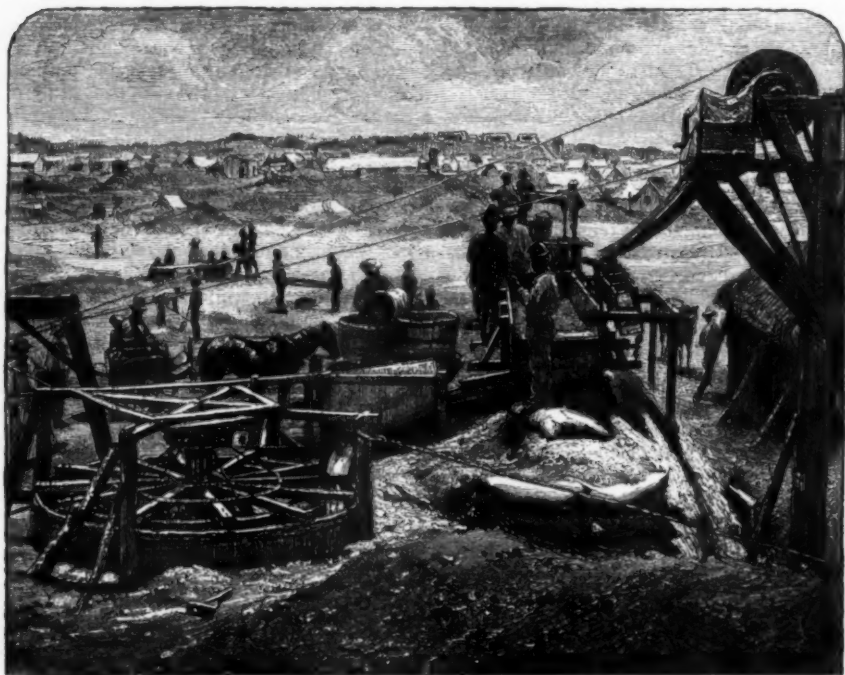
were of value which came within the area thus defined by a natural wall. In short, the diggers found they were working out a pocket or "pipe" of about nine acres. The

either the diggers had not gone so deep, or water had trickled in and filled their claims.

By this time a single "claim," of thirty-one feet square, had become worth from

\$5,000 to \$40,000; \$20,000 was not an unusual price to give. There were over 400 full "claims" left within the circling folds of the "reef." But their numerous sub-

down the face of the reef, taking off as much as ten feet of its surface in order to prevent its falling. Many accidents occur from the slides of rotten reef falling into the claims.



WASHING-MACHINE FOR DIAMONDS.

divisions to halves, quarters, eighths, and even sixteenths, made some 1,600 focuses of labor on the bottom of the mine.

As the mine grew to be a hundred feet and more in depth, two obstacles, at first overcome with ease, became serious and ruinous to many diggers. These were the accumulation of water, which found its way in through the deep strata of the surrounding wall, and the crumbling and falling of the face of the wall or "reef" itself. From one or the other of these causes, nearly every claim in the mine became unworkable for perhaps nearly half of the year.

At one time, the whole mine was threatened with flooding, but after many experiments and failures, the diggers were glad to pay a contractor \$30,000 for three months' pumping with the only steam-engine then at the "Fields." In another illustration, gangs of workmen can be seen engaged in what has become a constant occupation—paring

Most of the large diamonds, *i. e.*, from twenty carats upward, are found during the "picking" down in the mine, owing to the fact that the cement-like "blue stuff" fractures most easily at the spot occupied by a hard pebble like the diamond.

But here a few words as to the nature of the "blue stuff." The character of the diamondiferous ground is identically the same in all of the four neighboring mines. It appears to be a pudding-stone formed in the presence of water. Its general character is that of a soft pulverulent ground mass, composed of a mineral soapy to the touch. In this ground mass are interspersed fragments of shale, round water-worn pebbles of trap, agate and jasper, bronzite and smaragdite, garnet and ilmenite, hyalite and hornstone, calcite and diamonds.

If this rock is dried thoroughly in the sun for several weeks and then wet with water, it falls to pieces into a soft, slimy, muddy

mass, which envelops the varied constituents enumerated,—a fact which is put into practical use in separating out the diamonds, which are scattered with remarkable evenness through the conglomerate; two are never found together or even near at hand.

In the early days the rock was broken by clubs to a fine mass, passed through sieves, the coarse residue put upon impromptu tables and sorted. By this process, diamonds less than a carat in weight were lost. This was the universal practice for three years, until 1874, when the method of separating by means of water was introduced—a step which, next to the original discovery of the diamonds themselves, was the most important event in the life of the Fields. For three years the piles of siftings had accumulated, forming great mounds all over the town, which were known to contain many diamonds, but equally well known to be unremunerative if worked over by the usual dry process. It was a time of considerable commercial depression, and a large crowd of men were out of both capital and work. The washing-machine introduced new life into the whole community. The owners of claims in the mine adopted it, and soon every abandoned pile was beset by crowds of eager workers, who, in some instances, bought the right from owners, and in others appropriated such mounds as they found unclaimed. It was difficult to save the streets from the assiduity of the washers, and many a front yard, laid down deep with dry, sorted soil, now became of new and great value. The washing process flooded the market with very small diamonds which had before escaped, though even now, so rude and incomplete is the method, all diamonds of the size of a pin's head and under are lost.

Diamond digging is expensive. We will take, for example, the average digger, who owns a quarter of a claim and works his own ground. He can take his choice, according to locality, of paying from \$1,000 to \$10,000 for his quarter claim—i. e., $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 31 feet. It pays best to buy high-priced ground. His outfit of digging tools, washing-machine, etc., will cost say \$1,000. His gang of twenty Kaffirs will cost him five dollars each per week, or \$100. One overseer besides himself, twenty-five dollars per week. Meat and tobacco for Kaffirs, five dollars per week extra. Then expenses of carting and taxes will

make his total outlay at the least \$200 per week, or over \$10,000 a year, exclusive of his own expenses of living. If one cannot spend \$800 per month, I believe it is of no use to go to Kimberley to dig for diamonds. To offset this expense is, of course, good luck in "finding," and from the very beginning of operations the digger often not only clears expenses, but makes a handsome profit. There is no doubt that diamond digging pays two-thirds of those who engage in it, well. The fortunes made, as a rule, are small and numerous. Rarely has any one cleared \$50,000 from any one claim. Success seems to be very evenly distributed, and chiefly attainable by those who can begin with say from \$3,000 to \$5,000.

The amount of money paid for Kaffir labor alone is enormous. For instance, there are a thousand wheels; allowing five Kaffirs to each, we have 5,000 laborers daily at the mine. These, at \$5 each per week, are paid \$25,000, or \$100,000 per month, or \$1,200,000 per year, and this for 5,000 Kaffirs only. The assessment of the Kimberley mine for the year 1877, simply for the purpose of distribution of rates or taxes, was \$5,151,500, or about \$7,000,000, if we add a third to bring the first amount up to selling prices. It apparently never occurs to the digger to inquire into the unstable nature of the whole Kimberley fabric. Immense sums of money are invested in and around the mine, and owners of town lots, of houses, of public building, and of claims, have settled into the calmest feeling of security. But no fear disturbs the digger of Kimberley. His belief in the immortality of the mine is supreme. But there are influences at work which are crowding the small capitalist from the fields. The increasing depth, crumbling reef, inflowing water are fast multiplying the expenses of working. The great bugbear of the digger is the word "company," but even now small proprietorships are becoming merged in large aggregations of claims, and the next phase of mining operations must undoubtedly be that of several large and competing companies, or perhaps a single one controlling the whole mine. Then the individual romance of diamond-hunting will be over. But there is no danger that the diamond will ever become common. Nature has placed it in lands difficult of access, and it is likely to remain a royal gem, surrounded with the seclusion of royalty.*

(To be continued.)

* A portion of this paper was read at a meeting of the American Geographical Society, March 13, 1877.

OLD ROBIN.

SELL old Robin, do you say? Well, I reckon not to-day!
I have let you have your way with the land,
With the meadows and the fallows, draining swamps and filling hollows,
And you're mighty deep, Dan Alvord! but the sea itself has shallows,
And there *are* things that you *don't* understand.

You are not so green, of course, as to feed a worn-out horse,
Out of pity or remorse, very long!
But as sure as I am master of a shed and bit of pasture,
Not for all the wealth, I warn you, of a Vanderbilt or Astor,
Will I do old Robin there such a wrong.

He *is* old and lame, alas! Don't disturb him as you pass!
Let him lie there on the grass, while he may,
And enjoy the summer weather, free forever from his tether.
Sober veteran as you see him, we were young and gay together:
It was I who rode him first—ah, the day!

I was just a little chap, in first pantaloons and cap,
And I left my mother's lap, at the door;
And the reins hung loose and idle, as we let him prance and sidle,—
For my father walked beside me with his hand upon the bridle:
Yearling colt and boy of five, hardly more.

See him start and prick his ears! see how knowingly he leers!
I believe he overhears every word;
And once more, it may be, fancies that he carries me and prances,
While my mother from the door-way follows us with happy glances.
You may laugh, but—well, of course, it's absurd!

Poor old Robin! does he know how I used to cling and crow,
As I rode him to and fro and around?
Every day as we grew older, he grew gentler, I grew bolder,
Till, a hand upon the bridle and a touch upon his shoulder,
I could vault into my seat at a bound.

Ah, the nag you so disdain, with his scanty tail and mane,
And that ridge-pole to shed rain, called a back,
Then was taper-limbed and glossy—so superb a creature was he!
And he arched his neck, so graceful, and he tossed his tail, so saucy,
Like a proudly waving plume long and black!

He was light of hoof and fleet, I was supple, firm in seat,
And no sort of thing with feet, anywhere
In the country, could come nigh us; scarce the swallows could outfly us;
But the planet spun beneath us, and the sky went whizzing by us,
In the hurricane we made of the air.

Then I rode away to school in the mornings fresh and cool;
Till, one day, beside the pool where he drank,
Leaning on my handsome trotter, glancing up across the water
To the judge's terraced orchard, there I saw the judge's daughter,
In a frame of sunny boughs on the bank.

Looking down on horse and boy, smiling down, so sweet and coy,
That I thrilled with bashful joy, when she said,—

Voice as sweet as a canary's,—“Would you like to get some cherries?—
You are welcome as the birds are;—there are nice ones on this terrace;
These are white-hearts in the tree overhead.”

Was it Robin more than I, that had pleased her girlish eye
As she saw us prancing by? half, I fear!

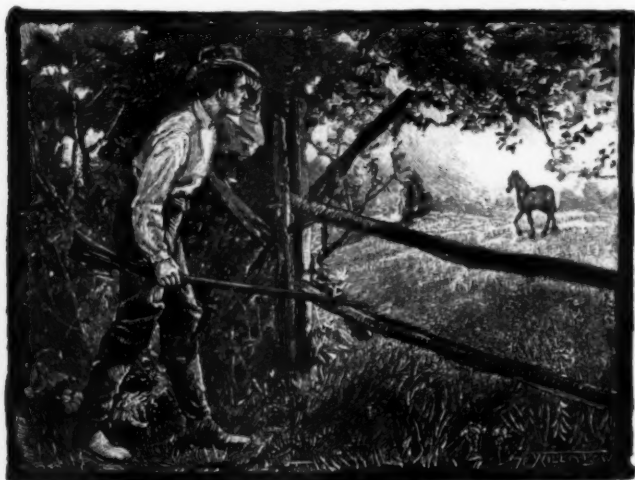


“WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET SOME CHERRIES?”

Off she ran, but not a great way: white-hearts, black-hearts, sweethearts straightway!
Boy and horse were soon familiar with the hospitable gate-way,
And a happy fool was I—for a year.

Lord forgive an only child! All the blessings on me piled
Had but helped to make me wild and perverse.
What is there in honest horses that should lead to vicious courses?
Racing, betting, idling, tippling, wasted soon my best resources:
Small beginnings led to more—and to worse.

Father? happy in his grave! Praying mothers cannot save;—
 Mine? a flatterer and a slave to her son!
 Often Mary urged and pleaded, and the good judge interceded,
 Counseled, blamed, insisted, threatened; tears and threats were all unheeded,
 And I answered him in wrath: it was done!



"NO, I SAID, I WOULD KILL MYSELF INSTEAD."

Vainly Mary sobbed and clung; in a fury out I flung,
 To old Robin's back I sprung, and away!
 No repentance, no compassion; on I plunged in headlong fashion,
 In a night of rain and tempest, with a fierce, despairing passion,—
 Through the blind and raving gusts, mad as they.

Bad to worse was now my game: my poor mother, still the same,
 Tried to shield me, to reclaim—did her best.
 Creditors began to clamor; I could only lie and stammer;
 All we had was pledged for payment, all was sold beneath the hammer,
 My old Robin there, along with the rest.

Laughing, jeering, I stood by, with a devil in my eye
 Watching those who came to buy: what was done
 I had then no power to alter; I looked on and would not falter,
 Till the last man had departed, leading Robin by the halter;
 Then I flew into the loft for my gun.

I would shoot him! no, I said, I would kill myself instead!
 To a lonely wood I fled, on a hill.
 Hating Heaven and all its mercies for my follies and reverses,
 There I plunged in self-abasement, there I burrowed in self-curses;
 But the dying I put off—as men will.

As I wandered back at night, something, far off, caught my sight,
 Dark against the western light, in the lane;
 Coming to the bars to meet me—some illusion sent to cheat me!
 No, 'twas Robin, my own Robin, dancing, whinnying to greet me!
 With a small white billet sewed to his mane.

The small missive I unstrung—on old Robin's neck I hung,
There I cried and there I clung! while I read,
In a hand I knew was Mary's—"One whose kindness never varies
Sends this gift:" no name was written, but a painted bunch of cherries,
On the dainty little note, smiled instead.

There he lies now! lank and lame, stiff of limb and gaunt of frame,
But to her and me the same dear old boy!
Never steed, I think, was fairer! still I see him the proud bearer
Of my pardon and salvation; and he yet shall be a sharer—
As a poor dumb beast may share—in my joy.

It is strange that by the time, I, a man, am in my prime,
He is guilty of the crime of old age!
But no sort of circumvention can deprive him of his pension:
He shall have his rack and pasture, with a little kind attention,
And some years of comfort, yet I'll engage.

By long service and good-will he has earned them, and he still
Has a humble place to fill, as you know.
Now *my* little shavers ride him, sometimes two or three astride him;
Mary watches from the door-way while I lead or walk beside him;—
But his dancing all was done long ago.

See that merry, toddling lass tripping to and fro, to pass
Little handfuls of green grass, which he chews,
And the two small urchins trying to climb up and ride him lying;
And, hard-hearted as you are, Dan,—eh? you don't say! you are crying?
Well, an old horse, after all, has his use!



W. H. D. 1880

E. J. LAMSON S.

ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"LATHERS HELD IT SO SHE COULD SEE IT."

CHAPTER XLV.

COMING DARKNESS.

JIM MCGOWAN had followed Nancy closely all the way to town. He kept so far behind that she did not see him, but at every hill-top he could see her. He watched her turn into the cabin of her brother Haz. Then he went to Dixon's corner and took a drink. After firing himself with yet other drinks he sallied out and on his way

to a convenient post of observation he had the luck to meet Mother Tartrum looking about for a bit of news as eagerly as the early bird seeks a worm.

"Mr. McGowan, Mr. McGowan," shrieked the old lady, "what's the news? How do things get on out at Rocky Fork? Are you married yet?"

"No," said Jim.

"That's curious. You brought me some wood two years ago and we talked about Mark Bonamy. He didn't go to Texas after

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all. He's tryin' to get to Congress. But they do say he aint very happy with his wife. I don't know what's the matter. I expect she's high tempered. These awful good people are generally highy-tighty at home."

"I'd be high tempered, too, ef I was Bonamy's wife. I'd choke him, blame him."

"Laws, now! You don't say. Do you think he's bad to her?"

"I wish I could get a good chance at him some time with my rifle."

"Oh, my!" And with this Mother Tartrum fell to work with the eagerness of a gold miner who has "struck it rich," or a reporter who scents a "beat." Here was a lead worth the working, for Jim's whisky had made him communicative and he told Mother Tartrum all he knew. When she was sure she had all his information she dropped off like a satisfied leech. She was now eager to tell what she had heard, and above all to tell it where it would make the most sensation, so that she might also have the sensation to talk about. So she went straight to Roxy's aunt, Mrs. Hanks, only scattering morsels of intelligence at two places on her road, as I have seen travelers drop sparks of fire into dry prairie-grass, and pass on, sure that a wide-spread conflagration would go on long after they were out of sight of it.

While Mother Tartrum was marching to the pleasant task of humbling the pride of Mrs. Hanks, Nancy Kirtley, unconscious that she was watched by Jim McGowan, was moving directly on Major Lathers.

"You've been a-foolin' weth me!" she began. Lathers was very bland and persuasive in his replies; but he could not remove from Nancy's mind the awful suspicion that she had been duped. She'd heerd that Mark denied "teetotal" that he had made any promise of departure with her for Texas,—then the promised land of all absconding people. She shook her fist in Lathers's face. "You jest fool weth me onst, and you'll be sorry for it," she cried. As a last resort, Lathers read to her the paper that Mark had written the night before.

"Lemme see that air," said the girl.

"You can't read it," and Lathers drew back.

"I kin tell ef it's his'n. Ef you don't gin it to me now, I'll blow the whole thing all over town in an hour."

Lathers held it so she could see it.

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"You're afraid to trust me take holt of it, air you? Never mind; I come to town to git even."

"Oh, take it and look at it," he said.

With a jerk Nancy took it and shoved it into her pocket. In vain Lathers coaxed and threatened. She backed toward the door.

"I'll l'arn folks to fool weth Nance Kirtley, dogged ef I don't," and with a sudden spring she swung the door wide and passed into the open air. "Now, I'm agoin' to have this read, an' ef I find it aint Mark Bonamy's writin', or thet you're foolin' weth me anyways, then I'll take the other way of gittin' even. Where's Bonamy?"

"He's gone out of town this morning; and if you don't give back that paper I'll have you took up and the like."

Lathers spoke from the door of his office, and Nancy, fearing that the sheriff would carry out his threat, started off hurriedly, but with hesitation and indecision. First she walked one way, then another, as though conflicting inclinations perpetually broke her resolutions. Once she had admitted suspicion, suspicion easily pervaded a mind so turbid as hers. Bonamy was probably getting ready to go off without her. That was why he did not see her himself. She did not believe he was out of the town. It was all a ruse, and he would take his wife and run away from Nancy's persecutions. If that were so, she would better go to Roxy herself, and "have it out with her." She would "show them whether they'd play gum games on her." She would find out from Roxy what was the matter, and then she would know how to "git even" with them all. For her expanding and suspicious resentment now included Lathers also as one of the people in a conspiracy to thwart her.

She didn't know, however, whether to follow this impulse to go to Roxy or not. But she was seized with a sudden return of the terror with which the elder Bonamy had inspired her. She had a vague notion that the sheriff was after her. He might put her in jail, and then Mark could go off before she could get out. She must strike her worst blow at once.

Impelled thus by fear and revenge, the prey to conflicting passions that found no check either from her understanding or her will, she hurried toward the Bonamy house, clutching the writing she had captured from the sheriff, who, for his part, was at his wits' end what to do.

Nancy came to the large gate of the Bonamy place, and fell back a moment in awe. Like other people of vulgar minds, she had great reverence for the externals of life, and the long rows of trim poplars back of the gate overawed her rustic mind. To assail the mistress of such a place was appalling.

While she hesitated, Twonnet passed her and went in at the gate.

"I don't want to go in while that girl's thar," she said. So she went down the road a little way, and climbed over the fence into a vineyard. Crouching under the shelter of the vines, now pretty well in leaf, she could watch the house and be out of the way of Lathers or any of his men, if they should come to arrest her.

This arrangement, however, was a very exasperating one to McGowan, who had watched Nancy all the way from the sheriff's office. He was sure of some conference between her and Bonamy, under cover of the vineyard. So he began to look up and down the rows of vines, with his hand on the lock of his gun, searching for Mark with the same keen hunter's gaze that was trained in the search for wild beasts, and looking for him with no more of scruple about killing him than he would have had about shooting a wolf.

Among those to whom Mother Tartrum had spoken briefly of the scandal was Mr. Highbury. She had only told him vaguely that there was something awful about to come out about Mr. Bonamy's private character. She hadn't time to say more; but there would be trouble. She had seen a man from Rocky Fork waiting with a gun. And, having thus piqued Highbury's curiosity, she departed with that air of reserved information so satisfying to the gossip. It chanced that Mr. Highbury met Mr. Whittaker immediately after, and forthwith launched into a strain of moralizing over Mark's fall and the danger of these exciting revivals. The approved and pious way of gossiping is to sweeten scandal with the treacle of homilizing inferences.

Whittaker, from his previous knowledge of Nancy, guessed more of the fact than Highbury could tell him. He was grievously uneasy during Mr. Highbury's somewhat protracted moralities, and at last broke away rather abruptly. He was thinking of the thunderbolt hanging over the head of Roxy. Ought he not to do something to protect her? He could not go himself. Whom could he send? He thought of fat, inane,

little Mrs. Highbury, and almost smiled at the idea of her consoling anybody. He could not send Mrs. Adams, the Miss Moore of other times. She was—well—not a fool; but she was what she was. Mrs. Hanks was Roxy's aunt; but he thought, from the little he knew of her, that she would not do.

But there was Twonnet,—giddy, nonsense-loving, railing Twonnet! With a glow he thought of her. What a fountain of comfort that child had in her! He walked more briskly. He did not know how long this rumor had been afloat, and he might be too late to shield Roxy by the presence of her friend. He found Twonnet coming from the garden, carrying a wooden bowl full of freshly plucked lettuce, and singing gayly:

"Then buy a little toy,
A little toy—a little toy,
From poor Rose of Lucerne!
I've crossed the ocean blue,
From Swiss-land a stranger,
For a brother dear to me,
From Swiss-land a ranger,
Then buy a little toy," etc.

The air was lighter than vanity; the words were nothing; but the gay heart of the girl poured out in the childish song a heart full of joyousness, with all the delicious abandon of a cat-bird's early morning melody. Seeing Whittaker, she colored slightly; but, quickly assuming an entreating air, she held out her bowl of lettuce as though it held wares for sale, turned her head of pretty brown curls on one side, and plaintively, even beseechingly, repeated the refrain:

"Oh! buy a little toy,
From poor Rose of Lucerne!"

There was so much dramatic expression in the action, so much of tenderness in the mercurial eyes and ruddy brown cheeks and soft pleading voice, so much of something in himself that drew him to "the child," as he called her, that he could hardly keep back the tears. For a moment he almost forgot his errand, but the sudden recollection of Roxy's peril sent a counter-current of feeling through him. He put his hands upon the bowl which she held out to him, and said:

"Dear girl, don't. I want to speak to you."

The eagerness of his manner, and the unwonted tenderness of his speech, swept

away the rollicking mood, and gave to Twonnet's face a flush and an air of solemn self-constraint, at strange variance with her previous playfulness.

"Dear Twonnet,"—the kindly form of address came from the complex feelings of the moment,—"some great calamity is about to happen to Roxy."

Twonnet drew a sigh, and regained something of her composure.

"There are painful rumors about Mark. I can't explain it to you. There is no one else that can help her. You are the wisest woman in town. You are——" Here Mr. Whittaker checked himself. The returning flush in the face of the young woman reminded him that such flattering words were hardly what he wanted to say at that time. He recovered his customary reserve of manner, and added: "Go! Be quick. I'll explain to your mother."

"But what shall I say?"

"Nothing, unless you think best. God help the poor woman!"

Twonnet pulled down the sleeves of her dress, donned her sun-bonnet, and hurried off. She was full of alarm for Roxy; but how many emotions can exist in the soul at once! In her heart of hearts there was a melody made by the words of commendation that Mr. Whittaker had uttered. He had spoken kindly, even tenderly. But as she drew near to Roxy's house, the undercurrent of pleasurable excitement had vanished. The shadow of some great sorrow of Roxy's fell upon her.

When she went in, she found Roxy impassively looking out of the window. The millions upon millions of pigeons were still flying, and she was watching them in the same numb fashion as in the morning. She greeted Twonnet with a silent embrace. Then Twonnet sat down by her with no words. Roxy scanned Twonnet's face. Then she looked out at the pigeons again. They kept coming over the southern hills and flying so steadily to the north in such long and bewildering flocks of countless multitude. The very monotony of the apparition of new myriads when the other myriads had swiftly disappeared, suited Roxy's numb state. She had eaten no dinner. A deadly apprehension of disaster filled her thoughts, and she read a confirmation of her fear in Twonnet's face, and in her silence, but she did not ask anything. She kept on watching for the next great flock of swift-flying birds to come out of the horizon.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ROXY SHAKES THE DUST FROM HER FEET.

"Mr. McGOWAN, what are you hunting for?"

It was the shrill voice of Mother Tartrum. She and Mrs. Hanks on their way to convey bad intelligence to Roxy had come suddenly on Jim who was still looking up and down the rows of the vineyard.

"Fer a crow," said Jim, a little disconcerted. Then he added in soliloquy, "Fer the blackest one I kin find."

"That man," said Mother Tartrum, "ought to be stopped. He's going to shoot Mr. Bonamy. I'm sure of it. He said to me this morning that he'd like to get a shot at him with his rifle."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Hanks, as they came to the gate. "How awful that would be!" But she could not help reflecting that in case of such an awful result Roxy would get her "thirds" of a very nice property.

Twonnet from the window saw Mother Tartrum and Mrs. Hanks come in at the gate. Roxy was still looking off vacantly at the sky and the pigeons.

"Mrs. Hanks is coming," said Twonnet, gently rousing Roxy by laying her hand on her arm. Roxy shuddered like one reviving from unconsciousness.

When the visitors knocked, Twonnet admitted them and stood by Roxy's chair when they had seated themselves. There was a very awkward pause.

"Miss Lefauve," said Mrs. Hanks, "we should like to see Roxy alone."

But Roxy looked at Twonnet appealingly and took hold of her dress, much as a timid child might have done.

"I think Roxy wants me to stay here," said Twonnet. "We've stood by one another in every trouble, you know."

"As her aunt I suppose I am her next friend," said Mrs. Hanks, testily, "and I have a very confidential communication to make."

"Best friends aren't always born in one's family, Mrs. Hanks, especially when one happens to be born as Roxy was, poorer than her relations." Twonnet made this rasping speech from an instinctive wish to draw to herself the fire of Mrs. Hanks and so to shield the smitten Roxy from that lady's peculiar lecturing abilities.

Mrs. Hanks bridled with anger, but Mother Tartrum's voluble tongue caught the wind first. Turning her sharp gray eyes restlessly from side to side under her spec-

tacles, she came out with a characteristic speech:

"Now Miss Lefauve, we've got something very important to say to Mrs. Bonamy—very important, and an awful secret, too. It refers to Mrs. Bonamy's *private* affairs—to her relations with her husband. And we don't choose to have you hear it. It isn't fit for a young woman to hear. You just go in the other room, wont you?"

"Not till Roxy tells me to. I know what you are going to talk about. It isn't such an awful secret. It's talked about all over town, I suppose."

At this suggestion of publicity, Roxy shuddered again.

"Oh, somebody's been telling it, have they? I suppose you hurried down here to tell it. People are such tattlers nowadays. Even young people aint ashamed to talk about the worst things. Well, Mrs. Hanks, if they know, I suppose we might as well go." Mother Tartrum could not bear that everybody else in town should be talking of the scandal and she be out of the way. She felt that people were infringing her copyright.

Bobo had by this time come into the room and stood behind his mother's chair observing Roxy's face. He had before noticed that Roxy was not pleasantly affected by his mother's presence and he was possessed with the impulse to defend Roxy at all times. He came round in front of his mother's chair and said:

"You'd better be going, Aunt Henrietta."

Mrs. Hanks grew red with indignation, and Bobo drew back for fear of a box on the ears.

"Well, Roxy, if you'd listened to my advice you might have seen better days. But even now you wont talk to me about your affairs. And so your husband's disgraced you. Are you going to put up with it and stay? That's the question. I think you can get a divorce and get your share of the property. I came down to advise you because I have your interests at heart. But I do wish you'd consult more with me. And you might take pains to teach my own child not to be impudent to me. He will call me aunt. Now I think we'd better go back, Mrs. Tartrum."

"Go back, go back," he cried with grief,
'Across the stormy water.

And I'll forgive your Highland chief,—
My daughter, oh, my daughter!"

muttered Bobo, who had committed endless strings of poetry and in whose mind an

echo of memory was easily set agoing by the sound of a word.

"I must say, Roxy," said Mrs. Hanks, with asperity, "that I think troubles are sometimes judgments on people. Some women put up with things, but you wont, I'm sure, and if you should get a divorce you could get a good alimony, and —"

"No, no!" cried Roxy, getting to her feet. "What do you talk to me that way for?" Then she sat down again, fiery but silent.

"Aunt Henrietta, you'd better go, *right off.*"

"Bobo, you're too aggravating for anything," cried Mrs. Hanks. "To be insulted by my own child!"

But she took the advice and departed, while Bobo, whose brain was now seething with confused excitement, swung his arms in triumph and chuckled:

"They're gone over bank, bush and scaur,
'They'll have fleet steeds that follow,'
quothe young Lochinvar."

"Twonnet," said Roxy, "what *is* this thing that is so dreadful? Everybody says it is awful and nobody will tell me what it is."

"I don't know, Roxy. I am like the man in the Bible that ran without a message. I heard that there was some scandal about Mark, and I came right off to you. Mr. Whittaker told me to come. I didn't hear what it was. But I'm glad you didn't hear it from them."

"Has —" But Roxy hesitated.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Twonnet, tenderly.

"Has Mark gone away for good?"

"I don't know. I didn't know that he had gone at all."

Roxy leaned her head upon a table and lay thus a long time. Twonnet looked out of the window. She saw a figure moving among the vines. Then Nancy Kirtley came stealthily out into the walk and approached the house. Twonnet looked at her for a minute. Then she said:

"Roxy, I do believe there is that same Kirtley girl that we saw a long time ago—the night Haz's baby died."

"Oh, Twonnet!" said Roxy, catching hold of her friend. "She's the one that all this is about. I know now. How *can* I see her? I can't! I hate her!" And she buried her head in her hands.

"You mustn't see her," said Twonnet, shuddering.

"Yes, I must, if it kills me. I must

know the worst of it. Bring her in here. Bobo, go out."

Nancy was in a hurry. Dimly through the rows of vines she had caught sight of Jim McGowan searching every avenue for Mark. She had not recognized him, but was sure that this man with a gun was some emissary of Lathers, bent on arresting her, or of recapturing from her the precious paper with which she hoped to drive Roxy away from her husband. There was, therefore, no time to be lost. She entered without a sign of recognition, and sat herself down boldly—almost fiercely—in front of Roxy. But there was something so awful in the rigid face of this woman, who drew back from her as from a hateful and polluted thing, that Nancy found it hard to begin. She began to feel a stinging sense of her disgrace. She had no circumlocutions at command. Her story was soon told. To the pure and sensitive Roxy it seemed so hideously repulsive, so horrible in the black consequences that it must bring, that—woman-like—she refused to believe it, or, rather, she refused to admit that she believed it, in spite of all the evidence that her own knowledge of Mark's recent behavior furnished in confirmation.

"I don't believe a word you say," she said to Nancy.

"You don't, hey? I knowed you was stuck-up. You stole him from me, and I swore I'd be even. I 'low I'm gittin' purty nigh even about this time. Looky heer, heer's a watch-seal that Mark Bonamy gin me when he was a-runnin' fer the legislater in eighteen and forty. That's four year ago, soon after the night he danced all night with me, and gin all the rest the go-by. You don't believe that's his'n? Well, whose Testament's this? He gimme that at Moorfields. That come when he was a preacher. You're a town gal, and you kin read the writin' in that Testament. You see he loved me right along. I'll leave it to you, yourself, which a man would be likely to love most, you or me, now?" And she pushed back her sun-bonnet and showed her beautiful face, fascinating as a leopard's.

Roxy drew away from her with loathing.

"You hateful creature!" she said. "You aren't telling the truth." But she knew that Nancy's story was true.

"Oh yes! you don't like me. I don't wonder at that. I'm goin' to git even weth Mark, I am. Him an' Major Lathers has been a-lettin' on he was agoin' off weth me to Texas. I'll show 'em! Look at that

paper, wont you?" Here she handed the paper to Roxy, who saw these words, in a handwriting she could not mistake:

"Whatever arrangement Major Lathers makes with Nancy Kirtley I will carry out.

"MARK BONAMY."

"That was got up to fool me," proceeded Nancy, by way of exposition. "Now, Mark Bonamy kin do as he pleases. He kin go off weth me, or I'll have him tuck up. An' you'll larn, sis, whether it's safe to fool weth Nance Kirtley's beaux or not. I'll git even weth the whole kit and tuck of you, by thunder! It's a way the Kirtleys has, you know." And her eyes beamed with a ferocious exultation, as she saw a look of hopeless pain overspread the face of her victim.

Then Nancy gathered up from the floor, where Roxy had partly dropped and partly thrown them, her Testament and her watch-seal and the paper taken from Lathers, and departed, keeping a good look-out for sheriffs who might want to take her up.

"Twonnet," said Roxy, when Nancy had gone, "let's get out of this house. It smothers me. I shall die if I stay here. I hate everything here. It seems like a kind of hell!"

She got up and went to her own room. She changed her gown for one that she had worn before her marriage. She gathered up the few little treasures she had yet from her girlhood, and put away everything that had been bought with Mark's money. Then she took her bundle and started out the door. The hired girl came after her to the piazza in amazement, and asked if she would be home to supper. But she shook her head in silence and went on, followed by Bobo and Twonnet.

Her father, who had heard the scandal by this time, met her in the road, not far from the gate. She reached out her hand and took his with a little sob, and the stern old shoe-maker ground his teeth, but said nothing. Hand in hand walked the father and the daughter, followed by Bobo and Twonnet, till they entered the old log house, with its familiar long clock and high mantel-piece and wide fire-place. Mrs. Rachel Adams and Jemima met her with tears; only Roxy neither cried nor spoke. In her own upper room she set down her bundle with a sigh, and then, exhausted, lay down again on her own bed, and lay there, with Twonnet by her, until the day died into dusk and the dusky twilight darkened into night.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A DAY OF JUDGMENT.

MARTHA ANN, the hired girl, was so stunned by the manner of Mrs. Bonamy's departure, that she went to the nearest neighbor's to reconnoiter. Hearing the wildest reports of the scandal, she made up her mind solemnly and conclusively that it wa'n't no kind of a house fer a respectable and decent young woman to stay in. So she went into the field and unburdened herself to the old negro, Bob, who had been with the Bonamys as slave, and then as hireling, all his life. Bob, with true negro non-committalism, didn't know nothin' 'bout dat ah. Fer his paht, he was agoin' to put dem 'arly taters in de groun' ef white folks fell out wid one anudder or ef dey fell in ag'in. 'Peared like as if white folks was allus a-habin a spiteful time. Didn't reckon 'twould hu't his cha'acter to stay awhile in de ole house. Anyways he was a-gwine to stick des eyer 'arly taters into de groun'.

But Martha Ann left. She did not go home that night, but stopped with a second cousin in the village, so that she might have the pleasure of being consulted by the gossips as a high authority on the internal infelicity of the Bonamy household. And she sincerely tried to recall something worth telling, giving her memory a serious strain in the endeavor.

It was while the town was in this white heat of excited curiosity, that Mark Bonamy rode his dripping horse through the streets. Lathers had hailed him, with the purpose of warning him against McGowan's rifle. He spurned the sheriff as he would have spurned an emissary of the devil.

He rode into his own gate with dread. Martha Ann had not felt obliged to close the doors, so that the place had the air of being inhabited yet. He threw the bridle-reins over the hitching-post in front of the house, and alighted. He went across the porch, into the hall, through the sitting-room, into the parlor. The horrible foreboding that he was too late to make the confession he should have made before, gradually deepened now into certainty. He hurried upstairs, hoping that Roxy might be there. There was Roxy's apparel, as she had left it. He opened the drawers—there were all the things he had ever given her. Her dresses hung in the old-fashioned clothes-press. He did not doubt that she had gone. But she had gone—Roxy-like—not meanly, but proudly.

Then, for the first time, he felt what a woman she was. How had he failed in his pride of birth and conceit of smartness, to understand her superiority! He had looked with condescension on a woman who was utterly above him. Here was to be no suit for alimony—not an unnecessary shoe-latchet of his would she carry away. These things strewn about the room said plainly that, having loved her husband and not his possessions, she utterly rejected what was his when she cast him off.

Mark cursed his own folly and wickedness. In that hour of desertion and loneliness, he loved Roxy as he had never loved her before. How would he have died to have undone all this evil! He went to the kitchen to find Martha Ann; but she also had gone. He made no doubt Bob had deserted, too. He was a leper, forsaken by his household.

Returning to the sitting-room, he sat down where Roxy had sat before; he rested his head on the table. It grew dark. Darkness, Solitude, and Remorse are a grim and hateful company.

Bob had come near the house once or twice; but, seeing no one, he had gone to "do his chores." At last, when it was fairly dark, he concluded that, as the master had not come back, he would better shut up the doors. So he went stumbling about the house, looking for a candle. Supposing himself alone in the deserted place, it seemed a little frightful to his superstitious mind, so he cheered himself with soliloquy and the childish humor of his race.

"Bob, it peahs like as ef ev'ybody's clean cl'ar'd out and done lef' dis yeah place to you. Hyah! hyah! Yo' house, yo' barn, yo' hosses. Sho, Bob, you's a-gittin too rich fo' a niggah. Dribe roun' in yo' own ca'idge, now, and keep anudder niggah. Be a lawyeh, I reckon, an' 'scuss things afo' de jedge. Run fo' Cong'ess nex'. 'Taint ev'y day a ole niggah drops down into a han'some house an'— Good goramity! Oh! My Lor'! Who's dis heah?"

Bob had run against Mark, who sat still by the table. The old negro soon appreciated the position of things, was profuse in his apologies, declared that what he was saying he didn't mean, was on'y jes' a-fool-in', ye know, sah.

"Bob," said Mark, "what time did Mrs. Bonamy go away?"

"Don' sahtainly know, sah. A pooty good while ago, sah. Done been gone a right smart while, sah. May be a little

longer'n dat, sah. Can't tell, ye know I was out a-plantin' 'arly taters an'——"

"Did Martha Ann go with her?"

"No, sah, not zactly wid her, sah. She come out to me wid a whole lot o' nonsense about goin' off, an' about her cha'acter. An' I tole her, says I——"

"Who's been here to-day?"

"I don't know, sah. I see sev'al, may be mo'n sev'al, ladies a-comin' in. Mis Hanks an' ole Mis Tahtrum, an' a gal in a sun-bonnet I see agoin' out, and Mis Twonnet war heah nigh onto de whole day, an'—laws, now, dah's dat hoss you-rid a-nickerin' out dah. Never mind, honey, I'll come and put ye in de stable direckly."

And the old man, after fumbling around awhile, lit the solar lamp on the table. Then he started to take care of the horse, but seemed to think he'd forgotten something. He came back to the door, and said:

"Peahs like ef you was a-havin' hard trials and much trebellations lately. Lean on de Lord, Massa Mark, and he will restrain ye, though the floods overflow ye, an' the waters slosh over yo' head, an'——"

"There, that'll do. Go on, Bob," said Mark.

The old man, after stabling the horse, returned to the house and got some kind of a supper for Mark, which he put upon a tray and set on the table in front of him. Then he retired, leaving Mark again in the society of the black sisters—Night, Loneliness, and Remorse. He left the supper untouched. He wandered about the grounds and the house. The one uppermost thought in his mind was suicide. It was quite characteristic of him that his remorse should take this intense form. Roxy's character seemed to him so noble, and his own so full of paltry meanness and large wickedness, that, for very shame, and as the only adequate expression of his repentance and affection for her whom he had wronged, he thought he ought to snuff out a life that seemed to have no goodness in its past, and no promise in its future. He had, in times past, forgotten and broken all good resolutions and convictions. He dare not trust himself to do better in the future. But, in fact, Bonamy was in a better state than ever before. For the first time in his life, he dragged his whole character to the bar of judgment. In all his religious experiences, no conviction had ever probed the weakness of his nature to the bottom. The Mark Bonamy looking suicide in the face, was better than the religionist, Bonamy,

with his surface enthusiasm. When Iscariot killed himself, it was because for the first time he knew himself, and realized that the world had no use or place for such as he. There was more hope for him then, had he only known it, than when he sat complacently at the feet of the Master.

It seemed to Mark that only by ending his life could he adequately atone for his fault. The fear of the perdition of popular belief did not deter him. Penal suffering would have been a relief to his conscience. If he could have burned out the remorse, he would have taken any amount of burning. He began gradually to resolve on and then to plan for suicide. Roxy should know at the last that he was not wholly mean, and that in spite of all his evil, he loved her. He would arrange his affairs, bequeath his estate to Roxy, except a sum for the care of Nancy's child, when it should be born. Roxy might reject the estate, if she chose; but, having done what he could to repair his fault, he would flee out of life.

But, even with this decision, the ignoble side of his nature had more to do than he supposed. It is easier for a man who dreads suffering, and mortification and complex difficulties, and the slow agony of moral convalescence, to escape out of life, than to fight one's way to such goodness as lies in reach, and then to live with the consciousness that it is but a half-way goodness after all, very uncertain and untrustworthy, liable to fall down easily and subject one to new mortifications and a Sisyphean toil.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE TEMPTER.

HAZ KIRTLEY, the drayman, lived in that part of the town situated on the lower bank next the water. Since the great freshet of 1832, when the Ohio had swept clean over this lower level, it had been abandoned by most of the inhabitants of the well-to-do class. And now the village cows grazed over green commons, where before had been rose gardens and grape arbors. Some of the houses had been removed, but some which were damaged by the water were allowed to remain in a ruined state, tenanted by the families of fishermen and other such folk, and by rats. This part of the village was called Slabtown in familiar speech, and here had lived the Kirtleys in a house but one room of which was finished, when the freshet came and drove the owner to a secure refuge on the high terrace. Hither

came Nancy in a state of vengeful exultation after she had stabbed Roxy Bonamy by the evidences which she was able to produce of Mark's infidelity.

Notwithstanding Nancy availed herself of the shelter of her brother's house without hesitation, a state of cat-and-dog discord had long subsisted between her and the drayman's wife. Mrs. Hezekiah Kirtley was a tall, raw-boned woman, such as the poor-whitey class produces in abundance. She was not fair of countenance. Haz did not marry her for comeliness of face or figure. In fact, Haz could hardly be said to have married her at all; on the contrary she married him. Her charms were resistible, but her persevering determination was not.

Nancy had long enjoyed setting off her own magnificent figure, large, lustrous black eyes, glossy eyebrows, abundant hair, symmetrical features, red, sensuous lips, white teeth and ruddy healthful cheeks, with the hatchet face and hard, repellant eyes of her lank sister-in-law. She could not forbear trying to make her sister-in-law appreciate the contrast. The consequence was a perpetual irritation between them, sure to end in an open quarrel pretty soon after every coming together.

Now that Nancy was disgraced, it could not be expected that Mrs. Haz would be magnanimous. She had been humiliated so long that her present opportunity was golden. She began with innuendoes and ended with downright abuse. Nancy sat on the hearth glowering and growling savage retorts like a fierce beast driven to bay at last, sullen but not despairing. She felt more hopeful when Haz came home to supper with the news of Mrs. Bonamy's desertion of her home and of Bonamy's return. But Haz's wife grew steadily more violent, her words fanned her passion; she called Nancy vile names; taunted her with her folly and the inevitable disappointment and disgrace in store for her, and set the savage creature wild with impotent wrath. She refused to go to bed on the straw pallet in the garret, but sat staring sulkily at the tallow candle. And the hope of success in her schemes sank down within her like the flame of the expiring candle, flickering in its socket. At last, as midnight came on, when the exhausted Mrs. Haz had been sleeping soundly for an hour or two, Nancy rose up from her chair and started out in the darkness taking her way through the town and toward the Bonamy place.

Bonamy had wandered about wildly all

the early part of the night and had at last sat down in the lighted sitting-room, exhausted with the strain of emotion and the fatigue of the day. He was a condemned prisoner. There was no road out of his perplexity but by death. In vain he had beaten against the bars on every side. There was nothing else for him. Then he heard the sound of feet coming up the steps and across the porch and through the hall, and Nancy Kirtley came unceremoniously to the door of the room where he sat. She was not quite the old Nancy. The air of vanity and coquetry was gone. The face, if anything, was more striking than before. Her present passion was a bad one, but it was a serious one. There was an unwonted fire in her eyes, and though it was a fire of desperation, it was at least a sign of some sort of awakening.

"Mark Bonamy, you and Lathers has been a-foolin' weth me," she said defiantly. "All the blame fools is a-laughin' at me now, and callin' me bad names. I haint agoin' to be fooled weth. I come to see whether you'd do the fa'r thing by me."

"What is fair?" said Mark.

"Why, go away weth me, like Major Lathers promised. Your ole woman's gone, and she wont never come back, I 'low. She'll git a divorce. Now, what air you goin' to do fer me?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? You don't know? They haint on'y jest one thing fer you er me. Let's light out of this ere country. You can't stay here. Roxy Adams has left you. Now why can't you take keer of me and my baby? You know it's yourn, too. What'm I to do? At Rocky Fork they'll all laugh at me—hang 'em! Haz's wife, she's jest about kicked me out. And now you're goin' to throw me overboard. And to-morry I wont have no friend to my name. Everybody'll hate me and sass me. An'I jest wont stan' it—I can't stan' it no longer!" And Nance sat down and cried.

Mark's quick feeling was touched. He knew that Nancy herself had plotted this ruin; but her grief at its unforeseen results was real. He had made up his mind to suicide. Here was a sort of suicide in life that he might commit. He was nothing now to Roxy. Why not deliver this other woman from the shame he had helped to bring upon her. And then, there was the unborn child; it would also have a claim upon him. There was Texas, a wild land in that day, a refuge of bankrupts and fugitive criminals. Among

these people he might come to be a sort of a leader, and make some sort of a future for himself. This Nance was a lawless creature—a splendid savage, full of ferocity. But something of the sentiment of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" was in him. He would commit moral suicide instead of physical,—release the animal part of his nature from allegiance to what was better; and, since he had failed in civilized life, he might try his desperate luck as a savage. It was a little easier to sink the present Bonamy in the wild elements of the South-western frontier, than to blow out his brains or drown himself.

Moved by the tears of Nancy and by such thoughts as these, he got to his feet, with an impulse to canvass the matter with Nancy. Everything reminded him of Roxy. It was all as the brave, heart-broken woman had left it. After all, she was the real victim. Should he add another to her injuries? The recollection of his first pure love for the enthusiastic girl came back with a rush. It were better to die than to yield again to the seductions of Nancy, even when a sort of false duty seemed to be on that side. He remembered how like a fierce savage Nance had made war on Roxy, and with what terrible result. With one of those quick revulsions to which impulsive natures are subject, he felt all the tide of bitter remorse that he had suffered in the day coming back.

"Nancy, look here!" He confronted her as he spoke. "You set yourself to ruin Roxy. You said you wanted to break her heart. You know you did. She never did you any harm. She never did anybody any harm. She's one of God's angels, and you're the Devil's devil. So am I. God knows I'm not fit for Roxy. But I won't do her

any more harm. I wish to the Lord I'd died before I ever did this. Now, Nancy, I'll provide for you and the child. I'll send you away somewhere, if you want to go. But I swear now, by the Almighty God in heaven, that I never will go a step with you! I am sorry for you, and I'll do whatever you want as to money; but the Devil himself sha'n't make me go off with you. If you want any help, send me word; but I don't want to see you any more."

"I'll have you took up," said Nance, fiercely.

"I don't care. I ought to be in jail."

"I'll have you shot. Blamed ef I won't!"

"You'll have to be quick. I mean to kill myself as soon as I get things fixed up. If your father or brother or Jim McGowan get the first shot, it'll save trouble."

Saying so, Mark walked away upstairs, leaving Nancy to get out as she could. And, indeed, she stood a long time on the porch. She was foiled, and all her venom turned back on herself. She could not go back to Rocky Fork. The world had turned to perdition. The vain, arrogant creature was the butt of everybody now—a despised castaway, whose very beauty was a shame. Even Mark Bonamy called her a devil. She had looked in contempt on all the women of her world; there was not a woman now, in all her world, that did not utterly despise her. Nothing in all this social universe is so utterly thrown away and trodden under foot as a dishonored woman. And even the unthinking Nancy felt this as she walked in the moonlight along the river-bank all the way back toward her brother's house, which the cowed creature dared not enter again that night.

(To be continued.)

MIDSUMMER.

MIDWAY about the circle of the year

There is a single perfect day that lies
Supremely fair, before our careless eyes.

After the spathes of floral bloom appear,
Before is found the first dead leaf and sere,

It comes, precursor of the Autumn skies,
And crown of Spring's endeavor. Till it dies
We do not dream the flawless day is here.

And thus, as on the way of life we speed,
Mindful but of the joys we hope to see,
We never think, "These present hours exceed
All that have been or that shall ever be;"

Yet somewhere on our journey we shall stay
Backward to gaze on our midsummer day.

MERIDIAN.

AN OLD-FASHIONED POEM.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE YALE CLASS OF 1853.

Inque brevi spatio mutantur saecula animantum
Et quasi cursores vitae lampada tradunt.

LUCRETIVS, DE RER. NAT. LIB. II.

WHAT compact old, what spell, these long years after,
Has lured us hither over land and main?
With tender thoughts, not tears,—with smiles, not laughter,—
We meet, we walk the ancient paths again.

At noon the Hamadryad to her lover
From the green forest sent a faithful bee,
Bidding him seek her haunt, and there discover
What rich rewards await on constancy.

But Rhœcus bruised its wings, and from that hour
The nymph was viewless to his longing eyes.
So unto us one brought an aloe-flower,
And said, "Be swift ere this rare blossom dies!"

Our hearts made speed in answer to that token;
The tryst is kept: and now declare ye soon
What posts are gained, what brave oaths kept unbroken—
Made in our morn to be fulfilled ere Noon!

I.

The tryst is kept. How fares it with each one
At this mid hour, when mariners take the sun
And cast their reckoning? when some level height
Is reached by men who set their strength aright,—
Who for a little space the firm plateau
Tread sure and steadfast, yet who needs must know
Full soon begins the inevitable slide
Down westward slopings of the steep divide.

How stands it, comrades, at this noontide fleet,
When for an hour we gather to the meet?
Like huntsmen, rallied by the winding horn
Who seek the shade with trophies lightly borne,
Remembering their deeds of derring-do—
What bows were bent, what arrows speeded true.
All, all have striven, and far apart have strayed:
Fling down! fill up the can! wipe off the blade!
Ring out the song! nor care, in this our mood,
What hollow echo mocks us from the wood!

Or is it with us, haply, as with those
Each man of whom the morn's long combat knows?
All veterans now: the bugle's far recall
From the hot strife has sounded sweet to all.

Welcome the rendezvous beneath the elms,
The truce, the throwing down of swords and helmets!

Life *is* a battle! How these sayings trite
Which school-boys write—and know not what they write—
In after years begin to burn and glow!
What man is here that has not found it so?
Who here is not a soldier of the wars,
Has not his half-healed wound, his early scars,—
Has broken not his sword, or from the field
Borne often naught but honor and his shield?
Ah, ye recruits, with flags and arms unstained,
See by what toil and moil the heights are gained!
Learn of our skirmish lost, our ridges won,
The dust, the thirst beneath the scorching sun;
Then see us closer draw—by fate bereft
Of men we loved—the firm-set column left.

II.

To me the picture that some painter drew
Makes answer for our past. His throng pursue
A siren, one that ever smiles before,
Almost in reach, alluring more and more.
Old, young, with outstretched hand, with eager eye,
Fast follow where her wingèd sandals fly,
While by some witchery unto each she seems
His dearest hope, the spirit of his dreams.
Ah, me! how like those dupes of Pleasure's chase,
Yet how unlike, we left our starting-place!
Is there not something nobler, far more true,
In the Ideal, still before our view,
Upon whose shining course we followed far
While sank and rose the night and morning star?
Ever we saw a bright glance cast behind
Or heard a word of hope borne down the wind,—
As yet we see and hear, and follow still
With faithful hearts and long-enduring will.

In what weird circle has the enchantress led
Our footsteps, so that now again they tread
These walks, and all that on the course befell
Seems to ourselves a shadow and a spell?
Was it the magic of a moment's trance,
A scholar's day-dream? Have we been, perchance,
Like that bewildered king who dipped his face
In water—while a dervish paused to trace
A mystic phrase—and, ere he raised it, lived
A score of seasons, labored, journeyed, wived
In a strange city,—Tunis or Algiers,—
And, after what had seemed so many years,
Came to himself, and found all this had been
During the palace-clock's brief noonday din?

For here the same blithe robins seem to house
In the elm-forest, underneath whose boughs
We, too, were sheltered; nay, we cannot mark
The five-and-twenty rings, beneath the bark,
That tell the growth of some historic tree,
Since we, too, were a part of Arcady.

And in our trance, *negari*, should the bell
 Speak out the hour, *non potest quin*, 'twere well
 The upper or the lower room to seek
 For Tully's Latin, Homer's rhythmic Greek ;—
 Yet were it well ? ay, brothers, if, alack,
 For this one day the shadow might go back !
 Ah, no ! with doubtful faces each on each
 We look, we speak with altered, graver speech :
 The spell is gone ! We know what 'tis to wake
 From an illusive dream, at morning's break,
 That we again are dark-haired, buoyant, young,—
 Scanning, once more, our spring-time mates among,
 The grand hexameter—that anthem free
 Of the pursuing, loud-resounding sea,—
 To wake, anon, and know another day
 Already speeds for one whose hairs are gray,—
 In this swift change to lose a third of life
 Lopped by the stroke of Memory's ruthless knife,
 And feel, though naught go ill, it is a pain
 That youth, lost youth, can never come again !

Were the dream real, or should we idly go
 To yonder halls and strive to make it so,
 There listening to the voices that rehearse,
 Like ours of old, the swift Ionic verse,
 What silvery speech could now for us restore
 The cadence that we thought to hear once more ?
 The low, calm utterance of him who first
 Our faltering minds to clearer knowledge nursed,—
 The perfect teacher, who endured our raw
 Harsh bleatings with a pang we never saw ;
 Whose bearing was so apt we scarcely knew,
 At first, the wit that lit him through and through,
 Strength's surplusage ; nor, after many a day
 Had taught us, rated well the heart that lay
 Beneath his speech, nor guessed how brave a soul
 In that frail body dwelt with fine control :
 Alas, no longer dwells ! Time's largest theft
 Was that which learning and the world bereft
 Of this pure scholar,—one who had been great
 In every walk where led by choice or fate,
 Were not his delicate yearnings still repress
 Obeying duty's every-day behest.
 He shrunk from note, yet might have worn at ease
 The garb whose counterfeit a sad world sees
 Round many a dolt who gains, and deems it fame,
 One tenth the honor due to Hadley's name.

Too soon the years, gray Time's relentless breed,
 Have claimed our Pascal. He is theirs indeed ;
 Yet three remain of the ancestral mold,
 Abreast, like them who kept the bridge of old :
 The true, large-hearted man so many found
 A helpful guardian, stalwart, sane, and sound ;
 And he, by sure selection upward led,
 Whom now we reverence as becomes the Head,—
 The sweet polemic, pointing shafts divine
 With kindly satire,—latest of the line

That dates from godly Pierson. No less dear,
 And more revered with each unruffled year,
 That other Grecian: he who stands aside
 Watching the streams that gather and divide.
 Alcestis' love, the Titan's deathless will,
 We read of in his text, and drank our fill
 At Plato's spring. Now, from his sacred shade,
 Still on the outer world his hand is laid
 In use and counsel. Whom the nation saw
 Most fit for Heaven could best expound Earth's law.

His wise, kind eyes behold—nor are they loth—
 The larger scope, the quarter-century's growth:
 How blooms the Mother with unwrinkled brow
 To whom her wandering sons, returning now,
 Come not alone, but bring their sons to prove
 That children's children have a share of love.
 Through them she proffers us a second chance;
 With their young eyes we see her hands advance
 To crown the sports once banished from her sight;
 With them we see old wrong become the right,
 Tread pleasant halls, a healthy life behold
 Less stinted than the cloister-range of old—
 When the last hour of morning sleep was lost
 And prayer was sanctified by dusk and frost,
 And hungry tutors taught a class unfed
 That a full stomach meant an empty head.
 For them a tenth Muse, Beauty, here and there
 Has touched the landmarks, making all more fair;—
 We knew her not, save in our stolen dreams
 Or stumbling song, but now her likeness gleams
 Through chapel aisles, and in the house where Art
 Has builded for her praise its shrines apart.

Now the new Knowledge, risen like a sun,
 Makes bright for them the hidden ways that none
 Revealed to us; or haply would dethrone
 The gods of old, and rule these hearts alone
 From yonder stronghold. By unnumbered strings
 She draws our sons to her discoveries,—
 Traces the secret paths of force, the heat
 That makes the stout heart give its patient beat,
 Follows the stars through æons far and free
 And shows what forms have been and are to be.

Such things are plain to these we hither brought,
 More strange and varied than ourselves were taught;
 But has the iris of the murmuring shell
 A charm the less because we know full well
 Sweet Nature's trick? Is Music's dying fall
 Less finely blent with strains antiphonal
 Because within a harp's quick vibratings
 We count the tremor of the spirit's wings?
 There is a path by Science yet untrod
 Where with closed eyes we walk to find out God!
 Still, still, the unattained ideal lures,
 The spell evades, the splendor yet endures;

False sang the poet,—there is no good in rest,
And Truth still leads us to a deeper quest.

III.

But Alma Mater, with her mother-eyes
Seeing us graver grown if not more wise,—
She calls us back, dear comrades—ah, how dear,
And dearer than when each to each was near!
Time thickens blood! Enough to know that one
Our classmate was and is, and is her son;—
She looks unto the East, the South, the West,
Asking, "Now who have kept my maxims best?
Who have most nearly held within their grasp
The fluttering robe that each essayed to clasp?"
Can ye not answer, brothers, even as I,
That still in front the vision seems to fly,—
More light and fleet her shining footsteps burn
And speed the most when most she seems to turn?
And some have fallen, fallen from our band
Just as we thought to see them lay the hand
Upon her scarf: we know their precious names,
Their hearts, their work, their sorrows and their fames.
Few gifts the brief years brought them, yet how few
Fell to the living as the lots we drew!
But some, who most were baffled, later found
Capricious Fortune's arms a moment wound
About them; some, who sought her on one side,
Beheld her reach them by a compass wide.

What then is Life? or what Success may be
Who, who can tell? who for another see?
From those, perchance, that closest seem to hold
Her love, her strength, her laurels, or her gold;
In this meridian hour she far has sped
And left them but her phantom mask instead.

A grave, sweet poet in a song has told
Of one, a king, who in his palace old
Hung up a bell; and placed its cord anear
His couch,—that thenceforth, when the court should hear
Its music, all might know the king had rung
With his own hand, and that its silver tongue
Gave out the words of joy he wished to say,
"I have been wholly happy on this day!"
Joy's full perfection never to him came;
Voiceless the bell, year after year the same,
Till, in his death-throes, round the cord his hand
Gathered—and there was mourning in the land.

I pray you, search the wistful past, and tell
Which of you all could ring the happy bell!
The treasure-trove, the gifts we ask of Fate,
Come far apart, come mildewed, come too late.
What says the legend? "All that man desires
Greatly at morn he gains ere day expires;"
But Age craves not the fruits that gladden Youth,—
It sits among its vineyards, full of ruth,

Finding the owner's right to what is best
Of little worth without the seeker's zest.

Yet something has been gained. Not all a waste
The light-winged years have vanished in their haste,
Howbeit their gift was scant of what we thought,
So much we thought not of they slowly wrought!
Not all a waste the insight and the zeal
We gathered here: these surely make for weal;
The current sets for him who swims upbuoyed
By the trained skill, with all his arts employed.
Coy Fortune may disdain our noblest cares,
The good she gives at last comes unawares:—
Long, long in vain,—with patience, worth and love,—
To do her task the enchanted princess strove,
Till in the midnight pitying fairies crept
Unraveling the tangle while she slept.

This, then, the boon our Age of Wisdom brings,—
A knowledge of the real worth of things:
How poor, how good, is wealth; how surely fame
And beauty must return to whence they came,
Yet not for this less beautiful and rare—
It is their evanescence makes them fair
And worth possession. Ours the age still strong
With passions, that demand not curb nor thong;
And ours the age not old enough to set
Youth's joys above their proper worth, nor yet
So young as still to trust its empery more
Than unseen hands which lead to fortune's door.
For most have done the best they could, and all
The reign of law has compassed like a wall;
Something accrued to each, and each has seen
A Power that works for good in life's demesne.
In our own time, to many a masquerade
The hour has come when masks aside were laid:
We've seen the shams die out, the poor pretense
Cut off at last by truth's keen instruments,
The ignoble fashion wane and pass away,—
The fine return a second time, to stay,—
The knave, the quack, and all the meaner brood,
Go surely down, by the strong years subdued,
And, in the quarter-century's capping-race,
Strength, talent, honor, take and hold their place.

More glad, you say, the song I might have sung
In the free, careless days when all were young!
Now, long deferred, the sullen stroke of time
Has given a graver key, a deeper chime,
That the late singer of this strain might prove
Himself less keen for honors, more for love,
And in the music of your answer find
The charms that life to further action bind.
The Past is past; survey its course no more;
Henceforth our glasses sweep the further shore.
Five lustra, briefer than those gone, remain,
And then—a white-haired few shall meet again,
Lifting their heads that long have learned to droop,
And hear some sweeter minstrel of our group.

But stay! which one of us, alone, shall dine
At the Last shadowy Banquet of the line?
Who knows? who does not in his heart reply
"It matters not, so that it be not I."

Brothers, the whirl of Time's impatient pinion
Is heard, and, though our lingering feet rebel,
We turn from Youth's revisited dominion,
And what shall after be no tongue can tell.

We saw, like pilgrims round a fountain waiting,
Life's tide rise slowly, then with leap on leap
Even to the brim: there trembling, palpitating,
One moment at the full its waters keep;—

One brief space given our supreme endeavor:
Drink fast, the waters hasten to their fall!
But first a health to each! The moments sever
Our claspings hands; we hear the trumpets call;

The outlines of our faded purpose strengthen;
It looms between us and the drooping sun;
Henceforth behind our path the shadows lengthen
And more than half the pilgrimage is done.

But down the western slope we still shall follow
That haunting Vision once again in sight,—
The glory from its robes shall light the hollow
Where Silence dwells, and make serene the Night.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Our "Commune."

It is well for us to recognize and estimate all powers as they arise which are likely—for good or ill—to modify our social and political life. That we have a "proletariat" there can now be no question: a class that has lost its good ambitions, lost its pride of citizenship, lost its sense of political responsibility, lost its industry, lost its hope, and is ready to live on what it can get. The tramps and dead-beats of the country and the city form the lowest layer of the proletariat; but there is a still larger class, hanging about half-way between them and respectability, that are far more dangerous than they. They are men with brains still active, but with hands tied by circumstances, and tied so tightly that they grow desperate and are ready to be led into desperate schemes by the ingenious demagogues who undertake to manage them.

We have had a series of bad years in all matters of business; and people who have always depended upon their daily wage for their daily bread have

experienced great difficulty in feeding and clothing themselves and their dependents. Multitudes have sunk into pauperism, yet there are other multitudes who could not do that. They have been too manly to do that. They have shrunk from that pit of death, and disgust, and horror; but what could they do? They have felt the pinch of helpless poverty, they have seen their children growing up without advantages, they have watched the shrinking wardrobes of their fading wives, and have been powerless to do anything to arrest the downward tendency. Work was not to be had. Business could not be created, and they have felt themselves to be shut off from all legitimate means of bettering themselves and their conditions.

It is not strange, therefore, that when the demagogue comes along, with his oily tongue and his false theories, he finds an audience ready for him—an audience, unhappily, which has nothing to do but to listen—an audience which finds it easy to believe that the provident portions of society are in some way to blame for the adversities and misfort-

unes of the poor. The "bloated bond-holder" is made to appear a public enemy, especially the enemy of the poor, when he was, at the beginning, the country's trusting and most efficient friend, and has distributed his bonds among widows and orphans, and banking houses and savings institutions, until they have become the basis of the national currency, the security of the savings of the poor, and the source of life to hundreds of thousands of those who have invested their all in these pledges of the nation's honor. In these bonds are invested the proceeds of millions of days of labor, and the savings of millions of prudent and toiling lives. A hungry, helpless, hopeless man finds it easy to accept Proudhon's and the devil's postulate that "all property is robbery," and when that is done the means for destroying or appropriating it do not need to be seriously discussed.

So, after a while—after suffering, and philosophizing and helplessly struggling and listening to the specious arguments of the demagogues—there is a large mass of men who come to believe that they are oppressed by the rich—that they are poor because others are rich, and that all that the rich possess, over and above that which is necessary to their life and comfort, ought to be distributed. And this is the way "the commune," as we call it, springs into life. The hoodlums of San Francisco, and the tramps and dead-beats of Chicago and New York, just as naturally gravitate toward this belief and theory as mud gravitates to the bottom of a pool. When the king of the hoodlums shakes his halter in the eyes of his crowd, a sympathetic thrill of pleasure agitates the dirty bosom of every dead-beat in the country. It does not matter that communism and agrarianism are impracticable—that society forced to such a basis could not exist—that communism is chaos. The mad impulse to destroy—to enjoy for an hour that which others have earned—takes possession of the mob, and humanity sinks back into the beast from which our modern scientists believe it originally came. Of course there is but one cure for this, and it does not need to be named. Every interest of civil society is its foe, and from time immemorial has been not only its foe but its conqueror. There does not exist on the broad earth to-day an instance of a good practical result to a communistic struggle, in the interest of those who inaugurated it. History will forever repeat itself in this respect, because society can never be forced to a communistic basis and live. The mercantile class, the professional class, and the great overwhelming agricultural class can never be voluntarily or compulsorily communistic, and they settle the question. No movement can be more utterly hopeless, more certain to end in disaster, than a violent communistic movement on property and property-holders in this country.

In San Francisco there is talk about the formation of a new party. So long as this talk means anything, it is well; but those who really mean anything by it will find, we fear, that a new party will not content their followers and friends. There are wrongs enough in politics, there are wrongs enough

in Congress, to furnish the basis of a new party. When a time arrives in our national history in which it is hard to tell which offers the greater menace to popular peace and national prosperity—Congress or the commune—the latter does not need to go far for a new party. And the new party is all right—all right except the halter which threatens its office-holders in case they do not obey the behests of those who elect them. If we need reforms, let them be discussed and submitted to the popular vote. In all legitimate measures of reform, the poor man shall always have the favor and influence of this magazine, but we warn him—if he has any sympathy with "the commune"—that there can be but one end to any violent measures that he may engage in—viz.: his disastrous overthrow.

If all the popular discontent could be directed into political measures, political discussions, etc., well would it be, not only for the country, but for the discontented themselves. Much good might come from the attempt to inaugurate reforms that would ease the burdens of the poor. The thing to be feared is the attempt on the part of existing parties to use the communistic element for their own base purposes. There are indications that this attempt will be made. There has been party legislation in Congress during the past session that indicates the adoption of this infernal policy. When a party begins to manipulate the mob, and to shape its action to the purposes and prejudices of the mob, the mob becomes quite capable of teaching it decency. So let the new party be formed by all means. We would risk ourselves and our interests with it as quickly as we would with the demagogues who have made Congress the curse of the country, and the greatest menace to its future peace and prosperity.

The Death of Bryant.

By reason of his venerable age, his unquestioned genius, his pure and lofty character, his noble achievements in letters, his great influence as a public journalist, and his position as a pioneer in American literature, William Cullen Bryant had become, without a suspicion of the fact in his own modest thought, the principal citizen of the great republic. By all who knew him, and by millions who never saw him, he was held in the most affectionate reverence. When he died, therefore, and was buried from sight, he left a sense of personal loss in all worthy American hearts.

A year ago, an article on Mr. Bryant was begun for this present number of *THE MONTHLY*, with the expectation that it would appear during his lifetime, and that the pictures of his homes would give him pleasure; but events have transformed that record of uncompleted life into an obituary. And now, after the whole American press has spoken its word of the great man, we have but few words of our own to say. He needs no eulogy; but there are certain aspects of his character and history which it would be well for his literary brothers and sisters to ponder.

He never sought notoriety, and was never no-

torious. The genuine fame that came to him came apparently unsought. It grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and, at the last, it became a shadow of the man that lengthened momentarily across the earth as his sun descended. Nothing can be purer, nothing more natural, nothing more enduring than his reputation; for it was based in real genius, genuine character and legitimate achievement. He never postured himself before the public; he shrank from all thought of producing a sensation; he had the humblest opinion of himself; and his fame was simply one of the things that he would not help and could not hinder. He was a man of character, a man of business and affairs, and a poet,—or perhaps, he was first of all a poet, and afterward all that made up a complete manhood. These are the aspects of the man which seem most worth talking about.

Mr. Bryant was a poet who could take care of himself, and get a living. He could not only do this, but he could do a wise and manly part in guiding the politics of the country. He could not only manage his own private and family affairs in a prosperous way, but he could discharge his duties as a citizen and a member of society. In his own personal character and history he associated probity with genius, purity with art, and the sweetest Christianity with the highest culture. He has proved to all the younger generation of poets that hysterics are not inspiration, that providence is not an unerring sign of genius, that Christian conviction and Christian character are not indications of weakness but are rather a measure of strength, and that a man may be a poet and a poet a man. So much of a certain sort of eccentricity has been associated with the poetic temperament and with poetic pursuits, that, in some minds, the possession of practical gifts and homely virtues is supposed to invalidate all claims to genius. If Mr. Bryant's life had accomplished nothing more than to prove the falsity of this wretched notion, it would have been a fruitful one.

It certainly is to be hoped that the world is outliving the fancy that a man in order to be a great poet must be exceptionally an ass in every other department of life and effort,—that he must be an infidel in the realm of religion, a spendthrift in his habits, an unsafe man with women, a wine-bibber at his table, and a man whose butcher and tailor are sufferers by whatsoever sums they may trust to him. Let us be thankful that Mr. Bryant has made it eminently proper for genius to be respectable and well behaved, and that laziness and improvidence and licentiousness can never quote his example among their excuses. At a time when feeble men with a poetic streak in them running through a worthless nature and character are striving to attract attention, and when irreligion and immorality are determined to assert a respectable place for themselves in the world's regard, the celebration of Mr. Bryant's virtues, even though it be held above his grave, comes like a benign reproof and a sweet benediction to his countrymen.

Mr. Bryant's character was so broadly built, it

was made up of such a wide range of the best material, it was so true and pure, and so mellowed by age and religion, that it was, after all, more admirable and more memorable than anything he ever did. His poetry has already become classic in American literature, but his memory, as it lives in the popular heart, only recognizes his genius as incidental to his nature, and his poetical works as a single feature of his career. He was a great man every way—great in his gifts, great in his religious faith, great in his works, great in his symmetry, great in his practical handling of the things of personal, social and political life, great in his experience of life, great in his wisdom, great in his goodness and sweetness, and great in his modesty and simplicity. We know of no man dying in America who has been worthier than he of public eulogies and public monuments. We know of nothing more creditable to his countrymen than the universal respect that has been paid to his memory.

Greatness in Art.

It is interesting to notice what passes for greatness in art with the average man, not to say the average critic. If we were to ask him to name the half dozen greatest actors this country possesses, he would not omit from his enumeration certain names that by no just rule of judgment can lay claim to greatness. We allude to those actors who have become notorious, or famous, or exceedingly admired, for their power to represent a single character. Now, this power to represent a single character, and only a single character, superlatively well, is a mark of littleness and not of greatness. The man who can only make his mark in a single part, shows that he is not an actor—shows that the part is purposely or accidentally shaped to him, and that it is a harmonious outcome of his individuality. He has simply to act himself to act his part well, and that is not acting at all. As a rule, the men who make the most money in the histrionic art, and pass for the greatest actors with the people, are in no true sense of the word actors at all. The great actor is the man who can play every part, and any part,—who can successfully go out of himself into the impersonation of a wide range of characters. Nature, of course, places limitations upon every man, so that no man can be equally great in all parts; but he certainly is the greatest actor who can be great in the largest number of parts. There are several men and women upon the contemporary stage, enjoying its highest honors and emoluments, who have hardly a valid claim to the name of actors. The "starring system" naturally produces just such artists as these, and we suppose it always will.

Twenty years ago, the American passing through Florence did not consider a visit to that city complete, unless he had had an interview with "the great American sculptor," Hiram Powers; but it seems that Mr. Powers's immortality is to be a very mild and modest one. He has passed away, leaving a delightful personal memory; but it somehow happens that what he has left behind him in imperish-

able stone does not, in the light of these later days, confirm the early opinions of his greatness. He has never made a group. He spent his life on ideal heads, single ideal forms, and portrait busts. His pupil, Conolly, was making groups within five years of the beginning of his study—could not be restrained from making groups. Powers could not have failed to see that his pupil was greater than himself—more dramatic, more inventive, more constructive—every way broader in his power. The elements of true greatness were in the younger man, and were not in the older man.

What we say of these two men will serve to illustrate the truths we would like to present concerning greatness in all plastic and pictorial art. Many of our painters who have great reputations are petty men. They know something of a specialty, can do something creditable in it, and can do absolutely nothing out of it. They have no universality of knowledge or of skill. They can do just one thing, and, they continue to do that one thing so long that they take on a mannerism of subject and of treatment, so well learned by the public, at last, that their pictures are their autographs. Unless America can get out of this rut in some way, she cannot make great progress. Our "great painters" are our little painters—are the men who plod along in a narrow path, seeing nothing and attempting nothing in the wide field that opens on all sides of them. They learn to do one thing well, and they emphasize that one thing so firmly, and dogmatize upon it so loudly, that they win credit to themselves for greatness, when their work is the certificate of their littleness and narrowness.

It is in painting and sculpture as it is in all other fields of life and effort—the wider the knowledge and the wider the practice, the better the skill in all the specialties which the knowledge and practice embrace. Titian was one of the greatest portrait painters that ever lived, and he was a much better portrait painter than he would otherwise have been for painting such works as "The Assumption of the Virgin." The great embraces the little. The universal covers all details. Our painters stop in the details, and seem to be content in what they get or suggest, without attempting invention and composition. We wish it could be understood that there is no such thing as greatness in art without invention and composition. There are three great names that come down to us, accompanied each by a mighty charm,—the names of Michael Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci,—and while that of Raphael is the best beloved, the first and the last named of the trio constantly assert themselves as the greatest. They were simply inventors and composers of higher merit and a wider range of powers than Raphael.

We know that we live in a day not particularly favorable to the development of great art. Men must paint to sell, and, in order to sell, men must paint for their market. Still, we believe that there is a market for all that our artists can produce, that is truly great. This magazine is buying invention and good composition constantly, and we do not hesitate to say that the two volumes which contain in any year the issues of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, can show more of both than any single exhibition of our National Academy has been able to show since the magazine began its existence. The pettiness of our art is its curse, and we emphasize this pettiness and call it greatness. What we want is more invention—bringing together into dramatic relation wider ranges and more varied masses of material. We may get cleverness this side of invention and composition, but greatness, never.

This principle runs through all art. Why is it that American poetry has asserted so small a place in the great world of literature? It is simply because it is irredeemably petty. The cutting of cameos may be done by men who are capable of great work, but it is not great work in itself, and no man can establish a claim to greatness upon it. The writing little poems—jobs of an evening, or happy half hours of leisure—can make no man a great poet. Unless a man use this kind of work as study for great inventions and compositions, and actually go on and compass these supreme efforts of the poetic art, he is but a small experimenter. He may enjoy a little notoriety, but he can win no permanent place in art. Shakspeare, and Milton, and Dante, and Goethe—the kings of song—were creators. They wrote brief poems of great beauty, but their reputation for greatness rests entirely on their broad poetic inventions, which embraced a great variety of elements. Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne, of the Englishmen now writing, stand above the great mass of English verse-writers, or verse-writers in the English language, because they are more than clever writers of brief poems. They are inventors, composers, creators. They have called into being and endowed with vitality great poetic organisms. We have just looked over a new volume of American verses, which presents hardly a poem to the page. There is not the first sign of invention in it from beginning to end, yet the American press is discussing the place which its author occupies and is to occupy in American letters, as if it really were an important matter.

One of our Japanese visitors at the Centennial, whom we regarded as a sort of interesting heathen, remarked patronizingly that "we must all remember that America is very young." He was right.

THE OLD CABINET.

ON the 29th of last May, Mr. Bryant made the address at the unveiling of the bust of Mazzini, in Central Park. It was his last public utterance,—interesting from this fact, and also because it was characteristic of his methods of thought and of expression. The plan of the address was conventional, even commonplace; the language plain, sober, direct, and pure in style; but toward the end we come upon a touch of imagination like this:

"Kings trembled when they heard that he had suddenly disappeared from London, and breathed more freely when they learned that he was in his grave."

To those who remember the speculations, the forebodings, the "tremblings" of kings and cabinets which followed the announcement of Mazzini's mysterious disappearances, nothing could be more vivid than these words.

A poet may be original who deals with ancient themes, who uses ancient forms and methods, and who "invents" but little. This only is necessary,—what he sees he must see for himself; what he knows he must know of his own knowledge; what he speaks he must speak from his own mind and heart. Originality is the result of experience,—of insight. A poet who writes on unusual themes, or who uses unusual methods, is more apt to be called original than a poet of the same amount of originality who has not the added charm of novelty, either in subject or in expression. There was little of the unusual in the literature of Bryant, and yet he was a poet of such delicate and vigorous expression, of such breadth and originality of thought that, even in his own country, where he has been so long a venerable and venerated figure, it is doubtful whether we are not many years behind a proper estimate of his genius.

In the mere matter of purity and beauty of sound, where among his late contemporaries can we find Bryant's equal? Where can we find such freedom from weakness of language, affectation, mannerism, or involution, or from that over-sweet and cloying quality which curses modern English verse—namely, that which is worst in Tennyson and in Mrs. Browning?

There is a way of arranging words so that the very vowels and consonants have a sickly or a vulgar sound. In Bryant there is nothing of this. Not only has he a bell-like purity of tone,—a melody relying not upon mere rhythm (as in so much of Swinburne), but upon the inner music of the line, the liquid and musical flow of syllables;—not only has his verse refinement and beauty, but it has also a strength of diction which gives dignity to almost every line. In an age of empty, puerile, morbid, and luscious poetry, here was at least one manly voice: not the only one,—not the greatest one,—but a voice true, constant, and of no mean power.

As examples of purity and exquisiteness of sound

(not, however, that they are only these), read again such lines as:

"When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble knew,"

"In lawns the murmuring bee is heard,
The wooing ring-dove in the shade."

"The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears."

Read also "To a Waterfowl," "A Day-Dream," "A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson," "The Snow Storm," and the lyric beginning:

"Oh, fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thine infant eye."

It were easy to find in Bryant lines with less of inspiration than of art; lines in which even the art is wanting; whole poems with little "lift" in them,—poems whose better qualities cannot redeem them from the charge of dullness. But it concerns us rather to discover how high he has reached. A poet's rank is not fixed by a system of averages. His position is decided according to his best accomplishment, especially if that accomplishment be evidently a natural outgrowth of his genius, and not a fortunate accident. The world has a right to suspect the worth of a single apparent masterpiece, if it is surrounded on all sides by inferior works which are regarded with equal complacency by their author. In Landon's "Imaginary Conversations," when Porson asks whether a poet is to be judged from the quantity of his bad poetry, or from the quality of his best, Southey replies: "I should certainly say from the latter; because it must be in poetry as in sculpture and painting; he who arrives at a high degree of excellence in these arts will have made more models, more sketches and designs, than he who has reached but a lower."

In Bryant we find lines and stanzas of such temperance, and elegance, and strength,—sometimes of such imagination,—that they have already taken their places as types of thought; they are familiar pieces in the common currency of human expression.

"The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun."

"The desert and illimitable air."

"The groves were God's first temples."

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sere."

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

"The disembodied spirits of the dead."

"These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."

"Oh, mother of a mighty race!"

"O country, marvel of the earth!
O realm to sudden greatness grown!"

"Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle, and merciful, and just!"

Bryant is often compared with Gray. His stanzas entitled "The Past" will recur to the mind as perhaps the poem by the later writer most resembling the "Elegy" at once in artistic finish, in gravity of theme and language, and in universality of interest. Yet is not "The Past" nobler in both imagination and utterance, and has it not a deeper pathos?

"Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my earlier friends, the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form, the exalted mind."

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—years with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wing
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain; thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat."

It is not difficult to find in Bryant passages in which definite, original, and imaginative thoughts are expressed in beautiful and noble words. In "The Ages" the overthrow of the Papal power is described:

"At last the earthquake came—the shock, that hurled
To dust, in many fragments dashed and strown,
The throne, whose roots were in another world,
And whose far-reaching shadow awed our own."

It is said of Leonardo that the flowing of great waters and the smiling of women had made a deep impression upon his mind. Flowing waters, as beautiful in themselves, in their accompaniments, and in their suggestions, and as an image of the life of man, seemed to be always present in the mind of the poet. In "Thanatopsis" we behold

"Rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

"Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings."

How perfectly is expressed in one of his earliest poems, "The Rivulet," the ever-living youth and

joyousness of nature,—a phenomenon which, sooner or later, strikes the human mind with the force of a mysterious and pathetic experience:

"Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou unchanged from year to year,
Gayly shall play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shall pass."

In the "Hymn to the North Star," the stanzas are of unequal power; but this is one of them:

"Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High toward the starlit sky
Towers blase, the smoke of battle blots the sun,
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud,
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud."

The following passages are from "A Forest Hymn:"

"That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe."

Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever-gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms."

Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie."

Edgar Allan Poe long ago pointed out the beauties of Bryant's verses on "June,"—a piece whose singular fulfillment has made it familiar in the newspapers of late. "Nothing," said Poe, "could be more melodious. The poem has always affected me in a remarkable manner." In all of Bryant's poetry, we doubt whether there are any lines more striking, more imaginative, more touching, than

"Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green."

Like the best passages in all poets, it comes upon the mind with suddenness and surprise; perhaps, indeed, it has this element to a greater degree than any other passage in Bryant's poetry. Certainly this is not frequent with him; yet, also, in the reverie of "The Evening Wind" the element of surprise is not wanting—in the last stanza. First, the spirit of the wind is described, in exquisite numbers, as it passes, with its ministrations, from the sea, to where

"Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight."

"Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thine to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream."

The sonnet "To Cole, the Painter, Departing for Europe," is one of the most majestic in diction which has been written so far away from Italy and from England, and it would be hard to find anywhere a more graphic contrast of the landscape of the Old World and the New. It is irregular in form; which, however, may be said of sonnets much greater than this, notably Shelley's "Ozymandias."

But to continue our citations of what seem to us among the poet's noblest expressions—the following stanzas are from the "Hymn of the City":

"Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty! here, amid the crowd,
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mong the proud piles, the work of human kind.

"Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies
And lights their inner homes;
For them thou fillest with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

"Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee."

The reveries in blank verse which appear so frequently in the chronological procession of Bryant's poems are of varied degrees of interest,—though all are marked by elevation of thought, a pure, simple, and sometimes majestic diction. "Thanatopsis" is perhaps the most eloquent, and the one most abounding with phrases destined to a long life. But somewhere near the middle of the book of the collected poems, the one entitled "The Earth" shows a more real and profound feeling, and the last of the blank verse series (if series it may be called), "The Flood of Years," grasps still more firmly the realities of this life. If it is true that Bryant is a poet whom men read with increasing pleasure as they grow older, then we are inclined to think that "The Flood of Years,"—written when Bryant was more than eighty years old,—is as likely as any of his poems to take permanent hold of the imaginations and the affections of men.

It cannot be claimed for Bryant that he reaches the highest power of the poetic art,—that blending of the understanding and the imagination in the white heat of passion, as in Shakspeare, in Milton, in Wordsworth, in Shelley, in Keats. He had neither the depth nor the sparkle of Emerson; nor the tremendous impulse of Whitman; nor the Shakspearean intensity of Browning at his best; and if we say that at least he avoided the grievous faults of these last-named contemporaries, he had on the other hand, as has been acknowledged above, the Wordsworthian failing of dullness. A great writer has declared that the effect of the higher poetry is excitement; the effect of the inferior is composure. The effect of Bryant's poetry, it must be acknowledged, is much oftener the latter than the former. Yet, does he not reach above such poets as Gray toward,

though not into, companionship, with the great poets whom he sometimes suggests, Wordsworth and Milton? If we place Bryant's best alongside the best of the Poet-laureate, we will be surprised to find how much of Tennyson turns sugary, and palls upon the taste, in the comparison with Bryant's lines of adamant. Longfellow (beside his other proper merits) has, it may be, a more enjoying sense of rhythm, but not a greater sense, if so great, of the melody of the line, apart from (but not independent of) its cadence. Of late years Longfellow has gained, also, much of Bryant's dignity and grave pathos; but he has never reached his strength of thought or of language.

Bryant may be compared to a high and majestic mountain, not towering to lightning-scarred, mysterious and inaccessible heights above the clouds,—but rising, clad with verdure and wreathed with departing mists, serene in the mellow sunlight. We do not feel that the iron has entered into his soul, as it entered into the soul of Dante and other great or lesser bards. Yet it is safe to say that much of what was called coldness in him personally, and much of that which gives the effect of coldness in his poetry was partly the result of diffidence and partly the intense hatred of every kind of sham. One of the most personal and undramatic of poets, he is still impersonal and general in statement*—there is no whining, nothing overstrained. It is this quality of literary honesty that gives force to his more feeling or fiery passages,—to such pieces for instance as "A Lifetime," and "The Poet," and to the sonorous and splendid measures of the patriotic poem, "Not Yet." When this poet says he has seen a thing, has had such and such a feeling, we can take him at his word. He is not echoing the report or the sentiment of another in a stanza like this:

"Well, I have had my turn, have been
Raised from the darkness of the sod,
And for a glorious moment seen
The brightness of the skirts of God."

When, in the poems of his maturity, he declares the anguish of his heart, we may know that there *was* anguish, and keener doubtless than he has told. It is his intellectual and verbal honesty that imbues this poet of consolation and of hope with such large and solemn pathos.

A palpable incongruity in the imagery of "The Flood of Years" may possibly keep it out of the company of the immortals, yet we could better spare almost any other poem of Bryant's. The figure of moving waters—which was always present in his mind—in this, almost the last of his poems, has its completest expression. Was the poet's diction ever more noble in all the now finished book of his writings? How often have the dearest hopes of the race found such beautiful, serene, and confident expression?

* See page 471 (Appleton's Complete Edition) for a poem of thirty-seven stanzas, one of Bryant's very latest,—entitled "A Lifetime," which is in fact the poet's autobiography.

"So they pass
From stage to stage along the shining course
Of that bright river, broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed present, there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken; in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand."

It seems proper to state that the portrait of Bryant which appears as the frontispiece of the magazine has long been in preparation for this place in the present number. The life-size crayon drawing from which Mr. Cole's engraving has been made was done from life by Mr. Wyatt Eaton during the past winter, Mr. Bryant giving the artist repeated sittings for that purpose. As a characteristic incident, it may be mentioned that Mr. Bryant refused the artist's offer to work in his (Mr. Bryant's) own house, and insisted upon climbing the eighty-one steps to Mr. Eaton's studio once or twice a week for several weeks. In making his crayon "study from life" the artist intentionally avoided the use of what may be called the "dramatic" possibilities of the subject, such as were so easily caught in so many photographs, or drawings from photographs, with which the public are familiar. How well he, and the engraver after him, may have succeeded in rendering those features "the great soul's apparent seat," others must now decide.

We reprint below "Thanatopsis,"—as it originally appeared in "The North American Review," of September, 1817,—for the convenience of those

who may wish to compare the earliest with the latest, most familiar and greatly improved form of the poem. Four rhymed stanzas, of inferior merit, preceded the blank verse, when first printed; but this, according to Mr. Bryant, was owing to a mistake of another:

"YET a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements.
To be a brother to th' insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriachs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—the floods that move
In majesty,—and the complaining brooks,
That wind among the meads, and make them green,
Are but the solemn declarations all,
Of the great tomb of man.—The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are glowing in the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Eolian desert pierce—
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
That veil Oregon, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The titling world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favorite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee!"

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Rural Art Association.

THE tendency is strong and ever growing, in all parts of our land, to admire and to praise the bustle and glitter of metropolitan prosperity. But the style of village life, and of life in each individual home throughout the whole country at large is, after all, what serves most to characterize, and, if right and true in its type, to dignify our social condition as a people. While parks, boulevards, public edifices, costly private buildings, fountains, statues, halls of art, museums, galleries of paintings and other conspicuous adornments requiring large and widely distributed wealth, may be naturally expected to be gathered with frequency in our large cities, there are still other forms of public ornamentation not so costly and yet, satisfying and refining in their influence, which are capable of general appreciation and adoption in smaller places.

In the light of this fact, it will be of interest to review the history of the oldest, and, for a long time, the only rural art association in the country.

Clinton, Oneida County, New York, the seat of Hamilton College, is beautifully situated in the valley of the Oriskany, a branch of the Mohawk, and bounded on the east and west by high ranges of hills of bold outline, and of gradual ascent. These are covered with patches and belts of forest-land, and with well-tilled farms and prosperous homes.

The kindlings of desire and steps of progress in rural art that have distinguished Clinton during the last twenty-five years, are capable of easy historical analysis. The influence of the writings of A. J. Downing, of Newburgh, New York, first published in 1841, was soon strongly felt by a few leading minds in this place, to whom his ideas of landscape-gardening, and of simple, yet tasteful, rural architect-

ure, were full of awakening suggestions. Up to 1850, Clinton was as plainly built and as plainly kept as almost any village of like size in the land. Its door-yards had no lawns; its houses, which were all copies of each other, were simply parallelopipeds in their structure,—like so many huge dry goods boxes,—varying only in any case in difference of pose upon the ground, according as the wide or narrow end was made to face the street.

But between 1850 and 1860, a great change came over the architectural ideas of many in the place. Many new houses, "with modern conveniences" within and modern attractions without, were erected.

The first positive beginnings of active zeal for public improvements appeared in the latter part of the summer of 1853. Seven gentlemen then met to confer together upon the possibility of improving effectively the style of Hamilton College Campus,—and, with three others, subscribed the sum of nine hundred and fifty dollars for the beautification of the college grounds; the payment was conditioned upon the appropriation of an equal amount by the trustees of the college to the same purpose, and upon the earnest undertaking of the improvements at an early date in the following spring. The trustees accepted cordially the generous offer; and, by the year 1857, had expended the sum of seven thousand dollars or more for the ends described. A plain stone wall, with a well-worn wooden fence surmounting it, running along the whole front of the college campus was removed; a large and previously unimproved field was brought within the bounds of the new order of things; new slopes and grades were prepared on an extensive scale; old buildings were taken down or set back in some distant corner of the grounds; ill-proportioned trees were taken up, many winding walks were constructed, and in a way to be permanent and to be easily kept neat and trim; large numbers of superior trees and shrubs were purchased; hedges were set in abundance; and a before-unadorned college cemetery was included within the range of the grounds improved. The college grounds, front and rear (15—16 acres) have, as the result, been converted from a mere disconnected mass of open "lots" of land, into one harmonious presentation of well-laid-out and well-sustained effects in landscape-gardening.

In the summer of 1855 (August 8), several of the gentlemen mentioned, formed, with a few others, "The Rural Art Association of Clinton." A member of the Laurel Hill Association of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, when at the house of a friend at Clinton, suggested casually the desirableness of forming a tree-planting association here as in Stockbridge. That association was formed in 1853, and for the mere purpose of external village improvement, holding only business meetings once or twice a year, and for the purpose of voting taxes upon its members, appointing committees, and discussing points of improvement to be desired. The Clinton Rural Art Association was formed in part for like purposes, but chiefly to discuss matters of rural adornment, both theoretically and practically, and at meetings of stated and frequent recurrence.

Three associate elements were combined in its construction,—the practical element of tree-planting, and of promoting general village improvement; the element of social intercourse over a cup of tea; and the element of discussion upon some theme of general interest selected beforehand for the occasion, and with special reference to points of taste in rural ornamentation. The society has been of great benefit to Clinton and its vicinity, and is still in a flourishing condition.

This society, composed usually of about twenty-five members, has enrolled in its constituency, at different times, nearly all of the gentlemen of superior intelligence, of any marked public spirit in the place. Its discussions have taken the wide range of all things useful and ornamental in country life as such, whether within doors or without, as well as any matters pertaining to affairs of general social concern, excepting always politics and theology. Its practical benefits have been very great in stimulating the ideas of its members in respect especially to horticulture, landscape-gardening, and home adornment, and also to various forms in a general way of public and private advancement. Progress in various styles and degrees of personal and public comfort, and in the general beautification of the village, has been for many years past, and still is, "the order of the day." Hedges of buckthorn, hawthorn, thorn-locust, privet, Tartarean honeysuckle, lilac, arbor-vitæ, and hemlock have been set all over the place. Old fences have been kept in repair, and new ones built have been attractive as well as substantial. The best trees to be found in the neighboring forests have been planted abundantly by the road-sides; numerous door-yards, some of them small, have been enlivened with the choicest trees and shrubs procurable; houses, great and little, and out-buildings have been carefully brightened up anew from time to time with fresh paint. Lawns in door-yards are on the increase. Old fences, when not replaced with others, better in pattern as well as substance, are swept entirely out of view, and that increasingly with the feeling that well-kept grounds are all the handsomer for being uninclosed. Verandas, balconies, porches and bay-windows appear more and more with pleasing frequency throughout the place. The sidewalks of the village, from the center outward in all directions, have been provided increasingly with broad stone pavements at an expense of some thousands of dollars annually. Water-works have been constructed for a fountain in the village park, and for the use, in case of need, of the fire department. That department is, with its fine engine, no mean addition to the resources of our little village, which does not number, including the students in the college and the various schools, male and female, more than two thousand persons. The village park has been graded; the hedge that it once had around it has been removed so as to give it an open, trim aspect; and its entire circumference has been flagged with paving-stones. It is, in a word, the instinctive demand of all minds in the place that nothing shall be left to stand in open view, anywhere, that is not in

good taste at least, and beautiful if it is possible to make it such. There is, as the result, scarcely an unsightly building to be anywhere seen in the village or even in its precincts.

At its first meeting in 1855, a committee of three was appointed to make a thorough survey and report how many trees, and of what kinds, would be needed for the thorough and tasteful planting of the village streets and grounds. They reported that they found 534 trees, all but 64 of them maples, and that 1,412 more were needed in order to complete in any artistic way the results already gained. They recommended the planting of 250 trees at once at the most important points in the village, and that basswood and white ash should be used to supplement any incomplete rows of trees, since, for shape, style of bark, and color of foliage, they would harmonize well with the maple, and at the same time break the monotony of its too exclusive use. They further recommended for general planting, elm, linden (or basswood), the white ash, black walnut, horse-chestnut, maple, white willow, hemlock, and white pine, and that particular trees be devoted to separate streets, as maples to one, elms to another, etc. Since that report, the people have actively co-operated with the association in carrying out its suggestions, and the result has been most excellent.

The society held its meetings fortnightly at the first, but afterward monthly, from 6 to 9.30 P. M. The first half-hour is given to general conversation; at 6.30 o'clock the minutes of the previous meeting are read, and, after the transaction of any general business suggested, the discussion for the evening begins, the subject having been selected by vote at the previous meeting. The member appointed at that time to open the question is allowed twenty minutes for the purpose. Each member, in

succession, is called upon afterward for the expression of his views and allowed ten minutes, and his time may, by special vote, be extended, if desirable. The time for taking tea is at or before 7 o'clock, as is most convenient to the hostess of the occasion, at the end of which the regular business of the association is resumed. Each member contributes five dollars annually for general village improvements. New members are proposed at one meeting, and elected at the next one by ballot, three negative ballots causing the rejection of a candidate.

Many and varied have been the subjects discussed during the twenty-two years of the society's existence, such as the following: The principles of landscape-gardening for private grounds; hedges, and how to set, trim, and grow them; improvement of the village park; methods of lighting and warming country homes; the preservation of marketable fruits in winter; the varieties of apples, pears, and plums best adapted to local culture; diseases of above-named fruit-trees; the best varieties of grapes for local culture; the impurities of wells and springs; the importance of forest-lands; the healthful and refining influences of horticulture; the best evergreens for local adornment, and when to transplant them; what birds are best worth multiplying in the land; the best roses (annual and perennial) for home culture; the most desirable ornamental shrubs; the winter-work of an amateur horticulturist; home diversions in the country for winter evenings; the value of good books and magazines among home influences; the best ways for making and improving lawns; cold grape-tries, and how to make them profitable; the longevity of the most desirable trees; the protection of out-of-door plants in winter; the agricultural ideas and implements of the ancients.

B. W. D.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

DeVinne's "Invention of Printing."

INTIMATIONS are not wanting that the art of printing is to reach a high degree of mechanical excellence in America; and nothing of late gives more encouragement than the production of Mr. DeVinne's book on "The Invention of Printing," and the general interest which the book has excited. The book itself is well composed and printed; although we should take exception to some details of style, e. g. the head-lines, chapter headings and mottoes, and it is unworthily bound; in its essential features, however, the mechanical execution corresponds with the unostentatious, thorough and

business-like character of the plan and the text. We look upon the production of so scholarly a work by an American printer as good evidence that the art of printing here is not and will not in the near future be governed by commercial considerations alone. An interest in the history of an art is a healthy and vital condition for excellence in the art itself, and Mr. DeVinne's book shows the existence of solid foundations for the development of the art of printing in America.

In his careful and modest preface the author explains that his book grew out of an intended translation of Bernard's "*De l'origine et des débuts de l'imprimerie en Europe*," published in Paris in 1853; and he disclaims the announcement of any original discoveries or speculative theories. It is this negative virtue which renders the work especially agreeable to the conscientious reader. It does not take such a reader long to discover that he is in the hands of a patient, painstaking, judicious writer,

* The Invention of Printing. A Collection of Facts and Opinions descriptive of Early Prints and Playing Cards, the Block-Books of the Fifteenth Century, the Legend of Lourens Janszoon Coester, of Harlem, and the Work of John Gutenberg and his Associates. Illustrated with Fac-similes of Early Types and Wood-cuts. By Theo. L. DeVinne. Second Edition. New York: Francis Hart and Co. London: Trübner and Company. 1898.

who is not concerned about his own glory, but about the excellence, the fairness of his work, and the accuracy of his statements. The manner in which each part of an intricate subject is perfected before the next is presented, accustoms one to great confidence in an author who understands his plan so well, and is evidently in no hurry to get his work out of the way.

Mr. DeVinne lays the foundation of his treatise properly in a definitive description of the different methods of printing. He then takes up the antique methods of impression and accounts for their failure. He sees clearly, however, that the reason why there was no printing was that no printing was required. In any great invention it is not enough that scientific knowledge and mechanical skill should be present; there must be a need, and a conscious one at that, before the need will be supplied. Hence, when our author enters upon the outskirts of the invention of printing by movable types cast in a mold, and describes the inadequate processes which preceded rather than foreshadowed that invention, he finds it necessary to deal with conditions of society and educative forces, in order to account satisfactorily for the great change which was to come over the world. We wish that he had given these greater prominence, yet he is consistent with his plan in referring to them somewhat incidentally, since he means to discuss the whole subject from a printer's outlook. Very early in the work Mr. DeVinne places the reader in possession of the key to the invention of printing, when, in his third chapter, he elaborates the proposition that the inventor of the type-mold was the inventor of typography, and later he shows clearly that this was the machine about which Gutenberg was so concerned. The skill with which he defends this position is admirable, and by occasional references to it he carries the reader safely across a good many doubtful historical bridges. Nearly half the book is now occupied with a clear and interesting description of the various half typographic, half xylographic processes which preceded the real discovery, and the several claims to priority of invention are taken up successively and judged with authority and reason.

The preliminary discussions necessarily anticipate the more definite conclusions of the last part of the book; but here also the author shows the same fairness and impartiality when dealing with Gutenberg's work and Schaeffer's as when engaged in disposing of the mythical and half mythical claimants. He does not carry the subject much beyond the period of the invention, but treats briefly of the extension of printing in its first years, and of the tools used by the early printers. It seems a pity that so thorough a work should not have been increased enough to take in a fuller account of some of the great printers,—Aldus, Bodoni, Caxton, Didot,—and a reference to those standards of typography which may well be brought emphatically before American printers. The first condition of improvement in printing is a familiarity with the best work which was done when scholars and artists wrought together at the art.

We have intimated that Mr. DeVinne approaches his work from the side of a printer. It is this which gives the result so much value. Theories which look ingenious to the bibliographer are easily and quietly set aside by one able, as this printer is, to apply the practical test of his art. The real difficulties indeed in a clear understanding of the subject cannot be well stated, much less met, except by a reference to printers' usage, and Mr. DeVinne's work is likely to stand as a lucid and orderly presentation of the main lines of the subject. Still, he might have been a very good printer, but unless he had also had the mental furnishing which gives one judicial character, the patience of an investigator, and the orderly system of a scholar, he could not have achieved this success.

The book is well illustrated with designs and fac-similes which materially serve it; and altogether is one of the most satisfactory books of its class which has appeared on either side of the Atlantic.

Palfrey's "Memoir of William Francis Bartlett." *

WHAT is the use, it may be asked, of writing novels and inventing verses while the human race has vitality enough to produce such men as General Bartlett? A Harvard undergraduate who steps into the ranks a mere boy and rises by bravery and merit from private in a militia regiment to brevet major-general in the army, during a four years' war, at the close of which, he is but reaching his twenty-fifth birthday, is a sufficiently striking figure. But when one reads the story of this stripling officer, how he never lost presence of mind or ready wisdom of decision in such awful carnage as that of Ball's Bluff and Fort Hudson, and how he bore the torture of wounds and the torment of cruel captivity, how he lost a leg crushed by a minie-ball in the Peninsula, how he was wounded in the head, badly wounded in the hand, hurt in his remaining leg, had his wooden leg crushed in the crater at Petersburg, and how, in spite of all, he held the shattered remains of his body to hard and perilous duty, one gains an unwonted faith in human nature, and a higher ideal of manhood. He was never bitter toward his foes, indeed, he was one of the first to appreciate their courage and sincerity, and at the centennial anniversary of the battle of Lexington, made a short speech full of irresistible fire and persuasiveness, urging a conciliatory policy toward the South. He knew how to refuse a large legacy from generous motives,—and when one party wanted him to run for lieutenant-governor, and the dominant party would have given him the governorship, he refused both on some scruple of honor, though the panic had made him poor and thrown him out of business.

Whittier has made Bartlett the subject of one of his finest poems, and Bret Harte sang his requiem in these pages, but when one has read the little volume that reveals the inner and outer life of the man, written poems seem feeble and adjectives grow weak. If any man falls into skepticism about the

* Memoir of William Francis Bartlett. By Francis Winthrop Palfrey. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company.

country through manifold temptation of New York Tweeds and South Carolina carpet-baggers, let him read this life and find his faith refreshed. Such a man "makes the earth wholesome."

Parkman's "Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV."*

MR. PARKMAN'S latest volume is the fifth in a series of historical narratives, of which the four preceding are named on the title-page of this work, comprising a review of the relations of France and England in North America. New France and New England are terms whose historical significance is suggested by the fact that the former has disappeared from common use, while the latter has become so consolidated a name that to American ears it scarcely recalls the older country which gave it origin. New York has hardly a less suggestion of old York. The interest in Mr. Parkman's narratives—in this one, perhaps, most strongly—is of a double character, referring by turns to the national issues at stake and to the personal forces which make the history almost as individual as a novel. The struggle between France and England for supremacy in Europe was repeated under other conditions in America. The same causes were effective on both sides of the Atlantic to bring about the decay of French power and the culmination of English principles; but it is to be observed that on the American arena English principles as represented by English exiles had a positive force, while in Europe the relative strength of the two nations was most affected by the decomposing elements of French civilization. Mr. Parkman has pointed out, in a passage of remarkable perspicacity and terseness of expression, the opposition of the two forces at work in America:

"The English colonies were separate, jealous of the crown and of each other, and incapable as yet of acting in concert. Living by agriculture and trade, they could prosper within limited areas, and had no present need of spreading beyond the Alleghanies. Each of them was an aggregate of persons busied with their own affairs and giving little heed to matters which did not immediately concern them. Their rulers, whether chosen by themselves or appointed in England, could not compel them to become the instruments of enterprise in which the sacrifice was present and the advantage remote. The neglect in which the English court left them, though wholesome in most respects, made them unfit for aggressive action; for they had neither troops, commanders, political union, military organization, nor military habits. In communities so busy and governments so popular, much could not be done, in war, till the people were roused to the necessity of doing it; and that awakening was still far distant. Even New York, the only exposed colony, except Massachusetts and New Hampshire, regarded the war merely as a nuisance to be held at arm's length.

"In Canada, all was different. Living by the fur trade, she needed free range and indefinite space. Her geographical position determined the nature of her pursuits, and her pursuits developed the roving and adventurous character of her people, who, living under a military rule, could be directed at will to

such ends as their rulers saw fit. The grand French scheme of territorial extension was not born at court, but sprang from Canadian soil, and was developed by the chiefs of the colony, who, being on the ground, saw the possibilities and requirements of the situation, and generally had a personal interest in realizing them. The rival colonies had two different laws of growth. The one increased by slow extension, rooting firmly as it spread; the other shot off shoots, with few or no roots, far out into the wilderness. It was the nature of French colonization to seize upon detached strategic points and hold them by the bayonet, forming no agricultural basis, but attracting the Indians by trade and holding them by conversion. A musket, a rosary, and a pack of beaver-skins may serve to represent it, and in fact it consisted of little else.

"Whence came the numerical weakness of New France and the real, though latent, strength of her rivals? Because, it is answered, the French were not an emigrating people! but, at the end of the seventeenth century, this was only half true. The French people were divided into two parts, one eager to emigrate and the other reluctant. The one consisted of the persecuted Huguenots, the other of the favored Catholics. The government chose to construct its colonies, not of those who wished to go, but of those who wished to stay at home. From the hour when the edict of Nantes was revoked, hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen would have hailed as a boon the permission to transport themselves, their families and their property to the New World. The permission was fiercely refused, and the persecuted sect was denied even a refuge in the wilderness. Had it been granted them, the valleys of the West would have swarmed with a laborious and virtuous population, trained in adversity and possessing the essential qualities of self-government. Another France would have grown beyond the Alleghanies, strong with the same kind of strength that made the future greatness of the British colonies. British America was an asylum for the oppressed and the suffering of all creeds and nations, and population poured into her by the force of a natural tendency. France, like England, might have been great in two hemispheres, if she had placed herself in accord with this tendency, instead of opposing it; but despotism was consistent with itself, and a mighty opportunity was forever lost." Pages 394-396.

In this last paragraph especially is indicated the explanation of the historic destiny of America. It was not a question simply of nationalities, nor, strictly speaking, of religious creeds, although this comes nearer the truth, but of liberty and despotism. The despotism of France was declared in its vehement repression of the Huguenots and in its consistent suppression of all tendencies to autonomy in Canada; the real liberty of England, despite the governmental obstruction, disclosed itself in the impetus given to colonization and in the fructifying character of the colonial life, energetic in itself and with an energizing power in the land. The roots of the two tendencies run underground for centuries, but never have the fruits of the divergent growths been seen with such unmistakable clearness as in the resultant American history. In Mr. Parkman's hands, the broad features of this struggle for supremacy and of the policy of the French government in particular are sketched with vigor and simplicity. The petty conflicts between New York and New England on the one side and New France on the other; the apparently fickle conduct of Indian tribes; the intrigues of the French with the Indians; the irregular and erratic raids of savages and frontiersmen; the shifting relations of Indian tribes,—all fall into place in a historic picture which might have been a distorted and confused composition, but is an orderly grouping and well-mastered

* *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.* By Francis Parkman, author of "Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," "The Discovery of the Great West," and "The Old Régime in Canada." Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

outline, leaving a distinct impression upon the mind of the reader.

Mr. Parkman calls his books a series of historical narratives, and the phrase fitly describes the predominant quality of their composition. The history of a country which has no great destiny may yet yield the pleasure and profit of personal achievement and picturesque adventure. The contrasts in the Canadian life at the close of the seventeenth century are such as appeal to the artistic and historic imagination. The reflection of the court of Louis XIV., with the setting of forests and frozen lakes and savage Indians, makes something more than a travesty of European splendor. The men who at Versailles busied themselves with ignoble intrigues, at Quebec held conferences with the Iroquois and threw themselves with passionate ardor into schemes for empire. There was abundance of intrigue still, and the empire often included a business in peltry; but the individual prowess and dazzling versatility found a large field for exercise. It is in the picturing of this strange life that Mr. Parkman displays a special skill. Nowhere does he break loose from clearly defined historic bounds; his art lies in the firmness of touch and transparency with which he sets scenes before the reader. Count Frontenac rises in the midst of all the turmoil, a strongly defined figure, not projected at once to the reader's eye, but suffered surely and steadily to draw his own picture, while the part which the Jesuits play is sketched with fine freedom, yet perfect subordination to historic accuracy. Mr. Parkman's manner throughout is that of an artist who sees things in their just proportion, and of a historian who weighs his facts with unobtrusive and patient impartiality. This and his other books might well be the delight of adventurous youth, and we have been impressed with the rich material which they suggest for an historic drama. There are points where Canadian, Dutch, and New England life touch with such sharpness of outline that it almost seems as if it required only a little dexterity, a faculty for composition, and an eye for color, to evolve a drama which should have at once vital interest, spectacular splendor, and historic significance. The theater of colonial life has hitherto been barren for the lack of just such color and mobility as this genuine French element offers. By itself this is insufficient; but French, Puritan, and Dutch make three remarkable points about which to group action and scene.

Miss Stebbins's "Charlotte Cushman."*

MISS STEBBINS has with good judgment withheld the title of biography from her tribute to Miss Cushman. She intimates more than once that material in the form of Miss Cushman's letters was not forthcoming for her purpose, and it is easy to believe that the sketch here given could not well have been filled out except by introducing more contributions by friends of Miss Cushman than would have been

really necessary to a clear understanding of her character and attainments. We are glad, for our part, that this noble woman has not been preserved for posterity in a formal biography; she appears here as the editor's friend, and in the aspect which the editor furnishes, we have that most welcome surely to the large number of persons in this generation who knew Miss Cushman in a friendly way.

Nor will the public that was merely a spectator of the great actress find much fault with the manner in which their favorite is brought to their knowledge, for Miss Cushman's character and personality always interested people inseparably from her art. Perhaps the same can be affirmed only of one other woman who has been, contemporary with her, an interpreter of art upon the stage, Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt. The vulgarity of the management in this country which presented this wonderful singer could not conceal that high religious devotion to her art which was instinctively recognized. Miss Cushman had even higher power over the admiration and affection of the people. She owed nothing to the glamour of a foreign birth; she was a New England girl, bred in Boston public schools. She did not appear in oratorio or as a ballad singer and so attract a large body of people ready to recognize moral worth when definitely allied with religious expression and conventional purity; of Puritan descent, she identified herself with the stage against which traditional Puritanism was still vehement. The conquest which she made therefore of the public respect and affection was more remarkable, and must be referred not to any general change in public sentiment, but to the high character which she bore, and to the absolute fidelity to the highest ideals in her art from which she never wavered.

Miss Stebbins, in a measure, presumes upon an acquaintance with Miss Cushman's personations, and it is fortunate that she does, else we might have been fatigued with the hopeless endeavor to reproduce to the imagination what the eye only can really deliver. The leading parts assumed by Miss Cushman were not many, and each was so marked in its individuality that a very few words only are required to bring up certain scenes to one who has had the good fortune to see them acted. In one of Miss Jewsbury's letters (page 78) is such a graphic reminder when she writes: "Her 'Meg Merrilies,' and that strange silent spring to the middle of the stage, which was her entrance on it, can never be forgotten." Miss Cushman herself understood well the source of her power when, speaking of her childhood, she says she was "full of imagination," and when, afterward, addressing the children of the Cushman school in Boston, built upon the site of her old home, she told them that whatever she had attained, had been by giving herself to her work. These two threads—a large unselfish imagination and an unconquerable earnestness—may be traced all through the web of her life, as shown in this volume. These were the cardinal points of her genius, and if to them be added a warm affection and steadfastness, we have the elements of a character which had no dark recesses to be explored by a biographer.

* Charlotte Cushman: her Letters and Memories of her Life. Edited by her friend, Emma Stebbins. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. 1878.

Miss Stebbins seems scarcely aware that she is writing of a woman who was known to most people only as a wonderful actress; it is a friend, whose friendship she is recording, a noble woman whose magnanimous character was as worth modeling in prose as her head with its luminous strength was worth chiseling in marble. We are the gainers by all this, for while Miss Cushman's power as an actress cannot be preserved beyond the generation that saw her upon the stage or at the desk, her worth as a woman and her impressive career will long remain to encourage, to direct, and to admonish.

Pope's "Game-Birds and Water-Fowl."*

WHEN the sportsman turns artist and paints or describes the game he pursues so eagerly, it is reasonable to expect good and spirited work. Who should know a snipe or a duck or the ruffed grouse and be able to reproduce it like the man who has hunted it as game, who has sought to circumvent it and outwit it, who has traveled far and searched long for the sight of it, and who has thus felt, as a mere outsider never can, what manner of being the bird is. Audubon drew the birds with more life and action than Wilson, and he was a natural sportsman which the latter was not, and saw the bird more from the inside.

Mr. Pope evidently enjoys a familiarity with and an insight into his subject such as only a sportsman can have. His birds look gamy and are drawn with great fidelity to nature and to fact. As an artist he may have felt somewhat hampered by this necessity, the necessity of making his pictures strictly ornithological as well as artistic, but as a naturalist and hunter he has delighted in setting his subject before you with the utmost accuracy and distinctness. The work when completed will consist of ten parts of two large colored plates each, each plate showing the male and female of the species represented. The series as thus far done comprises pictures of the green-winged teal (*Querquedula carolinensis*); the black or dusky duck (*Anas obscura*); the mallard duck (*Anas boschas*); the American snipe (*Gallinago Wilsoni*); the American quail (*Ortyx virginianus*); the woodcock (*Philohela minor*); the ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*); the pinnated grouse or prairie-chicken (*Cupidonia cupido*); the red-headed duck (*Fuligula ferina*); the wood-duck (*Aix sponsa*); the scaup-duck (*Fuligula marila*); and the Spruce or Canada grouse (*Tetrao canadensis*); the California valley quail (*Lophortyx Californica*); the buff-head duck (*Bucephala albeola*).

The artistic effect is in some instances marred by the way the birds are paired off; the intent to show both sexes is not cunningly enough concealed; the picture is too literal. This is the case with the woodcock; the whole picture is too formal and premeditated as well as slightly inaccurate; the tail of the bird should form the same line with the back

as that of the snipe does. But the difficulty here alluded to is admirably dealt with and overcome in the picture of the mallard duck where the female is emerging from the reeds behind the male and is nearly concealed by him; the whole effect is casual and easy. The same is true of the snipe, where the characteristic action of the female affords the proper foil; we are made to forget that the figures are nearly duplicates, by her striking movement. In the quails again we would not have the birds both seized with the same impulse to turn their heads the same way, though there is enough variety in the attitudes of the young ones. And could not the artist have concealed his birds a little as they are in nature, a slight screen or half screen of grass or grain or weeds, and still revealed enough natural history, while the eye would have felt a keener attraction? Or if the privacy of some of these couples had been obtruded upon by a third specimen, a little withdrawn if need be, the artistic effect would have been heightened.

The treatment is the most bold and striking and less open to the objection of literalness, in the picture of the green-winged teal, and yet full justice is done to the natural history features of the subject. The male has fallen dead upon his back on the edge of the marsh or pond, under the sportsman fire, while his mate, uttering her cry of alarm, has launched into the air and is making her escape. The characteristic markings of both birds are skillfully displayed, and the whole picture is full of spirit and life.

The grouse are also all correctly drawn and are picturesque, but the wood-duck, considering the attractiveness of the subject, is a little disappointing; it looks painty. As this is the only one of our ducks that nests in trees, it would have been well to have shown the bird in this position.

Pictures of the upland plover, the golden-eyed duck or whistler, the California mountain quail, the widgeon, the canvas-back duck, and the brant are yet to follow.

Each plate is accompanied by a large sheet of superbly printed letter-press, giving a brief but admirably told account of the bird portrayed,—the work of one of our brightest and most promising young naturalists, Ernest Ingersoll.

"The Johnson Manor."*

AMERICAN life in the early days of this century offers little to tempt the novelist. Between the Revolution and the naval war, it lacked historical incident; between old-fashioned federalism and the rise of democracy it seems politically dull. Yet, in the relics of the manners of the first period, and in the promise for good and for evil that attended the opening of the second, the field for interesting studies is not quite barren. Such a sketch of contrasts in a period of transformation, not without fortunate choice and skillful delineation, is presented to us in this novel.

* Pope's Upland Game-Birds and Water-Fowl of the United States. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

* The Johnson Manor. By James Kent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

It was a common superstition before the rebellion—still cherished as an article of faith and cleverly urged by some belated writers—that the Southern system of society was the only one in our country capable of producing gentlemen. Yet wealth, leisure and authority gave elegance to life for the great Dutch land-holders in the early days of New York, and these were enjoyed as became leaders among freemen, not abused to consolidate a caste. We know the fate that, in the course of nature, overtook the slave aristocracy. If the semi-feudal state of the patroons could not live in the democratic air of our day, perhaps its passing away was more to be regretted than desired. The grace and influence it had, and the pressure of modern ideas and ways to which it yielded, are agreeably depicted and intelligently traced in these pages.

The difficulties in adjusting old relations and fashions to the new order of things are ingeniously introduced. To the country in that day, a Tory was a reality. The position of men of talent who attempted to reconcile past zeal in the king's service with reasonable ambition as citizens of the new state gives interest to the conduct and character of Morton. The Indian, too, of that day, was real and familiar,—not as now, a far-off frontier disturber. The massacre of Wyoming was then fresh in impression, and the fortunes and memories of its survivors were wrought vividly into the texture of the story. The sketches of the Indians in all their relations—in the savage, the half-tamed, and the wholly civilized, state—form some of the best-studied and best-told passages of the book. We do not remember to have elsewhere seen the conflict between two natures in one, the reconciliation of opposites, drawn with more point and naturalness than in the meeting between Johnson and Thayendanegea.

The merits of this first attempt are certainly such that the author may fairly feel encouraged to resort again to the materials that must be at his command for the production of a second work.

"The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy."

IN every large society there is one set of people who are resolved to have a good time, no matter what the rest of the world may say. They go on their ways rejoicing and support, with more or less philosophy, the shafts that envy or a legitimate indignation aims at them, comforting themselves with the reflection that the people who pretend to be so very pious are, at any rate, having a very dull life. For their own part, they prefer amusement and slander to stagnation and an undamaged reputation. Such a set has been typified under the name of Irene Macgillicuddy.

The tender recollections of this young woman appeared last winter in "Blackwood's," and found New York very eager to read a satire upon its own society. The immediate success of the slender thread of narrative which makes up the satire was due chiefly, if not entirely, to the fact that the char-

acters introduced were said to be exact likenesses of several young women of fashion about whom much gossip had been afloat for the past five years. It was a large piece of gossip reduced to writing and modeled into something like a story. For the time being, New York was delighted, especially that large part which knows how to hate and envy people who seem successful and amused. While there was still a hope that each person touched upon could be identified, curiosity was at its height. But the author, who is said to be a Mr. Oliphant, an Englishman resident in New York, while taking a certain number of individuals as his characters, had so mixed their *roles* that nothing would exactly apply to any one in particular. This cooled the ardor of Mrs. Grundy at once; it was seen that although the style mimicked with some success the rambling talk which many women use, yet that it became monotonous and more than once slipped into expressions which no lady, however fast, would be at all likely to employ, such as technical expressions taken from the life of a sportsman or a horse-jockey. The brighter people declined to see the wit of the satire, and many others were sufficiently patriotic to feel indignant that people of refinement abroad should gain such an impression of the habits of young ladies in New York society as appeared from the frank confessions of Irene Macgillicuddy.

It is, indeed, true that the clever author of the satire, whoever he may be, has seemed to think it not worth while to study his subject thoroughly. The mixture of independence and want of independence in the habits of Americans is sure to perplex the sharpest of foreign observers. Irene and her friends are by no means harshly drawn; they might have been much more roughly handled, and yet have been truer to the life. The difficulty is that they are not understood. The author has not really known American women well, and while very likely he may admire them, draws them with a blunt pencil. In his ignorance of the difficulties of the task, he has undertaken to do what Tourguéneff might possibly do as it should be done. But Tourguéneff would have made long preparatory studies before he ventured on so complicated a theme.

The satirist has made a mistake in attributing various phenomena to peculiarities in New York or in American life which are really common to all large centers of civilization; he has also laid undue stress on things which will not bear the weight of investigation. The "rapid" young New York woman is the same as she of Paris and London, unless she surpasses them in knowing better how to be "fast" without being vulgar. He lays stress upon the efficacy of the young married men in securing a success for a *débutante* in society, apparently without understanding that this is a very minor matter, arising necessarily out of the need a young girl feels for the good offices of a young married woman, the wife of the bouquet-sending young man. A matron is needed to pilot the *débutante* to those numberless parties of pleasure which older matrons are glad to shirk, and the young husband, unless he be wanting in good breeding, sees to it that their *protégée* has a

* Macmillan & Co., London. Harper & Brothers, New York.

good time. To magnify this simple matter into a singular feature typical of New York, shows the weakness of the writer's hold on the facts of the society which he has attempted to satirize. Yet if he make mistakes, he is not in bad company; most foreigners who have satirized America failed far more lamentably. For its brief season, the tender recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy amused the world; if it has already forgotten them, it is because they were neither very forcibly recited, nor came very close to the facts of the case. Both the talk and the title-hunting among Irene and her friends would fit the emancipated young society woman of London better than her of New York.

Putnam's "Prometheus."*

WE are inclined to think that the *raison d'être* of Mr. Putnam's poem is to be found on its speculative, or on its ethical, rather than on its poetic, side. It is, substantially, an adaptation of the Promethean legend to the consideration, under the guise of allegory, of the conduct of life, including the incitements and the obstacles to a complete devotion of the individual to the highest purposes. Prometheus, in the poem, represents Moral Insight revolting against the selfish tyranny of Jupiter, or Brute Force, and tempted to give over his devotion to mankind by the influence of Venus, typifying Love; of Asia, or Reverence; and of Apollo, or Imagination. Throughout the volume the problems of the present day are so strongly suggested, and the personages of the poem so slightly idealized that it would not be difficult for the mind to conceive of the dialogues as taking place between scholarly disputants on Boston Common. Prometheus is here less the giant of the old fable than the type of man in the nineteenth century. In the tragedy of Æschylus he is a majestic character whose resolve is innate and final, and who opposes malignant force with force benignant, going down to a magnificent and tragic captivity. We can not conceive of such a heroic figure yielding at last to Jove, as in the other Greek classics,—and as he is supposed to yield in the lost fragment of Æschylus's play. Shelley, who was most sensitive to the moral proprieties of a play, was convinced of the loss of moral force incurred by such a catastrophe, and though his Titan is released at last it is by no weakness of his own. Mr. Putnam's hero, on the contrary, yields with alacrity, for the sake of Asia:

"No tortures force me, nor thy radiant beam,
Nor all that thou canst give of splendour sway;
But loyalty to Asia wins the day;
I'm bound to her, and to her life must yield
Somewhat of thought's far-shining ample field;
Stern duty bids me to the sacrifice
To bend to earth nor sweep the boundless skies.
Ah! it is ever thus; we cannot throw
Into fine action all our purest glow;
We are hedged in by some dark boundary;
And so our highest sinks to lesser high
Somewhat we ever fail to fairly do,
Of what we see of beautiful and true;
Our act is ever lower than our sight."

Throughout the poem he is in a state of Hamlet-like indecision, acting only after much swerving

between Love and Duty, between Reverence and Right, and with much subtle reasoning over each temptation. The value of the book lies in the vigor, consistency and eloquence with which these temptations are embodied,—a value quite apart from its position as poetry, which cannot be considered very high. We miss "the large utterance of the early gods" of Æschylus and Shelley, who have enveloped this theme with such sublime imaginations that, after them, not to be great must seem little more than failure.

Payson's "Doctor Tom."*

THE author of this volume—a story, presumably of New England life—expresses in his preface a laudable desire to "escape unjust blame, and, what is, or ought to be, of not less consequence, . . . steer clear of undeserved praise," and therefore says that his book does not attempt to "describe many lives—little more, indeed, than an episode in one life." The disclaimer were better unwritten, because, 1. if the book does not carry with it its author's purpose, no deprecation can atone for the weakness, which will thus rather be made more evident; and because, 2. the author has succeeded least where he has attempted most and conversely—by no means an unusual experience. At what point is it—can it be at the point where the novelist lapses into partisanship for certain of his characters—that the god of bounds comes in his fatal rounds, and the natural law is reversed, so that where there is most "will" there is least "way"? A conspicuous example of this sort of failure is George Eliot's *Mirah*; minor examples will occur to every reader. The perverse human heart will not accept an author's championship if it be recognized as such. To be touched to fine issues spirits must be finely touched, and herein lies the supreme value of art as a moral force. For his part, Mr. Payson has depicted in this volume two or three minor characters that come very near being excellent types of New England character; but we cannot recognize in Doctor Tom the disinterested and self-sacrificing hero who renounces his betrothed in favor of his brother, but rather a self-conscious, insincere gallant, inclined to sophistry and given to flattering women and Nature. The style is smooth, pedantic, often ungrammatical and rhetorical, and yet with excellent latent story-telling qualities. The dialogue is a fair example of the extreme to which antithesis may be carried. The plot has strength and originality, and a flavor of sensationalism which is a relief from the rigid realism of the day. With practice and editing, Mr. Payson might do good *genre* work. At present, he depicts characteristics rather than character. The book may appropriately be called a study in renunciation; it is ethical rather than moral, the author's treatment of his strictly religious material being of a piece with the ingenious and widespread worsted texts—of which a friend of ours once said that they degraded Art without elevating Religion.

* Prometheus. A Poem. By S. P. Putnam, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Doctor Tom. By Edward Payson. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

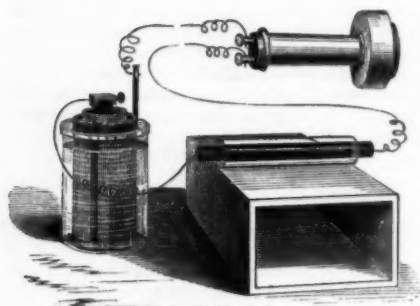


FIG. 1.

Recent Improvements in Telephony.

THE most important advance that has been made in the application of the telephone to business, manufactures and medical science dates from the discovery of the varying electrical resistance of certain bodies when submitted to pressure. One form of telephone is based on this fact and more recent discoveries prove that any mass of metal that is not continuous, like a heap of shot, a coil of chain or charcoal impregnated with iron will produce changes in an electrical current when submitted to pressure. This pressure may be the impact of sonorous waves of all kinds and thus such a mass of metal may become the transmitter of a telephonic circuit.

Figure 1 represents a perspective view of a small wooden box open at one end and resembling the boxes used as resonators for tuning-forks. A convenient size is 10 inches wide, 18 inches long and 7 inches deep. On this is a small glass tube open at both ends and fastened down with sealing-wax. In the tube are a number of pieces of willow charcoal that have been metallized with iron. To prepare this charcoal take sticks (pencils) of charcoal and pack them loosely in an iron box with a loose cover and bring the box slowly to a white heat. This

tends to drive out the water that may be held in the pores of the charcoal and it is replaced by the vapor of iron, so that, when cool, the sticks of charcoal are loaded with iron and have a decided metallic ring. Small pieces of the metallized charcoal are placed in the glass tube and closely pressed together till it is full and a portion of the charcoal projects at either end as shown in the figure. The wires of a telephonic circuit are wound round these projecting ends and the ends of the tube are then closed with sealing-wax. This apparatus, simple as it is, makes a telephonic transmitter of most remarkable sensitiveness. On holding an ordinary magneto-electric telephone to the ear (with a battery in the line) the mere rubbing of the finger on the box, the trace of a pencil or the footsteps of a house-fly walking on or near the box will be heard with perfect distinctness. So sensitive is this instrument that sounds that cannot be heard by the ear become clear in the telephone. A watch placed on the box gives all the sounds of

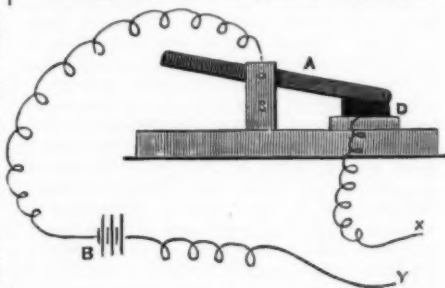


FIG. 2.

its works,—the grinding of the wheels, the sonorous ring of the spring and the minutest tick of the gearing. Words spoken into the box sound with the power of a trumpet in the telephone, and the blowing of the breath resembles the roar of the wind in a forest.

Figure 2 represents another form of transmitter based on the same principles. A is a short piece of a carbon point such as is used in the electric light, mounted by a metallic arm pivoted on the upright, C. There are two of these uprights secured to the wooden plate, one on each side of the stick of carbon. At D is a small block of the metallized charcoal resting on an insulator (sealing wax). X and Y are the two wires of a telephonic line. This apparatus shows the effect of varying pressure on electrical resistance. On lifting the lower end from the mass of charcoal the circuit is broken. On pressing it down on the charcoal the electrical resistance will vary with the pressure, however minute it may be. The pressure exerted by sonorous vibrations, even though they may be caused by the tread of a fly or the pressure of a finger, cause so great changes in the electrical status of the

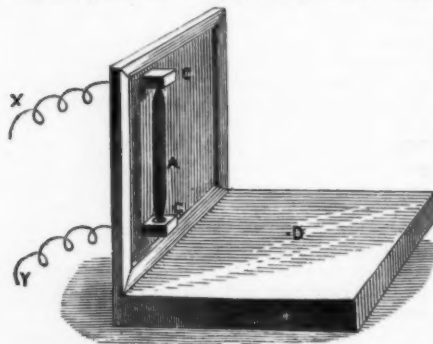


FIG. 3.

line that when the telephone receiver is placed at the ear these minute movements are distinctly heard.

Figure 3 represents a thin pine board about six inches square, placed upright on a suitable support. To this are attached by means of sealing-wax, two pieces of common gas-carbon, C, C. In each piece is hollowed out a shallow cup, and supported be-

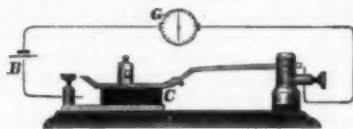


FIG. 4.

tween them is an upright spindle of gas-carbon, A, the pointed ends just touching the cups. This spindle is placed in a telephonic circuit by twisting the wires round the carbon cups as shown in the drawing. Words spoken before this sounding-board, even at a distance of several yards, are distinctly heard in the telephone. These transmitters, rough and crude as they may appear, plainly show that a most important advance has been made in telephony. With instruments of more delicate construction, even more remarkable results may yet be obtained. It must seem strange, and yet it is nevertheless a fact, that if we place two common nails in a telephonic circuit and insulate them from each other, and then place a third nail upon them so as to close the circuit, a capital transmitter is at once made. The sonorous vibrations falling on the nail, will be reproduced in the telephone with startling distinctness.

These appliances are here given because they show the original apparatus employed by Mr. Hughes of London in making his recent discoveries that any unhomogeneous mass of metal will transmit sonorous

vibrations through a telephone, and because also so much is now being said about them in scientific circles abroad.

It would appear, however, that Mr. Edison has anticipated Professor Hughes's discoveries which, as he claims, are merely the experimental stages through which his own transmitter has passed to reach its present form. Figure 4 shows the device which Mr. Edison employed for studying the variations of resistance in carbon and various other sub-



FIG. 5.

stances when subjected to pressure, and which, as will be seen, permits of quantitative determinations. It consists of a small wooden base, with two binding screws serving to put it in the circuit, a cake of the substance to be examined and two or three cells of battery, and a galvanometer by means of which the changes in the current may be read when different are placed upon the disk. The form of transmitter shown in Fig. 1 was also used by Mr. Edison over a year ago; but instead of inclosing the separate sections of carbon, of which there were several pieces, in a glass tube, as has been done by Professor Hughes, he merely caused them to press lightly against each other by means of springs.

In his earlier form of transmitter, Mr. Edison employed a vibrating diaphragm for varying the degree of pressure upon the carbon disk, and a short piece of rubber tubing between the two served to dampen its vibrations quickly; but in the present form this has been done away with, although a plate is still used. Its function in this case, however, is to concentrate a greater pressure upon the small surface of the carbon as will appear from the following extract from a recent work on the subject: *

"In the latest form of transmitter which

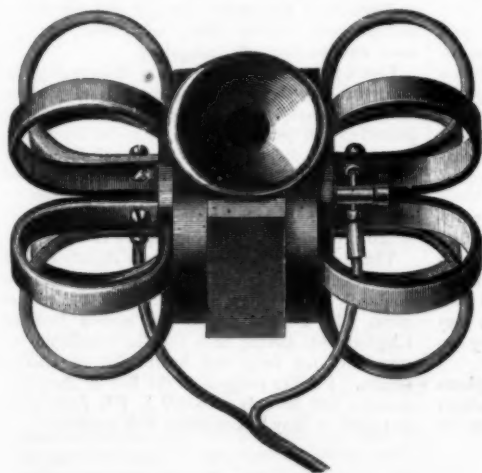


FIG. 6.

* The Speaking Telephone, Talking Phonograph, and other Novelties, by G. B. Prescott: N. Y. 1878.

Mr. Edison has introduced, the vibrating diaphragm is done away with altogether, it having been found that much better results are obtained when a rigid plate of metal is substituted in its place. With the old vibrating diaphragm the articulation produced in the receiver is more or less muffled, owing to slight changes which the vibrating disk occasions in the pressure, and which probably results from tardy dampening of the vibrations after having been once started. In the new arrangement, the articulation is so clear and exceedingly well rendered that a whisper even may readily be transmitted and understood. The inflexible plate, of course, merely serves,



FIG. 7.

in consequence of its comparatively large area, to concentrate a considerable portion of the sonorous waves upon the small carbon disk or button; a much greater degree of pressure for any given effort on the part of the speaker is thus brought to bear on the disk than could be obtained if only its small surface were used."

This form of transmitter is shown in Fig. 5. The prepared carbon, represented at C, is contained in a hard-rubber block open clear through so that one side of the former is made to rest upon the metallic part of the frame which forms one of the connections of the circuit. The opposite side of the carbon is covered with a circular piece of platinum foil, P, with leads to a binding post insulated from the frame and forming the other connection for placing the instrument in circuit. A glass disk, G, upon which is placed a projecting knob, A, of aluminum, is glued to the foil; and the diaphragm, D, connecting with the knob serves when spoken against, to communicate the resulting pressure to the carbon. A substantial metallic frame surrounds the carbon and its connections, and their complete protection against injury, to which they are liable from careless handling, is thereby secured.

Figure 6 represents another form of the telephone as devised by Mr. Phelps, which gives surprisingly good results. It contains two diaphragms, and in

shape somewhat resembles a double crown as shown in the figure. Twelve permanent magnets bent into a circular form, are used in place of the single magnet employed in other magneto telephones. Six of these on each side of the instrument have their like poles joined to one of the cores which carry the helices, and radiate from it in as many different directions. The opposite poles are joined to the periphery of the diaphragm on the corresponding side of the instrument, while the helices are so connected that the currents generated in them when the diaphragms are made to vibrate, mutually strengthen each other and thus contribute to the effectiveness of the apparatus.

Some idea of the performance of these improved instruments will be conveyed by mentioning the results obtained at a recent exhibition of them in the Sunday-school room of Dr. Wells's church, Brooklyn. Mr. Edison's carbon transmitter was used for sending, and Mr. Phelps's crown telephone, just half of that shown in Fig. 6, for receiving. The sound was also re-enforced at the receiving end by the use of a large paper cone, whose smaller extremity was held to the mouthpiece of the instrument. The circuit extended from the residence of Dr. Wells, near the church, to the lecture-room. Speech from the telephone was distinctly heard in all parts of the room by an audience of about three hundred persons; while the singing of a vocal quartette, solo singing, and guitar playing were transmitted with surprising clearness and loudness. It should be observed, moreover, that the performance in this case was very different from the so-called musical telephones, by means of which only the pitch and rhythm of the notes are distinguished, the tone always resembling that of a penny trumpet. In this instance, the quality of the tone, which is the real life of music, was exactly reproduced; this is one of the characteristics of the magneto telephone,—everything is faithfully reproduced. Dr. Wells addressed the audience from his parlors through the telephone, and not only was he clearly understood, but his voice was also instantly recognized.

Figure 7 shows a convenient way of arranging the apparatus for shop, counting-room, and various other purposes. An Edison carbon telephone joined to a projecting arm, so as to be capable of movement in different directions to suit the operator, serves as the transmitter, and the Phelps crown instrument as the receiver, the calls being given by an ordinary telegraph-sounder and a key or switch which is provided for interrupting the circuit.

The discoveries in telephony have already excited the utmost interest, and in various ways will undoubtedly lead to new applications of the instrument. In medical science the carbon form of telephone has already been used in examining the sounds of the lungs and heart with remarkable results. Further progress in the line of these discoveries will be duly recorded in this department as rapidly as may be consistent with accuracy.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



EN ROUTE FOR THE EXPOSITION. 1.—LEAVING THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

Ane Drap o' Rain.

ANE braw day in April
I walkit frae the toun,
An' as I jeed to burnie path
A wee drap tilted doon.

"Cl'uds are fixed for rainin'—"
Sae spak' a winsome lad
An' wi' a bonnie blinkin' e'e,
He happed me in his plaid.

In shoon sax fit standin',
I'd no seen sic a lad—
I thoct it saftly to mysel'
Whiles wearin' o' his plaid.

Ane drap might be hunner,
An' a' on me might rin;
Whiles in his plaid I'll tent it nae
Tho' blasts should blaw me blin'.

Noo that laddie lo'es me,
My heart it is fu' fain,
An' for it a' I thankfu' am
To that ane drap o' rain.

M. W. PREWITT.

My Screen.

It was a fire-screen,—that is, it was a frame for one,—and it was made of ash. My wife had worked a very pretty square of silk, with flowers and other colored objects upon it, and when it was finished she thought she would use it for a fire-screen, and asked me to have a frame made for it. I ordered the frame of ash, because the cabinet-maker said that that was the fashionable wood at present, and when it came home my wife and I both liked it very much, although we could not help thinking that it ought to be painted. It was well made,—you could see the construction everywhere. One part ran through another part, and the ends were fastened with pegs. It was modeled, so the cabinet-maker informed me, in the regular Eastlake style.

It was a pretty frame, but the wood was of too light a color. It stared out at us from the midst of the other furniture. Of course it might be stained, and so made to harmonize with the rest of our sitting-room; but what would be the good of having it of ash if it were painted over? It might as well be of pine.

However, at my wife's suggestion, I got a couple of Eastlake chairs, also ash, and with these at each side of the fire-place, the screen looked much better. The chairs were very well made, and would last a long time, especially, my wife said, as no one would care to sit down in them. They were, certainly, rather stiff and uncomfortable, but that was owing to the Eastlake pattern, and as we did not need to use them, this was of no importance to us. Our house was furnished very comfortably. We made a point of having easy-chairs for our visitors as well as ourselves, and in fact, everything about our house was easy, warm and bright. We believed that home should be a place of rest, and we bought chairs and sofas and lounges which took you in their arms like a mother, and made you forget the toils of the world.

But we really did not enjoy the screen as much as we expected we should, and as much as we had enjoyed almost everything that we had before bought for our house. Even with the companionship of the chairs, it did not seem to fit into the room. And everything else fitted. I think I may



2.—VIEW IN MID-OCEAN.

honestly say that we were people of taste, and that there were few incongruities in our house-furnishing.

But the two chairs and the screen did not look like anything else we had. They made our cozy sitting-room uncomfortable. We bore it as long as we could, and then we determined to take a bold step. We had always been consistent and thorough; we would be so now. So we had all the furniture of the room removed, excepting the fire-screen and the two chairs, and replaced it with articles of the Eastlake style, in ash and oak. Of course our bright Wilton carpet did not suit these things, and we took it up, and had the floor puttied and stained and bought a Turco-Persian carpet that was only partly large enough for the room. The walls we repapered, so as to tone them down to the general stiffness, and we had the ceiling colored sage-green, which would be in admirable keeping, the decorating man said.

We didn't like this room, but we thought we would try and learn to like it. The fault was in ourselves perhaps. High art in furniture was something we ought to understand and ought to like. We would do both if we could.

But we soon saw that one reason why we did not

dining-room, into this severe and middle-aged sitting-room was too great a rise (or fall) for our perceptions. The strain or the shock was injurious to us. So we determined to strike another blow in the cause of consistency. We would furnish our whole house in the Eastlake style.

Fortunately, my wife's brother had recently married, and had bought a house about a quarter of a mile from our place. He had, so far, purchased but little furniture, and when we refurnished our sitting-room, he took the old furniture at a moderate price, for which I was very glad, for I had no place to put it. I call it "old" furniture to distinguish it from the new; but in reality, it had not been used very long, and was in admirable condition. After buying these things from us, Tom—my brother-in-law—seemed to come to a stop in his house-furnishing. He and his wife lived in one or two rooms of their house, and appeared to be in no hurry to get themselves fixed and settled. Tom often came over and made remarks about our sitting room, and the curious appearance it presented in the midst of a house furnished luxuriously in the most modern style, and this helped us to come to the determination to Eastlake our house, thoroughly and completely.

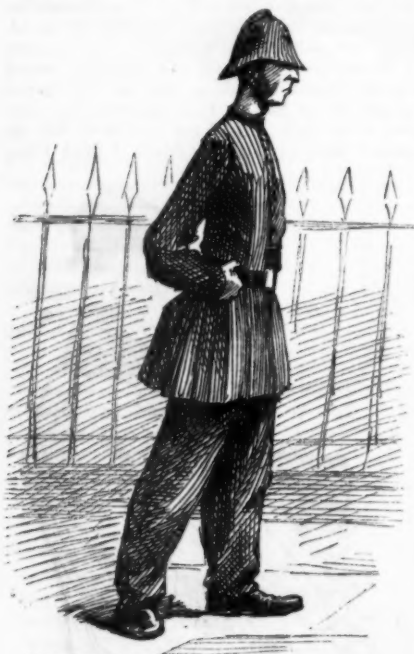
Of course, as most of our new furniture had to be made to order, we could make our changes but slowly, and so refurnished one room at a time. Whenever a load of new furniture was brought to the house Tom was on hand to buy the things we had been using. I must say that he was very honorable about the price, for he always brought a second-hand-furniture man from the city, and made him value the things, and he then paid me according to this valuation. I was frequently very much surprised at the low estimates placed on articles for which I had paid a good deal of money, but of course I could not expect more than the regular second-hand-market price. He brought a different man every time, and their estimates were all low, in about the same proportion, so I could not complain. I do not think he used the men well, however, for I found out afterward that they thought that he wanted to sell the goods to them.

Tom was a nice fellow, of course, because he was my wife's brother, but there were some things about him I did not like. He annoyed me a good deal by coming around to our house, after it was newly furnished, and making remarks about the things.

"I can't see the sense," he said, one day, "in imitating furniture that was made in the days when people didn't know how to make furniture."

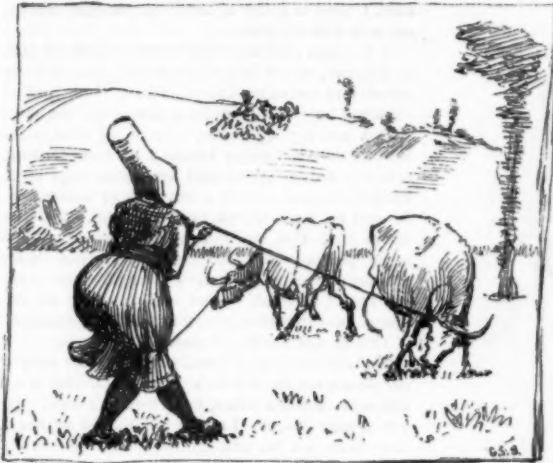
"Didn't know how!" I exclaimed. "Why, those were just the days when they *did* know how. Look at that bedstead! Did you ever see anything more solid and stanch and thoroughly honest than that? It will last for centuries and always be what you see it now, a strong, good, ash bedstead."

"That's the mischief of it," Tom answered. "It will always be what it is now. If there was any chance of it's improving I'd like it better. I don't know exactly what you mean by an honest bedstead, but if it's one that a fellow wouldn't wish to lie in, perhaps you're right. And what do you



3.—STREET SCENE IN LIVERPOOL.

like our sitting-room was the great dissimilarity between it and the rest of the house. To come from our comfortable bedroom, or our handsome bright and softly furnished parlor, or our cheerful



4.—THROUGH NORMANDY.

want with furniture that will last for centuries? You won't last for centuries, so what difference can it make to you?"

"Difference enough," I answered. "I want none of your flimsy modern furniture. I want well-made things, in which the construction is first-class and evident. Look at that chair, for instance; you can see just how it is put together."

"Exactly so," replied Tom, "but what's the good of having one part of a chair run through another part and fastened with a peg, so that its construction may be evident? If those old fellows in the Middle Ages had known how to put chairs together as neatly and strongly as some of our modern furniture,—such as mine, for instance, which you know well enough is just as strong as any furniture need be,—don't you suppose they would have done it? Of course they would. The trouble about the construction of a chair like that is that it makes your own construction too evident. When I sit in one of them I think I know exactly where my joints are put together, especially those in my back."

Tom seemed particularly to dislike the tiles that were set in many articles of my new furniture. He could not see what was the good of inserting crockery into bedsteads and writing-desks; and as to the old pictures on the tiles, he utterly despised them.

"If the old buffers who made the originals of those pictures," he said, "had known that free and enlightened citizens of the nineteenth century were going to copy them they'd have learned to draw."

However, we didn't mind this talk very much, and we even managed to smile when he made fun and puns and said:

"Well, I suppose people in your station are bound to do this thing, as it certainly is stylish." But there was one thing he said that did trouble us. He came into the house one morning, and remarked:

"I don't want to make you dissatisfied with your

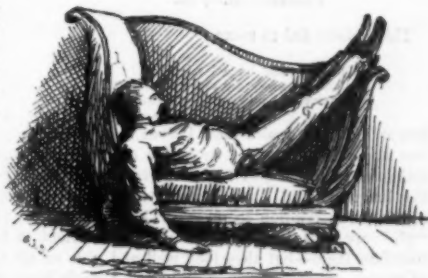
new furniture, but it seems to me—and to other people, too, for I've heard them talking about it—that such furniture never can look as it ought to in such a house. In old times, when the people didn't know how to make any better furniture than this, they didn't know how to build decent houses either. They had no plate-glass windows, or high ceilings, or hot and cold water in every room, or stationary wash-tubs, or any of that sort of thing. They had small windows with little panes of glass set in lead, and they had low rooms with often no ceiling at all, so that you could see the construction of the floor overhead, and they had all the old inconveniences that we have cast aside. If you want your furniture to look like what it makes believe to be you ought to have it in a regular Middle-Age house,—Elizabethan or Mary Annean, or whatever they

call that sort of architecture. You could easily build such a house—something like that inconvenient edifice put up by the English commissioners at the Centennial Exhibition; and if you want to sell this house—"

"Which I don't," I replied, quickly. "If I do anything I'll alter this place. I'm not going to build another."

As I said, this speech of Tom's disturbed us, and after talking about the matter for some days we determined to be consistent, and we had our house altered so that Tom declared it was a regular East-lake house and no mistake. We had a doleful time while the alterations were going on, and when all was done and we had settled down to quiet again, we missed very many of the comforts and conveniences to which we had been accustomed. But we were getting used to missing comfort, and so we sat and looked out of our little square window-panes and tried to think the landscape as lovely and the sky as spacious and blue as when we viewed it through our high and wide French-plate windows.

But the landscape did not look very well, for it



5.—OUR HOTEL IN PARIS.



TELEPHONIC.—"BY HOKEY! I KIN HEAR EVERY WORD."

was not the right kind of a landscape. We altered our garden and lawn and made "pleached alleys" and formal garden-rows, and other old-time arrangements.

And so, in time, we had an establishment which was consistent,—it all matched the fire-screen, or rather the frame for a fire-screen.

It might now be supposed that Tom would let us rest a while. But he did nothing of the kind.

"I tell you what it is," said he. "There's just one thing more that you need. You ought to wear clothes to suit the house and furniture. If you'd get an Eastlake coat, with a tile set in the back—"

This was too much; I interrupted him.

That evening I took our fire-screen and I turned it around. There was a blank expanse on the back of it, and on this I painted, with a brush and some black paint,—with which my wife had been painting storks on some odd-shaped red clay pottery,—the following lines from Dante's "Inferno":

"Soltaro finichezza poldo viner
Glabo icce suzza ail
Valuchicho mazza churi
Provenza succi—y gli."

This is intended to mean:

"Why, oh, why have I taken
And thrown away my comfort on earth,
And descended into an old-fashioned hell!"

But as I do not understand Italian it is not likely that any of the words I wrote are correct; but it makes no difference, as so few persons understand the language and I can always tell them what I meant the inscription to mean. The "y" and the "gli" are real Italian and I will not attempt to translate them—but they look well and give an air of proper construction to the whole. I might have written the thing in Old English, but that is harder

for me than Italian. The translation, which is my own, I tried to make, as nearly as possible, consistent with Dante's poem.

A few days after this I went over to Tom's house. A brighter, cozier house you never saw. I threw myself into one of my ex-arm-chairs. I lay back; I stretched out my legs under a table,—I could never stretch out my legs under one of my own tables because they had heavy Eastlake bars under them, and you had to sit up and keep your legs at an Eastlake angle. I drew a long sigh of satisfaction. Around me were all the pretty, tasteful, unsuitable things that Tom had bought from us—at eighty-seven per cent off. Our own old spirit of home comfort seemed to be here. I sprang from my chair.

"Tom," I cried, "what will you take for this house, this furniture—everything just as it stands?"

Tom named a sum. I closed the bargain.

We live in Tom's house now, and two happier people are not easily found. Tom wanted me to sell him my remodeled house, but I wouldn't do it. He would alter things. I rent it to him, and he has to live there, for he can get no other house in the neighborhood. He is not the cheerful fellow he used to be, but his wife comes over to see us very often.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

The Gown Test.

HE sang a song, he sang it well,
His voice was low and tender.
He sang in praise of her he loved—
A knight, her brave defender.

He vowed by all the gods above
No braver knight or truer
E'er sought the maiden of his choice
And prayed to be her wooer.

To test his love she thought it well,
Ere her future life she trusted.
She wore, next night, a horrid gown,—
And he got up and dusted.

L. M. G.



PHONOGRAPHIC.—"BOSS! IT WASN'T ME DONE DAT."

Milking-time.

"I TELL you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts o' milk,
And isn't yet five year old.

"I see young White a-comin' now;
He wants her, I know that.
Be careful, girl, you're spillin' it!
An' save some for the cat.

"Good evenin', Richard, step right in;"
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
I've just come down"—"I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her.

"She's kind an' gentle as a lamb,
Jest where I go she follers;
And though it's cheap I'll let her go;
She's your'n for thirty dollars.

"You'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk white stars;
You needn't drive her home at night,
But jest le' down the bars.

"Then, when you've own'd her, say a month,
And learnt her, as it were,
I'll bet,—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
"Taint her I want,—it's—*her!*"

"What? not the girl! well, I'll be bless'd!—
There, Kate, don't drop that pan.
You've took me mightily aback,
But then a man's a man.

"She's your'n, my boy, but one word more;
Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll foller you the whole world round,
For nothin' else but love.

"But never try to drive the lass;
Her natur's like her ma's.
I've allus found it worked the best,
To jest le' down the bars."

PHILIP MORSE.

Extempore.

The leader of the negro "shouting" meeting at the South is often "at his wit's ends" to supply new material for these chants and to maintain his position and reputation as a popular leader, and it is generally to his "inspiration" that we are indebted for the great variety of snatches and parts of negro hymns. Often the chant is but a few words, or lines, repeated many times, but frequently new words or sentiments are introduced by the leader, he first repeating or chanting them until by degrees the assembly become familiar with the words and tune, if tune we may call the utterance, which is sometimes a species of nasal sing-song, sometimes inflammatory, and at others quite in the spirit of anger and disgust. One of these new productions we have here copied, at least the portion of it which seemed to have crystallized into form. It might have been



"IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY."

suggested by the growth of communistic sentiments among the darkies, and may be entitled

WAKE UP, SINNERS!

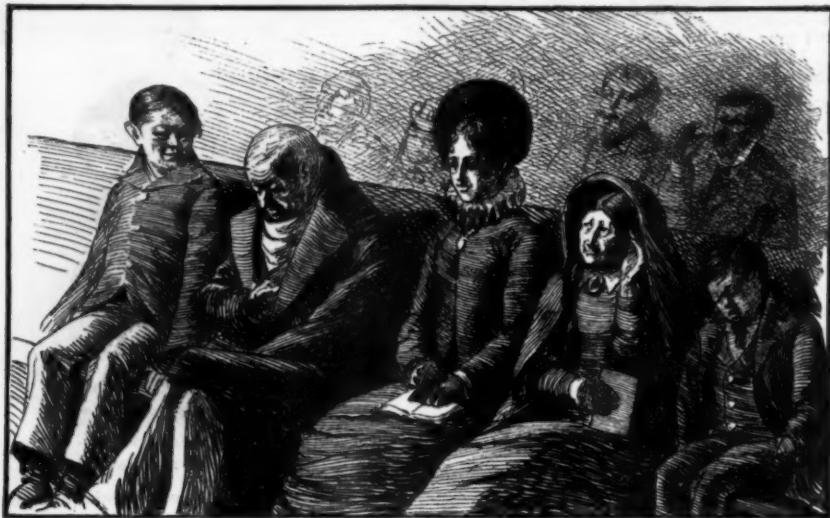
Don't be stan'in' an' a-gopin' thar,
Don't be dreamin' an' a-hopin' thar,
Don't be groanin' 's ef yer dyin' thar,
Groanin' don't feed nobody's bowls thar,
Don't be huggin' last year's whistles* thar.
Nothin' don't come from nothin' thar.
Don't be sittin' in the ashes thar,
Don't be dreamin' "Kingdom come" thar,
Don't be hopin', Jubilee's past thar,
Don't be waitin', but go up thar,
Don't be puttin' nails 'n yer coffin thar,
Don't be mournin' yer dead sins thar,
Don't be turnin' up your eyes thar,
Gold don't rain from the skies thar.
Don't 'spect to live 'thout the hoe thar,
Don't 'spect to reap 'f yer don't sow thar,
Don't be slidin' back to hell thar,
Heaven's gained by hard climbin' thar.
Don't stan' in the road 'f the engine thar,
God's train 's travelin' thro' the world thar.
S. S. BOYCE.

The Invention of the Dictionary.

I AM willing to make with Tom, Dick, or Ralph
a bet
That the Greeks did not suffer for lack of an alpha-
bet,
—Though all correspondence was surely a sad
muss,—
Before letters were brought from Phœnicia by Cad-
mus.
They call Cadmus a myth now, his labors a fiction,
airy
And light as a tale based on bare suppositions.
Yet Phœnicia did make, beyond doubt, the first
dictionary,
Devised for the use of the young deaf Phœni-
cians.

A. Z.

* Affairs.



THE SERMON.

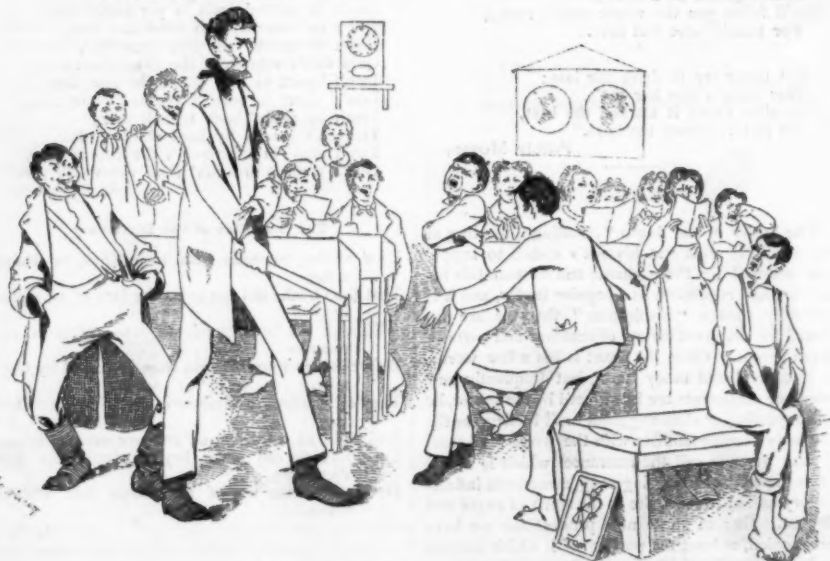
Triolets.

I.—SUSPENSE.

I HEAR the stairs creak,
 In a moment they'll be here,
 Oh, Emmy dear, speak,
 I hear the stairs creak,
 There are tears on your cheek
 And your eyes are—but see here!
 I hear the stairs creak,
 In a moment they'll be here.

II.—A SENSITIVE POET.

I FIND it so hard
 To be pleasant to people,
 You know I'm a bard—
 I find it so hard
 My door-way to guard
 That I live in a steeple,
 I find it so hard
 To be pleasant to people.
 JOHN G. WILSON.



SPOILING THE ROD.